Foreword by Joseph G. Buchman, PhD

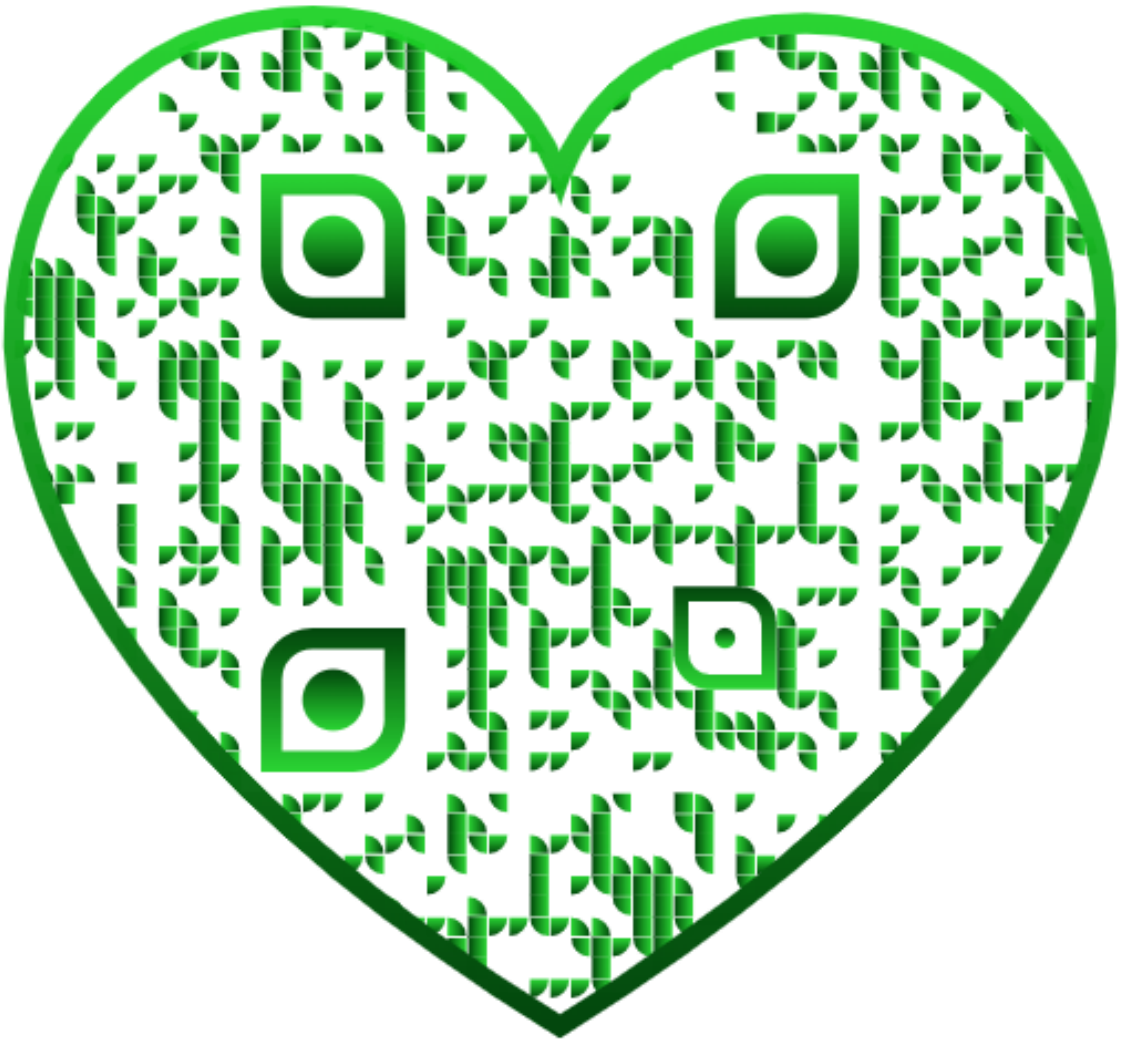
ROSWELL
THE ULTIMATE COLD CASE

CLOSED

Eyewitness Testimony and Evidence of Contact and the Cover-Up

THOMAS J. CAREY AND DONALD R. SCHMITT

authors of *Witness to Roswell*



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FOREWORD

In 2008, during my first run for the United States Congress, I called on our representatives in Washington, DC, to do two seemingly simple things: (1) pass legislation granting full protection to government whistleblowers (reporting a crime by a government should never be a crime—it should be rewarded) and (2) hold open congressional hearings on "waste, fraud, criminal activity, and the ET issue."

I announced that campaign at the National Press Club in Washington, DC, and was immediately branded a "UFO enthusiast" by the *Salt Lake Tribune* and ridiculed with a sarcastic article headlined "Immigration, Taxes and Little Green Men" on the front page of our hometown newspaper, the *Park Record*. The following day our daughters and son, then in middle and high school, were subjected to teasing from both teachers and peers about their "crazy dad."

Nine years later, in Utah's special election of 2017, the ridicule was utterly absent. In its place were serious discussions, including a question about exopolitics raised by the Democratic Party candidate, son of former United States Senator Bob Bennett, in one of our seven debates, and both on- and off-the-record conversations with other candidates, their staffs, voters, and members of the media.

What changed?

Blowing a whistle on government waste, or fraud, or criminal activity is a dangerous undertaking, to be sure. Snowden is in exile in Russia; Assange in Belmarsh Prison in London; and Manning in and out of jail after a charge of contempt by a federal judge.

According to Russ Tice, intelligence analyst not only for the Air Force but also for the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA), and the National Security Agency (NSA), "you cannot trust any of the internal mechanisms ... the Whistleblower Protection Act does not apply to the intelligence community ... it does nothing to protect you against

retribution."

Other whistleblowing American heroes like Samuel Provance, Joe Darby, William Binney, and Daniel Ellsberg paid career-ending prices at tremendous personal risk to report government misdoings and yet have largely faded, forgotten, into history. Unrecognized. Unappreciated. Unacknowledged. Unrewarded. Meanwhile, those in other even more repressive nations have paid, and are paying today, an even higher price—many with their lives.

Whistleblowing is a dangerous, sometimes even deadly, choice.

Yet on this issue—the issue of a technologically advanced, so far apparently benign-to-benevolent engagement of humanity by extraterrestrials—the last decade has seen an unexpected, but long-sought, earthshaking paradigm shift. What prompted tinfoil-hat ridicule is increasingly a subject of serious scientific study, mainstream media interest, and pointed political engagement.

Under the May 16, 2016, headline "Hillary Clinton Gives U.F.O. Buffs Hope She Will Open the X-Files," the *New York Times* reported, "'Hillary has embraced this issue with an absolutely unprecedented level of interest in American politics,' said Joseph G. Buchman, who has spent decades calling for government transparency.... Mrs. Clinton's decision to correct Mr. Kimmel's use of the term U.F.O. [to U.A.P.] ... [is] a breakthrough because it 'suggested she'd been briefed by someone and is not just being flippant.'"[1]

Since then, the *New York Times* has become a leading organ for whistleblowers on this subject: "Glowing Auras and 'Black Money': The Pentagon's Mysterious U.F.O. Program" (December 16, 2017); "'Wow, What Is That?' Navy Pilots Report Unexplained Flying Objects" (May 26, 2019); and sadly, on May 21, 2019, an extended obituary, "Stanton T. Friedman, Scientist Who Tracked U.F.O.s, Dies at 84." Scientist Stan truly had earned that belated honorific in the *New York Times*' memorialization of his life.

Exactly halfway between those two elections—the first in November 2008 and the second in November 2017—an extraordinary event occurred at the National Press Club in Washington, DC: the May 2013 Citizen Hearing on Disclosure. I had the honor of serving as one of the organizers of that hearing, having recruited five of the six former members of Congress, then

serving as moderator and ultimately as the seventh member of the committee to ask questions of the witnesses (after replacing another member who had been called away early on the final day).

Produced by Steve Bassett, one senator and five representatives over five full days listened, challenged, and rigorously vetted the veracity of over forty hours of testimony from forty-three witnesses from ten nations—each one having been sworn to tell the truth. The hearings were streamed live worldwide, simultaneously translated into Mandarin and Spanish, recorded in high definition, and covered by the *New York Times* in an article titled "Visitors From Outer Space, Real or Not, Are Focus of Discussion in Washington."

One of those forty-three witnesses, Dr. Edgar Mitchell, raised near Roswell, walked on the moon. Dr. Jesse Marcel Jr. testified about how he had personally handled a portion of the Roswell debris. Another witness, Donald Schmitt, is the coauthor of this book.

After I administered the oath to him, Don testified regarding the Roswell whistleblowers:

> Distinguished Congresswomen and Congressmen, good afternoon. I personally would like to thank you for this opportunity to speak out on behalf of the many now passed through the portals of history, unable to speak for themselves; men and women who have served this country selflessly and with honor, who were witnesses to something extraordinary, something beyond the human condition ... Would any of us have any difficulty identifying materials such as rubber, wooden sticks, reflective foil, masking tape and string? No need to raise your hands. Yet, as a continuing insult to the integrity and intelligence of the very personnel who were in charge of the atomic bomb at Roswell, officialdom, after 65 years of ridicule and defamation of eyewitnesses, insists that this elite military squadron should all raise their hands.... Eyewitness pressure, along with the assistance of one of your esteemed colleagues, the late Congressman Steven Schiff of New Mexico, has caused the Pentagon to issue two additional explanations for what was recovered back in 1947 ... the most baseless of all—time-traveling, wooden crash dummies ... newspaper cartoonists lampooned the

proponents [of these] as, “the real dummies.”

What changed our world, and perhaps beyond, from ridicule to respect on this issue is the impact of Don's testimony and the testimony of the other witnesses, including Stan, Dr. Marcel, Dr. Mitchell, and others—those whistleblowers and their years of consistent courage in truth telling. The diamond clarity of their tenacious truth focused in that moment as a hairline crack spread across a wall of deceit, distraction, and disinformation.

Don and Tom have, like each whistleblower before them, paid a price for their consistent, courageous discovery of, advocation for, and amplification of the truth of these witness-whistleblowers of the most profound event in human history. They too are crossing that path from ridicule to recognition, from sarcasm to serious science, from dismissiveness to the delayed demand for the disclosure our democratic republic and each of us as its citizens deserves.

Every future political candidate, every elected politician, every honest public servant—and indeed every member of humanity—owes them a debt of gratitude.

That fact, just like the priceless truth of what happened at Roswell and the value of the book you now hold in your hands, will become only more apparent with time.

—JOSEPH G. BUCHMAN, PHD
June 2019

THE ROSWELL RASHOMON EFFECT

In 1950 Japanese filmmaker Akira Kurosawa directed the period psychological drama *Rashomon*. A great study in the philosophy of justice during a murder trial in Japan, the movie explores the observational capacity and inconsistencies of witnesses to the same event. People who are involved in the same event will describe it in significantly different, often contradictory, ways. In the film, four witnesses to the murder provide four opposing versions. Throughout the trial, both sides argue that this is due to memory problems, prejudices, or even self-serving interests, all of which affect the subjectivity of perception on recollection. Like IQ scores, the same events can be viewed in completely different ways by different people with different backgrounds, expectations, and experiences. This is not because people lie or intend to deceive or subvert justice but, rather, because they interpret the incident based on their own backgrounds. The very premise of the Rashomon Effect is that there are two positions, two sides to every event. You believe what you believe, I believe what I believe, and then there's what really took place.

We will now attempt to prove the true nature of the Roswell case by a dissemination of all the facts; relevant eyewitness testimony, whether from highly trained or juvenile sources; and media reports at the time of the incident. All of this is juxtaposed with the high degree that officials in the entire chain of command up until today have attempted to withhold, constrict, and revise information pertinent to the case. Albeit circumstantial in nature, the available information is still abundantly sufficient to provide a salient answer and make a final determination to unravel what truly did happen in Roswell back in July 1947. Let the trial begin ...

PREFACE—
Roswell in Perspective: Reexamining the Case in 2020

Eyewitness testimony is in need of a reinstitution of relevancy. It has been weakened by revisionists and cynics who establish a double standard for what is accepted as truth. Facts are facts and criminals are still being convicted by the sole declarations of very human witnesses. The Roswell Incident has always required and should continue to require a much higher standard of acceptance due to the possible extraordinary nature of the phenomenon. Skeptics notwithstanding, those of us who still profess objectivity should allow witnesses every opportunity to profess the facts as they know them even when we don't like what they're claiming, lest we become nothing more than story gatherers and fall into the same complacency traps as most contemporary journalists find themselves on the subject of Roswell.

For these past seventy-three years a most concerted effort has been waged to find a resolution to one of the most perplexing and impenetrable mysteries of all time—that apparently insurmountable question that has seen all of us grow older without any victory in hand: What actually did fall out of the sky outside of Roswell in July 1947? While the government has tossed out possible explanations like non sequiturs coming from a spoiled child, investigators have debated not if, but how many, objects were involved. And still, debunkers and the never-Roswell crowd continue damage control over a debate they swear has ended each time the government trumpets another conventional explanation. After spending thirty years eliminating every alternative explanation, we believe only two possible scenarios remain: the Roswell Incident perpetuates a grand campaign to cover up some super-secret project gone awry with tremendous culpability for those involved—or it really *did* happen as all the witnesses contend that it truly did. It is amusing how many of us subjectively dismiss

hundreds of eyewitness accounts and simply insert a random hypothesis then seek to make all the known facts magically fit into a new pair of shoes (the "theory of the month," as we like to call it). Such people would prefer to believe that individuals egregiously fabricated the entire affair to cloak the truth with the proviso that someday, hopefully in our lifetimes, a more open government will release the files and the factual nature will come spewing forth. Unfortunately, officialdom keeps fumbling around in the dark and has actually created more suspicion than resolution—all in a rather nondescript fashion. Apparently, this generally has been for effect and not public awareness. Control of outgoing information is still the primary precept of the bureaucrats in Washington. Often, their own fears and ignorance of the facts are the biggest motivators.

With disclosure *not* at hand, UFO research—specifically the 1947 Roswell Incident—has arrived at a juncture of public consciousness and acceptance as to the true nature of what lies behind the legend, the myth of what started it all. With this pretext, readers are asked to don their best detective caps and reexamine the origins of the plot. Without prejudice or bias, we will ignore every detailed nuance and, rather, focus on the human aspect in the entire Roswell story. For this opening statement, most names have been omitted to focus on human tendencies. We have published, sourced, and referenced the entire embodiment of our own independent investigation of Roswell for thirty years. Most of our findings are on the public record. Reinvestigating the manner of response of those involved will demonstrate the full scope of this now iconic case. We shall attempt to separate the "story" from what the eyewitnesses state and swear as factual. We will reexamine Roswell through the eye of the novice and see where human perspective begins and a jaundiced eye intervenes—where eyewitness position is countered by official position. We shall conduct a pragmatic exposition of the case from start to finish and observe if the human behavior matches expectations of something mundane or—to the contrary—something extraordinary. Lastly, we will examine the immediate aftermath and whether the actions of the authorities coincide with the reaction of those who have made every effort to bury the Roswell story. Is it really "case closed," as the Air Force continues to maintain, or strictly a full-court press to run out the clock on those who would still challenge that authority?

We begin with the hot, lazy summer of post-World War II 1947. The

“flying saucers” officially arrived the last week of June and became instant celebrities on all news fronts. Mass hysteria was not the issue; clearly someone else's “hardware” was invading our airspace. Never to miss an opportunity, advertisers and pranksters jumped on the bandwagon and attempted several publicity stunts and isolated hoaxes. All were easily dismissed, but a nation anxiously continued to peer at the skies. For the Pentagon this was no laughing matter. With each passing day of failure to identify the intruders, Washington was pressed for answers from both the White House and the general public. Witnesses were both seeing and photographing aircraft that outmaneuvered, outperformed, and outflew everything our military scrambled after them. A nervous tension slowly replaced the amusement as Army Air Corps officials provided no explanations. Now, in the face of such a growing concern, how should we expect a civilized, sophisticated, non-superstitious population to have responded? For those who have suggested that the entire country was caught up in a haunting memory of the 1938 broadcast of the radio dramatization “War of the Worlds,” history proves otherwise. According to major newspaper polling at that time, a mere 2 percent of the population actually thought we may be facing a possible intelligence from off the planet—in contrast to national polls conducted today on the topic of Roswell. As a matter of fact, many of the key witnesses directly linked to the event never heard Orson Welles's famous radio program before that time. Nevertheless, not one of them anticipated the life-altering circumstances yet to come.

According to the Air Force's Project Blue Book, there were more UFO sightings in New Mexico at that time than anywhere else in the country. The Land of Enchantment was clearly the target of someone's curiosity. Russian spy planes? Top secret atomic testing? Whoever was behind the growing dilemma, New Mexico was tracking unknowns at a growing intensity, and America already had the atomic bomb. “We didn't need any more excitement than that,” as one of the officers at the Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF) put it.[1]

The vast portion of the high desert in the central part of the state is open range. Ranchers were more than casual bystanders for the constant demonstrations of military showmanship. All forms of clandestine testing left them with more questions than suspicions, with families being whisked from their homes at all times when rockets were tested and bombs

detonated, and with debris, such as balloons, continuously dropping onto their property. Still, an overall sense of security prevailed. That all changed on the late evening of Wednesday, July 2, 1947. A louder and brighter than normal monsoon storm struck Lincoln County, and ranchers throughout the area reported hearing an explosion amid the thunderclaps. Curiosity would quickly turn to awe—but only for a short time ...

The cause for concern revealed itself the very next dawn. Ranch supervisor W. W. “Mack” Brazel routinely rode out to inspect the previous night's rainfall; this time, he stumbled upon a scene that would forever change his life. We know that Brazel had no knowledge of all the saucer hoopla spreading across the country. The ranch didn't have electricity—no TV or radio, not even a weekly newspaper—just seven hundred cattle and sheep to maintain. There was no immediate rush to judgment on his part, rather bewilderment and concern. Did the cowboy conduct himself as he had in the past when confronted with unexpected debris that had fallen from the sky? Being a responsible foreman, he normally would have simply gathered up the “garbage” and kept it out of the grazing path of the livestock. Present-day support of this was an overflowing water tank brimming with recovered weather balloons, which existed at the ranch house until about 1992. Ranchers continued to deposit such refuse into this tank for more than fifty years. But Brazel didn't just gather up this material and dispose of it as he had before. In fact, he would complain to anyone who would listen about the extra effort necessary in circling the sheep *two miles* around that specific pasture for water, giving one a sense of the extent of the scattered material. Brazel would add that the sheep were afraid of the strange pieces, which rustled in the prevailing winds.

What transpired next was also not consistent with the ordinary. The perplexed rancher took samples of the wreckage to his neighbors, asking for help and advice. Next, he went into the nearest town, Corona, and placed a call to his boss in Texas—still seeking answers. That same evening a frustrated Brazel returned to the debris field, tied up the largest piece to the back of his pickup, and dragged it three miles north to a livestock shed.

Word was spreading quickly throughout the surrounding region, and with it, souvenir hunters made their way to the scene of all the speculation. Remnants from the crash started to circulate around town, including at the local tavern, where patrons joined in on the mystery. From all accounts no

one could cut, burn, or identify this strange metal-like material. Additional artifacts would steal the show at the annual Fourth of July rodeo an hour south of the region, in Capitan.

This was hardly the behavior of hardworking, no-nonsense, salt-of-the-earth folks whose handshake was a bond and who disliked getting crossed even more than the average person. They weren't being fooled by this; they needed to see for themselves what all the rumors were about. They would arrive, men, women, and children—it was all true. They would squirrel away the most exotic pieces as though playing a game of “finders keepers.” Brazel's neighbors hid their bounty in caves, in water tanks, under loose floorboards, in sacks of cattle feed, in fruit cellars—inside jars of preserved fruit. Two obvious questions arise: From whom were all these hoarders hiding this physical evidence? Why were they treating “wreckage” so secretly? It cannot be emphasized enough that most of these people were fully aware of what had transpired just two years earlier—to put it quite simply, Lincoln County was surrounded by military facilities and national laboratories. Scraps from a downed off-the-shelf balloon would have been immediately discarded. Conventional materials, albeit part of something tested in New Mexico—they would contact the authorities. No, they were hiding something unique, something that appeared special to them, and all their behavior demonstrated that fact. According to all military records, nothing was being tested, nothing was reported missing, and no “all-points bulletins” were issued by any facility in New Mexico. The civilian response remained genuine and still without a response by the military or responsible authorities. That was all about to change ...

Still not having a single answer, Brazel made one final attempt at a resolution. After completing his chores for the week, he made the three-hour trek to Roswell to report it to the authorities there. From Thursday, July 3, up until the moment Brazel departed for “the big city” on July 6, not a single person had been able to identify anything handled or seen. Not even a state police officer in Lincoln County who tried to keep up with all affairs within his jurisdiction could recognize any of the debris. Once Brazel was in Roswell, things would begin to get much more serious.

Unfortunately for Brazel, neither the sheriff nor any of his deputies could offer any solution. Nonetheless, the sheriff was so impressed with the box of samples from the ranch displayed on his desk that he immediately

dispatched two of his deputies to head north and check out the story. More witnesses, more questions, still zero answers.

What happened next created the very nightmare scenario that officialdom fears most: the press, albeit serendipitously, got wind of the yet-to-be-broken story. Radio station KGFL talked to the rancher by phone while he was still at the Chaves County Courthouse. Brazel not only charged that someone was responsible for cleaning up all that peculiar wreckage but then splashed kerosene on an already-smoldering fire. “They weren't human!” he proclaimed.[2] The reporter, in stunned disbelief, still urged the distraught man to contact the air base at the Roswell Army Air Field south of town. This sounded like something they should be informed about immediately.

Keep in mind that this was the Sunday of a Fourth of July weekend. Now imagine that whatever story some old rancher was selling, the head of Army Air Forces intelligence of the most elite military unit in the United States, the 509th Bomb Group, got directly involved, and the base commander was also quickly alerted. The story continued to intensify because the base commander had no idea what they were dealing with either, and he had absolutely no knowledge of any testing or exercises gone awry. If anything happened in or around that entire region of the state, they would have been the first notified to be on the lookout. And for that matter, the RAAF was on constant alert—the nature of being the first nuke base in the world. Whatever this material was, and wherever it came from, without doubt garnered the full attention of the senior officer. Why else would he dispatch his very head of intelligence along with the equivalent of foreign intelligence (the latter in the event it was something that originated from another country)? For what other purpose would he assign the head of the Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC)? Needing to address the urgency of the situation, and personally handling the physical evidence brought in by Brazel, the commander was compelled to immediately alert his boss in Fort Worth. Was the occurrence more than he could handle? He was in charge of the atomic bomb; yet this appeared to rise above that—such was his impression of just a box of strange wreckage. From cattle rancher to sheriff to one of the most highly regarded officers in the military—still no answers and time was running out. The pattern continued as Fort Worth was compelled to speedily contact higher-ups in the chain of command at the Pentagon. The growing concern about the alleged crash of some unknown

device that scattered wreckage with unique properties had now made it all the way to Washington. Total ignorance remained the prevailing theme. Brazel and the two officers arrived back at the ranch, running out of daylight. It was now in the hands of the military.

Sunrise found the three men anxiously perusing the then ransacked arroyo, as wreckage had scattered with the constant wind. For his part, Brazel hoped that soldiers would just come in and clear away the mess and that would be the end to it all. Maybe there would be some reward. On the other hand, the army wanted this to be one of “ours” in the worst way. Quickly, the officers assessed the scene, which contained remains that extended for almost a mile, and determined that it was a midair explosion that caused the components to rain for such a long distance. The field was strewn with material identical to the samples they had handled back in Roswell. There was much more than they could load into their two vehicles. They proceeded to gather and contain all they could while Brazel returned to his normal work duties.

Back in Roswell, the press were getting antsy. What if the story about the crash of the flying saucer was true? They had to find the rancher, get his name and location from the sheriff, and grab him for the exclusive of the century. Management at KGFL radio in Roswell conspired behind the back of the authorities to conduct their own investigation into a story of this magnitude. It would take the better part of the day to find the target of their abduction plans, Brazel. He would spend Monday night, July 7, at the home of the owner of the radio station, and on a wire recorder they would discuss the “little bodies” that he and others discovered *someplace else*.[3] In Roswell, not far from there, the returning intelligence officer roused his wife and eleven-year-old son to share an experience they would never forget (I-beams with strange-looking figures on them, and so on) and talk about the “crash of a flying saucer.” Washington continued to make their plans ...

The very next morning, July 8, while Brazel sipped a cup of coffee in the kitchen of his overnight host, the RAAF commander assembled his senior officers for an extra-early staff meeting to assess the escalating situation. But before his two intelligence officers could even make their report of what they discovered sixty-five miles north-west of town, there had been a new development just forty miles to the north: the remains of a small craft and additional bodies. And if that wasn't disconcerting enough, the sheriff, the

firemen, the press, and other civilians already knew about that site. The entire affair could have gotten completely out of hand, but the colonel was relieved to report that the entire area had been cordoned off, the roads blocked, and the witnesses sternly warned not to talk.

Subterfuge is a military specialty, and Washington already had Roswell material in hand for two days. No knee-jerk reaction here. They had to acknowledge something had come down, but distant, cooler heads chose the old scarecrow technique mastered during World War II: first you build it up, then you tear it down. The press release was carefully contrived. Timing was crucial. The later it hit the press wires, the less chance it would make the afternoon newspaper editions—and absolutely no editions making it to press in the eastern time zones. It was high risk and yet quite masterful. The base commander's boss was ready to board a plane and fly back to Fort Worth to instigate phase two. Within a matter of hours, the slow evolution from saucer to weather balloon would begin—all by design. All while mechanical engineers at Hangar P-3 were frantically taking a sixteen-pound sledgehammer to pieces of the real wreckage. “Still no dent.” Washington would support the initial press bulletins. They had just this one opportunity to make it all work and the media to take the bait. The cover-up went into high gear.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch ... Fifty to sixty men descended on the unassuming open range with a mission of recovery and cleanup. Their orders were as follows: if it doesn't move, pick it up. Shoulder to shoulder they marched on hands and knees with burlap sacks on their backs in the one-hundred-degree desert sun. All remnants gathered from the crash site were deposited in wheelbarrows that were then rolled to checkpoints where each piece was tagged and numbered. Lastly, trucks were loaded with wooden crates, driven to outside checkpoints, and then driven by other drivers back to the base in Roswell—only to return for another load, and another. “Looks like you had a crash here,” a local mortician commented back in town.[4]

The circumstances forty miles north of Roswell were much more precarious. Heavier equipment was required, including a flatbed and crane. The presence of all the heavily armed men clearly defined an incident of utmost national security. Most involved with the retrieval operation were not allowed within specific perimeters. Outside personnel, specialists including

engineers, and crash investigators were called to the scene. Photographers were recording every move and maneuver of the operation. Then the ambulance trucks arrived. The personnel from the medical squad were never briefed on what to expect. The Army Field Manual provided no guidelines for this form of exercise. All any one of them could do was allow their instincts to take charge and then follow through. This was all uncharted territory.

An immediate search for Mack Brazel began, and fortunately for the authorities, they located him in short order. In fact, he practically came to them. Faced with the escalating conundrum, the military was now abducting innocent civilians. From beginning to end, the law didn't apply, and the most extreme behavior was yet to be seen. Reaction and response took on unprecedented proportions with one key factor now at stake: locate and confiscate every last piece of physical evidence still unaccounted for. Civil rights were secondary. People were all suspect, and as long as the actual evidence refused to provide any answers, the operation could rely only on human elements for resolution.

Personnel at the RAAF were excluded from involvement at every turn. Outside officers, MPs, photographers, even trained specialists like doctors and nurses arrived from parts unknown to take charge of the entire campaign —more eyewitnesses to offer sound professional opinions and assess the unprecedented event. “Something big had clearly happened.”[5] But no one was allowed to talk. Men from separate units were called in to perform specific, piecemeal duties to prevent talking after things returned to normal. Emotions were cast aside, and alcohol helped as they performed like machines set on overdrive. Time was their enemy as the assigned floundered for unyielding solutions. They set out to control what they could.

Further attention had to be diverted from Roswell. Only the intelligence officer was specifically named in the press release. Get him out of town while the base commander goes on vacation. And as far as the rancher Brazel? “Never heard of him.” Next, you contain the press by enlisting the FCC and even a senator to stop them in their tracks. You also call in the FBI to watch the outside of the henhouse and make sure nothing leaks out any further than Roswell—all within the purview of the Pentagon. Clearly, the deck was stacked against all those who knew the truth.

A news blackout was in effect until a new story could be substituted. The

process was in the works but synchronization was critical. A scapegoat was also needed. The stage was being set for the press conference of the century—and is it any wonder that it wasn't in Roswell? The world waited as the Army Air Forces announced that it planned to unveil the “flying disc captured” at Roswell—in Fort Worth, Texas. Two full days were spent rewriting one of the biggest stories of all time. The sublime needed to be replaced by the mundane, and the clock was ticking. The chosen actors just needed to stick to the new script—all while poor Mack Brazel was experiencing the real show while in custody back in Roswell. No one would hear him defend himself over in Texas.

Unbeknownst to the head of the 509th intelligence officer, disguised packages were being loaded into the cargo haul of the waiting B-29, “Dave's Dream.” The balloon props were needed for the staged demonstration about ready to begin in Fort Worth. The act would not be complete without the star witness—that same intelligence officer to take his final bow. Once the show began, a change of scenery was about to take place—there, strewn over the general's office floor, was a clump of rotting neoprene, wooden kite sticks, *blank* masking tape, string, and one-sided reflective foil. One and only one reporter was allowed in to witness the charade and would comment about the strong rubber stench. The general would pose for holy pictures with the phony refuse and state that he was canceling the special flight to Wright Field for testing and now everyone should just go home and pretend nothing ever happened. Applause, applause. The high-risk game played by the general succeeded for the moment. The press was ready to move on.

Nevertheless, in Roswell, reality proceeded in high gear. Wreckage continued to be trucked onto the base, the relatively intact craft of unknown origin arrived on a flatbed lowboy truck through the east gate, and the biological remains were examined under the strictest security at the military hospital. No one seemed to care about what the general said in Fort Worth. It didn't matter what the press was *now* reporting. Nerves were strained to the limit as containment and retrieval operations continued through the night, and sources described how human emotion got the better of even some of the officers. Fear was put aside by a call to arms, but this war was never anticipated by any army of this world. Nine years earlier on the radio this was fantasy. Personnel continued to follow orders under the edict that someone actually knew what was going on.

Alas, ignorance prevailed. All they could do was stall for time while attempting to subvert any leaks from getting out to the public. The public: it would appear little concern was wasted on their well-being at the time. As was earlier stated, anyone not swearing an oath to the Constitution and the security of the country was held in contempt for all they knew and witnessed. Their time would come.

Plans changed as quickly as they were enacted. Orders came down that a large army tent surrounded by a new chain-link fence was to go up at the far southwest end of the tarmac. Guards were posted at this bizarre location, which just happened to be adjacent to the base garbage incinerator. One of the MPs commented that it was as though someone was trying to mask the odor of *something*—maybe inside the tent? Rotting rubber it was not. Nervous eyes continued to glance skyward, pondering if all the rumors could be true.

A relief detail arrived at dawn's light, but they were confused—everything had been cleared away. The tent and the entire fence were nowhere to be seen. Yet the remaining aftereffects were quite obvious; bomber tire tracks trampled the dewy grass where something unknown had been secured the night before. Strange.

That same morning banner headlines around the world trumpeted the balloon explanation—the press was officially on board with the new cover story. America had once again been saved from another potential invader. That same military who had just won the greatest of all wars had once again prevailed and now the normal rituals of summer could return. But even for the first atomic bomb squadron, the balloon nonsense was irrelevant as another truckload of wreckage arrived at the base.

With the balloon account taking hold, the “loose lips” policy took precedence. For that, they were well trained. As more of the remaining evidence was hurriedly transported from Roswell, additional troops were dispatched to finalize the cleanup at multiple sites north of town. Every last piece of debris needed to be secured; that also included the pieces that fell into civilian hands. So while the MPs were collecting every trace of the paper trail within the local media outlets, others were pulling up floorboards, dumping over water tanks, slicing feedbags, and sampling the canned peaches, all while shocked families could only stand back in total bewilderment. And no one had heard from or seen Brazel in days.

Army Finds Air Saucer On Ranch in New Mexico

Disk Goes To High Officers

Picked Up Last Week

ROSWELL, N.M.—(AP)—The Army Air Force here today announced a flying disk had been found on a ranch near Roswell and is in Army possession.

Lt. Warren Haught, public information officer of the Roswell Army Air Field, announced the find last week, made "considerable talk work," and had been moved over to the section through the operation of the military affair.

"In view [illegible] of the Roswell Army Air Field and other [illegible] by Maj. Jesse A. Marcel, of the 509th bomb group intelligence office at Roswell, the higher headquarters."

The Army gave no other details.

'Flying disc' turns up as just hot air

Fort Worth, Tex., July 9 (AP).—An examination by the Army revealed last night a mysterious object found on a lonely New Mexico ranch was a harmless high-altitude weather balloon—not a grounded flying disc.

Army Knocks Down Disk—

IT'S A WEATHER BALLOON

Device Is Only A Wind Target

Object Found in N. Mexico Identified at Fort Worth

[Illegible] Page 11

FORT WORTH, Tex., July 8—(AP)—A "flying disk" reported by the Army Air Forces to have been found near Roswell, N.M., was quickly stripped of its glamor tonight by a Fort Worth Army airfield weather officer. He identified the object as a weather balloon.

Warrant Officer Irving Newton, a forecaster at the base weather station, said the object was a ray wind target

[illegible] the [illegible] Type balloon.

Newton said there were some 60 weather stations in the United States using this type of balloon and that it could have come from any one of them.

The balloon was shipped to the 8th Air Force headquarters here from Roswell and on orders from Washington was to have been forwarded to Wright Field, near Dayton.

Lt. Warren Haught, public information officer at Roswell announced earlier today that "the many rumors regarding the flying disk became a reality yesterday when the intelligence office of the 509th (Atomic) Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force, Roswell Army Airfield, was fortunate enough to gain possession of a disk through cooperation of one of the local ranchers and the Roswell office."

Most of the nation's press carried the news of both the disc recovery

and its debunking on July 9, 1947.

The White House resembled a war room, as unscheduled meetings continued to express the urgent concern about what had fallen out of the sky in New Mexico. The Army Air Forces' deputy chief sat through meetings with the secretary of war, the head of the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project, the chair of the Joint Chiefs, and the president. Meetings that overlapped and interrupted one another transpired for the entire day. It would appear they didn't get the balloon memo that all was now well in Roswell. Rather, two Secret Service emissaries were dispatched to oversee the recovery operation and report directly to the commander in chief. Familiar faces had to remain in the shadows as popular high-ranking officials and their representatives arrived on the scene. The public had to, at any cost, accept the conventional—but all actions from those directly involved continued to suggest otherwise.

Mack Brazel was ready to denounce the entire incident within a few days of being taken into custody by the Army. His retractions to the press began on Wednesday, July 9. Friends of the rancher and other acquaintances witnessed military officers and MPs escort their next pawn to the main newspaper and the two radio stations. The recantation involved simply misreporting an obvious weather balloon device. A regretful Brazel remarked, “If I find anything besides a bomb ...”[6]

Undoubtedly, the main reason for the civilian's detention served a greater purpose than the mere changing of his story. Brazel had seen much more, and they were forced to enlist him as an apparent dupe in their own cover-up scheme. More to the point, over seventy years later his haunting words resound with all the same defiance as when he originally uttered them: “They weren't green.” Another unscheduled flight later that afternoon would validate that remark as testified by all who participated in the mission. What had been secured the night before inside that temporary tent was now in a guarded wooden crate loaded into a B-29 named Straight Flush from atomic bomb pit #1, the most heavily guarded site on the entire base. Almost twenty-four hours after the general had “emptied the Roswell Saucer,”[7] he, other officers, and a mortician eagerly awaited the arrival of the remaining bodies contained within that large wooden box. The irony of those remains morphing into “wooden” crash dummies in modern times is too good to pass up mentioning.

As the recovery operation was winding down on all fronts, the Roswell townspeople were persuaded to put the entire affair behind them. And as their guards were lowered, the tentacled reach of the US government was about to take even more aggressive action against them: confiscation of all media reports and commissioning both elected and civil officials to perform proxy deeds of suppression and intimidation. Plus, the most heinous violation of the US Constitution: the use of the military to physically threaten with death the very lives they swore to protect. Mack Brazel's personal ordeal at the hands of the Army and other outside henchmen was beyond deplorable. The humble, hardworking cowboy was never the same, and the sheriff was “destroyed,” according to his family,[8] while innocent children were silenced with terminal threats.

Military staff and officers, many hardened by the battlefield stench of World War II, fared no better. The RAAF public relations officer, destined to advance all the way to general rank, resigned the very next year. So did the intelligence officer within the next two; yet in the Roswell aftermath, he would write the full briefing on the first Soviet atomic bomb test in 1949. The unkind fates have forever seared the memory that he was so inept as to misidentify common balloon wreckage for that of a genuine flying saucer. Others were immediately transferred and still others promoted for performing as good soldiers. Contrary to press accounts, no one was reprimanded for the supposed embarrassment leveled on the RAAF. No one was demoted. The base commander would go on to secure his four-star promotions. Clearly, the neighboring civilians were the victims of the harshest of treatment, all to ensure their full cooperation.

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The Wilcox daughters, Phyllis (L) and Elizabeth (R), in a 2000 photo taken in front of their old "home"—the old Roswell County Courthouse. Photo by Tom Carey.

The military is a dictatorship in the purest sense of the word, whereas we regular people have civil rights guaranteed by our fore-fathers. The Chaves County Courthouse in Roswell became a principal target in the search for any remaining evidence the rancher may have initially turned over there. The military's dictatorial mentality constantly spilled over to those residents who lived in town, and even the sheriff was not immune. The sheriff's family would watch in horror as he was physically accosted by MPs for holding out. As a collective sigh of relief fell over America, and the rest of the world, for that matter, New Mexico had just been victimized by a full scorched-earth policy that left entire families bitter and disgusted with those sworn to protect them. The previously congenial partnership experienced by the RAAF and the local Roswellians was forever strained and replaced by a dark cloud of mutual cynicism and distrust. It was hard to believe that the Pentagon wasn't finished with its damage control. Next, it was damn all the flying saucer sightings and—even more effective—damn the people who see them.

The next page in the Army's newly penned handbook was a nation-wide effort to dismiss *all* flying disc reports. It was reasoned that if the balloon story could explain away actual physical evidence at Roswell, how difficult would it be to wash away all remaining suspicions about distant objects in the sky? More staging was at hand. The media and general public were cordially invited to balloon launch demonstrations at military facilities across the nation. From New York to California, witnesses saw firsthand examples of how balloons with attached radar kites could appear anomalous at ten thousand feet. Reflecting brightly in direct sunlight and compressed by upper atmospheric pressure, they could take on the appearance of a disc. The true irony was that the very same balloon device that was thrust on Roswell was then used to deflate the entire saucer mystery. No one in the media ever noted how anyone could possibly misidentify balloon materials on the ground right before you. And certainly, after one picks them up and examines them, there could be no doubt.

All the while this public charade was taking place, the very officer, the

general, who would later be called the Air Force's “saucer man,” was hitting the airwaves and mocking the people who would dare report such things. During an El Paso radio interview, when he was asked about the wave of sightings throughout the entire country, his pat response was, yes, it was true, except for Kansas, “and you know Kansas is a dry state!”[9]

Upstairs, the government remained in a frantic state of confusion as it stalled for time seeking answers from a thousand pieces of unaccountable wreckage and visitors from literally off the planet. Experts within their respective fields were immediately dispatched to revise history as we knew it. Hopefully, the sun would still rise the next morning. Renowned meteorite expert Dr. Lincoln La Paz arrived in Roswell within a few weeks after the affair with special orders from Washington. Assignment: determine the *speed and trajectory* of the crashed object. Something downed balloons are never gauged for. Aside from T2 engineering, which would become the Foreign Technology Division at Wright-Patterson, metallurgists and engineers were enlisted from the Bureau of Standards, General Electric, RAND Corporation, and Hughes Aircraft. Just down the road in Columbus, Ohio, Battelle National Laboratories was contracted by Wright-Patterson to conduct developmental research on “self-healing” metal.[10]

Air intelligence in Washington sought its own resolution, so it urgently requested a summation from the Air Materiel Command (AMC) at Wright Field under the command of Lieutenant General Nathan F. Twining. The Pentagon wanted to get to the bottom of the entire “flying saucer” affair. Just two months after the physical evidence was transported from Roswell to Dayton, Ohio, Twining held a secret conference with personnel from the Air Technical Intelligence Center (ATIC), intelligence from T2 (Foreign Technology Division), the office of the Chief Engineering Division, and the Aircraft Power Plant and Propeller Laboratories of Engineering, Division T3. If Twining was attempting to get firsthand knowledge of the physiological aspects of “hardware” and the “nuts and bolts” opinions of experts, he couldn't have gone to better consultants. Clearly, none of these were “lights-in-the-sky” speculators—they weren't astronomers. Combined with what Twining had personally witnessed, briefings in New Mexico, and the new findings gleaned from these engineers, he was ready to make an assessment of the situation.

On September 23, 1947, Twining signed a secret memorandum, which

after approval from the Pentagon was sent to Brigadier General George Schulgen, chief of the Air Intelligence Requirements Division (AIRD). With no mincing of words, the document stated that “the phenomenon was real.”[11]

Pursuant to the Pentagon's ongoing efforts to ascertain the full scope of the investigation, AIRD sent out a Draft of Collection Memorandum on October 28, 1947. The Pentagon was attempting to “collect” specific information from all intelligence sources from outside the United States, including England, France, Sweden, Finland, the USSR, Turkey, Greece, Iran, China, Norway, the Philippines, and commanders in chief at other US facilities around the world. The document was a further attempt to gather technical insights into what had crashed just a few months before in New Mexico. This continuing process of eliminating all known prosaic possibilities cited “Unusual fabrication methods to achieve extreme light weight and structural stability,” as well as “The presence [or lack thereof] of an unconventional or unusual type of propulsion system.”[12] Most of the responses have never been disclosed.

On December 30, 1947, Major General Laurence C. Craigie, director of research and development (R&D) in Washington, issued an order establishing the first official US government UFO investigation, code name Project Sign (a.k.a. Project Saucer to the public). And on January 22, 1948, Project Sign officially initiated work as a branch of the Air Technical Intelligence Center and was headquartered at Wright-Patterson, where six months earlier, physical evidence from Roswell was tested and analyzed. It was not surprising that the newly formed project was given a 2A priority (1A being the highest in the Air Force). It should also be emphasized that the very top people at ATIC were assigned to the project with the purpose of providing the answers that physical evidence alone failed to yield. (A full account of the findings of Project Sign and subsequent studies is presented in our newly revised book, *UFO Secrets Inside Wright-Patterson*.) It remains utterly preposterous to still maintain that such a full-scale operation immediately following the recovery in New Mexico was over a mere balloon device—of any earthly design.

This should remind all of us about the great tragedy of Roswell and the human element in dealing with something potentially inexplicable. No other explanation can demonstrate this depth of earthly emotion and transcend it

for a lifetime, only to have it diminished time and time again by forces intent on suppressing the actual facts.

To this very day, what remains most disturbing is the manner in which innocent American citizens were specifically targeted for sharing an unprecedented experience with their military counter-parts. One side became the enforcer and the other the victim of, as described in some quarters, extremely harsh, unjustified treatment that could not possibly rise to the level of a mere balloon recovery—top secret or not, it's still a damn balloon. We continue to challenge the skeptics to demonstrate one other instance where the government exerted this particular criminal level of treatment to ensure secrecy. To date the skeptics have not, and they never will.

Who speaks for the many families who survived the aftermath of 1947, those forced to live in silence by inexorable foes? Their nightmares originated not with invaders from space but rather with phantom callers, strangers watching on the street, and unknown cars following them. Witnesses were systematically categorized by the extent to which they were involved and what they saw or handled. Women and children were equally suspect and suffered from the same extreme measures. Inasmuch as it has been abundantly demonstrated, all the adults, whether military or civilian, independently responded in the same manner, as they experienced the very same stimulus. The children who knew the truth had real monsters under their beds.

In the first uncensored edition of his book, *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* (1956), former Project Blue Book director Captain Edward Ruppelt stated, “By the end of July [1947] the UFO security lid was down tight. The few members of the press who did inquire about what the Air Force was doing got the same treatment that you would get today if you inquired about the number of thermo-nuclear weapons stockpiled in the U.S. atomic arsenal. At [ATIC there was] confusion to the point of panic.”[13] What an amazing admission. What could possibly have caused that panic? The invaders from space had just been sent packing in their balloon in New Mexico. The entire situation there had been contained, and to the best of their knowledge, all physical evidence was now in their possession. Witnesses had all been shamed and ordered or threatened into submission, and as a result, sighting reports dropped off precipitously. Consider that the danger had effectively been squelched and now it was up to the Pentagon to

conduct a totally clandestine investigation—wherein lay the panic? Unless Roswell did happen precisely as all the witnesses knew. We recall that wonderful scene in the Showtime original made-for-TV movie *Roswell* in which the over-sight committee is brainstorming the aftermath of the crash. The military general bemoans the dire circumstances they face: “We're supposed to ensure the domestic tranquility, not eliminate it. What if the people think we are not in control of the skies?!” The secretary of war very stoically replies, “They'd be right.”[14]

CHAPTER 1

The Ultimate Cold Case File

In legal terms according to the US Department of Justice's National Institute of Justice, “The definition of a ‘cold case’ varies from agency to agency [and is] currently defined as any case whose probative [i.e., worthwhile] investigative leads have been exhausted [without resolution]. In essence, this means a case that is only a few months old may be defined as being ‘cold’ [if it has reached an investigative dead end].”[1] Of course, it goes without saying that the older a case gets, the “colder” it becomes. Heartbroken parents who have lost a child under suspicious circumstances understandably want answers from law enforcement as quickly as possible to bring some form of “closure” to their grief. In some cases, unfortunately, there may be very few or no leads at all to follow. The parents, of course, will nevertheless be told that the case is still considered as “open,” but in point of fact, it became a candidate for the “cold case” pile as soon as the leads dried up.

According to Wikipedia, “A **cold case** is a crime or an accident that has not yet been fully solved and is not the subject of a recent criminal investigation, but for which new information could emerge from new witness testimony, re-examined archives, new or retained material evidence, as well as from fresh activities of the suspect. New technical methods developed after the case went cold [e.g., DNA testing, photographic analysis, etc.] can be used on the surviving evidence to analyze the causes, often with conclusive results.”[2]

Merriam-Webster's online dictionary offers the most succinct definition

of a cold case, as “an unsolved criminal investigation (as of a homicide or abduction) that has stopped being actively pursued because of a lack of evidence ... [and] is eventually abandoned and filed away among other cold cases.”[3] Most cold cases, since the term came into usage in 1973,[4] usually involve violent acts or other major felony crimes, such as murder, rape, and those not subject to a Statute of Limitations. The disappearance of persons can also fall into the cold case category if the victim has not been seen or heard from in some time (e.g., Natalee Holloway, Michael Rockefeller, or Mack Brazel's son, Vernon).[5]

Unlike cigarette commercials and old movies, crime shows have proven to be a very popular and hardy staple for TV producers and viewers alike for decades. Shows from the days of radio and early TV, such as *Man Against Crime; Casey, Crime Photographer;* and *Dragnet*, to the more sophisticated “private eye” shows of the late 1950s and 1960s, like *Peter Gunn*, *Perry Mason*, and *Naked City*, to the personality-driven *Kojak*, *Columbo*, and *Hill Street Blues* and the super-high-tech *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation* of the 2000s, have enjoyed immense popularity. But according to the DOJ's National Institute of Justice, “Attention continues to be focused on cold cases ... due to the popularity of television dramas and the increased involvement and public visibility of family members.”[6] As a result of these trends, and more relevant to our discussion here, *Cold Case Files* (1999–2006) and *Cold Case* (2003–2010) quickly became TV favorites. All the radio and TV shows just mentioned, though separated temporally, culturally, stylistically, and technologically, share one common theme: the search for *truth*, *justice*, and *ultimate accountability*.

Historic and even prehistoric mysteries that have withstood the test of time without a conclusive resolution (e.g., What killed off the dinosaurs? Was Homer's Troy a real city or a fiction of his imagination? Was there really a King Arthur? What happened to the Lost Colony of Roanoke? Who was Jack the Ripper? What was the cause of the great explosion over Tunguska in Siberia, Russia, in 1908? Was Lee Harvey Oswald a lone gunman? and Whatever became of D. B. Cooper?) have been investigated or reinvestigated in recent times, beginning as “cold cases” due mostly to the passage of time after their occurrence. Some of these investigations have resulted in a case being moved from the “cold” pile to the “solved” pile—perhaps not by an absolute proof but by an overall “consensus” among the

investigators and arbiters (e.g., the dinosaur extinction and the 1908 Tunguska event). Others, however, remain unresolved in the cold pile (e.g., Jack the Ripper and D. B. Cooper). Exploiting this somewhat expanded definition of what constitutes a cold case from primarily cold crimes to now include cold, non-criminal mysteries of any type and age, several investigative cable TV shows have sprung up, the titles of which describe what the shows are about: *In Search of ..., Unsolved Mysteries, Digging for Truth, Destination Truth*, and *Expedition Unknown*. Most recently, in 2019, we have the *Legend Hunter*, whose protagonist describes himself as follows: "As a scientist, I've spent my life investigating some of mankind's greatest oddities, bizarre creatures and mythical beasts, tribal rituals and far flung places. Now I get the chance to take on some of the world's iconic mysteries ... questions that have been burning in my mind since I was a child ..."[7]

So, when in 1978 Stanton Friedman made the phone call to Jesse Marcel that began the civilian investigation of the 1947 Roswell Incident, was he dealing with a classic cold case or not? Technically speaking, no, on two counts: (1) there had been no *prior* investigation of the case to reopen and (2) the case had been "solved" on July 8, 1947, when General Roger Ramey declared that a "weather balloon" had "crashed" sixty-five miles northwest of the town of Roswell, New Mexico, and *not* a "flying saucer" as had been reported in the press the previous day. And back in those days, having just won World War II, everybody believed the military. It was "case closed" (for the next thirty-one years). On the other hand, it *had* been a long time since the incident, and the promise of new evidence emerging, starting with the 1978 Marcel phone call, that might challenge the 1947 "conclusion" seemed a strong possibility. These were classic prerequisites for reopening any cold case file, which in our opinion, renders the entire Roswell investigation by all researchers involved, from 1978 to the present, the investigation of a de facto cold case file. Combine that with the fact that Roswell is a historical mystery of potentially earth-shaking importance left to us from the twentieth century, and you wind up with the *Ultimate* Cold Case File.

In 1980, the iconic first Roswell book was published, aptly titled *The Roswell Incident* by William Moore and Charles Berlitz. Stanton Friedman had hooked up with Moore, who already had written *The Philadelphia Experiment*, to help investigate Roswell with him. Berlitz was already well

known for his Berlitz readers on foreign languages but became even better known for having just written a best seller on the Bermuda Triangle. It was felt by the Roswell book's publisher that they needed a *name* author to sell the book. Moore was known somewhat, but Friedman was not so well known at the time. So Berlitz, who had done none of the book's research, was substituted for Friedman as a coauthor.

Near the end of the 1980s, the Roswell case appeared to be going cold again, as no additional books had been written since the first one. In 1989, however, two things happened to jump start the Roswell investigation anew. In October of that year, the highly popular *Unsolved Mysteries* TV show, with host Robert Stack, kicked off their new season by devoting almost the entire show to the alleged Roswell UFO crash of 1947. In addition to generating a lot of public interest in the case, several first- and secondhand witnesses to the 1947 events contacted the show with what they knew about it, thus providing an enhanced baseline for further investigation. The year also saw the creation of another investigative team to reexamine the Roswell case, the team of Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt. With many new witnesses interviewed, the team's 1991 book, *UFO Crash at Roswell*, became a worldwide phenomenon, resulting in the name “Roswell” becoming known around the globe. Another book by the team and a Golden Globe–nominated motion picture, *Roswell: The UFO Cover-Up*, quickly followed in 1994.

The peak of interest in the Roswell case came three years later in 1997, the fiftieth anniversary of the 1947 crash. Most of the books about Roswell were written that year, the case was featured in many print media, including on the cover of *Time* magazine, and on July 4, 1997, CNN went “full bore” and “all in” with its “wall-to-wall” live coverage of the commemoration taking place in Roswell, New Mexico, that day. After the hoopla had ended and people went home, many of the formerly active Roswell researchers decided to pack it in and go home too, no doubt thinking that nothing more could be learned about the case—that it would find its final resting place in the cold case pile of files whence it came.

A chance meeting between Tom Carey and Don Schmitt in Chicago in May 1998 at a board of directors meeting for the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies resulted in a collaboration that has lasted to this very day. These two research investigators felt that there was still more to learn about the Roswell case and wanted to continue a *proactive*, hands-on investigation

into it. This book represents the eighth book written as a result of their collaborative research on the Roswell case and the third (and last) in the *Witness to Roswell* trilogy.

A brief overview of the Roswell events will fill out the rest of this chapter, while more detailed discussions of selected salient points along the winding road to understanding the tapestry woven by this case will follow in separate chapters.

* * * * *

In the late hours of July 2, 1947, *something* crashed to Earth in the high desert of east-central New Mexico during one of those severe thunder and lightning storms that occurs in the region every year during "monsoon season." A few days later, the US Army Air Forces (as the US Air Force was called from 1942 until late 1947) electrified a nation and the world by issuing a press release announcing that its 509th Bomb Group at Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF), located just south of the dusty New Mexico town of Roswell, had "captured" a flying saucer that had crashed nearby. Within hours, however, a press conference was hastily convened at Eighth Air Force head-quarters in Fort Worth, Texas (the command to which the 509th Bomb Group was attached), to announce that it was all a big mistake. The *flying saucer* was nothing more than a misidentified *weather balloon!* The press immediately lost interest, and the story quickly died. Outside of the occasional rumor, the story was forgotten and remained buried for the next thirty-one years.

Then, in 1978, the intelligence officer of the 509th Bomb Group at the time of the incident broke the silence by publicly stating that what crashed outside of Roswell in 1947 was no weather balloon, but *something* "not of this Earth." Several interested UFO investigators took note and undertook a civilian investigation of the case. By the mid-1990s, several books had been written on the subject, all favoring an extraterrestrial conclusion for the known facts up to that point, and the case was prominently featured on the popular TV show *Unsolved Mysteries*, which also strongly suggested an extraterrestrial answer for the mystery. As public awareness of the case grew, pressure mounted for some form of official restatement by our government concerning its position on the matter. This occurred in 1994 when the Air Force admitted that it had in fact *lied* in 1947 with its weather balloon explanation, but it was now telling the truth with its *third*

explanation for Roswell: what had crashed was now a high-flying contraption composed of multiple weather balloons with radar targets and a listening device belonging to a special project—something called Project Mogul—that fell to Earth near Roswell. Although the project's purpose—to detect sound waves emanating from the anticipated detonation of the Soviet Union's first atomic bomb by deploying high altitude, balloon-borne, acoustic sensors—was top secret, its off-the-shelf components were not. Far from it—the prosaic rubber balloons, tinfoil radar targets, and balsa wood struts used in the project were of the exact same types that were used in most weather balloons and radar targets of the day—materials that any six-year-old would have no trouble identifying!

Then, in 1997—the fiftieth anniversary of the Roswell crash—the Air Force brazenly offered up its *fourth* explanation, this one dealing with the long-held rumors and eyewitness accounts of diminutive (three-and-one-half to four-foot-tall) “alien bodies” that were also alleged to have been recovered from the Roswell crash. The hapless Air Force spokesman, a colonel who must have drawn the short straw, was met with derisive howls and laughter from members of the press when he attributed such claims to the Air Force's use of full-size (six-foot-tall) dime store mannequins in several projects involving high-altitude parachute drops that were conducted in New Mexico *in the 1950s* in preparation for high-altitude test flights and our country's nascent manned space program. This was known as the “dummy explanation” for obvious reasons. To explain away the ten-year time disparity, the Air Force claimed that the witnesses were unwitting victims of a mental processing affliction known as “time compression,” whereby as a person ages, his or her recollections of past events tend to contract or compress the time frames in which they occurred. Thus, those witnesses who claimed to have seen alien bodies from the Roswell crash in 1947 were really remembering a chance encounter with the aforementioned crash-test dummies that they somehow stumbled upon while searching for rattlesnakes out in the desert in 1959! Curiously, this “time compression” phenomenon seems to afflict only pro-Roswell geriatrics, while all those on the opposing side appear to have been miraculously unaffected by it! Project Mogul and “dummies from above” continue to this very day to be the Air Force's official “explanation” for the Roswell crash/retrieval of 1947.

The search for truth in the real world of trying to solve cases, cold or hot, ideally involves a twofold investigation of pertinent facts: (1) the search for

incriminating, physical evidence, from old-fashioned fingerprints on the murder weapon to the currently trendy and "infallible" DNA evidence at the crime scene (i.e., "forensics"), coupled with (2) relevant and credible eyewitness testimony. When presented to a jury in a logical and coherent manner and sequence, this investigative combination constitutes a "proof" as we know it and has, with notable exceptions, stood the test of time in proving to be a case-winner. In the absence of direct *physical* evidence and lacking relevant documents, the prosecution will attempt to build a circumstantial case against a defendant based solely upon witness testimony as the proof—yes, witness testimony in and of itself is considered *evidence* and, if sufficiently convincing, *proof*—in every courtroom across the land and has indeed sent many a defendant to their just reward. This fact must be stated up front here and now because of the constant complaints by skeptics and debunkers of the so-called "Roswell Incident"[8] who appear not to know or respect the legal standing of witness testimony by downplaying or ignoring it altogether when it comes to the subject of UFOs, especially Roswell. Regarding the latter, the standard line goes like this: because there exists no incontrovertible *physical evidence* (e.g., a steering wheel, tail light, or whatever) to support the case for the crash of a UFO near the town of Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947, it did not happen. It's case closed for lack of evidence and back to the cold case pile of files.

Unfortunately, not every criminal or civil investigation results in a prosecution or other resolution, often due to a lack of evidence to move the case forward to an indictment or charge. As discussed, when this impasse persists over a period of time, a case becomes what is euphemistically known as a "cold case file." Today, thousands of such cases stuff overburdened police file cabinets in every jurisdiction, many of which cases, unfortunately, will never be solved.

On the aforementioned TV show *Cold Case Files*, the theme was trying to solve old, seemingly unsolvable, cases that had languished for years. Although these were fictionalized accounts, many of the show's weekly offerings were based upon real-life cases that had lain dormant on average for ten or twenty years. What we found interesting about this show were the parallels between the investigative tools employed by the show's Cold Case Investigative Unit to investigate aged cases and our own experience investigating the Roswell case. The parameters are remarkably similar but

with a few notable differences. The *Cold Case* investigators seemed to always have at their disposal as potential targets of their investigation a combination of still-available, fertile sources of extant evidence, such as (1) physical evidence just waiting to be uncovered and subjected to forensics, (2) key, probative documents readily available to them on microfiche at local repositories, and especially, (3) still-living, easily located witnesses willing, however reluctantly, to belatedly "spill their guts." The happy result of all this good fortune was usually another cold case file scoped, investigated, and solved—all in one hour's time! The fact that the show was filmed in Philadelphia, where it's always sunny, didn't hurt.

Considering that we have a combined total of sixty years of investigative experience dedicated solely to uncovering the truth of the Roswell Incident and that the case, contrary to our belief, remains unsolved or unproven to too many seventy-three years after the event, we see the Roswell Incident as the Ultimate Cold Case File. Most of the original investigators who were once active on the case during the 1980s and 1990s have left the field and will engage again only if something that piques their attention drops into their laps. With the lone exception of Anthony Bragalia, we remain the only *proactive* investigative researchers still working the Roswell case.

Although several pieces of metal purported to have come from the Roswell flying saucer have been submitted to various UFO investigators through the years, upon analysis none were found to be sufficiently exotic in terms of their constituent elements or construction to be considered unequivocally as coming from another world. In one particular instance, the subject piece of metal was exotic indeed but, upon inspection, turned out to be nothing more exotic than a piece of Japanese jewelry! Another hoaxer even submitted a trinket that was purchased in the gift shop at Roswell's UFO museum as something retrieved from the crash site. It took about two minutes of investigation to reveal that hoax. More recently, a local Roswell geologist has recovered what appears to us to be small bits of crinkled aluminum from one of the 1947 crash sites. Third party spectrographic analysis of these bits and pieces seems to confirm our original belief.

Meanwhile, our search for incontrovertible, physical evidence—what we term the "Holy Grail of Roswell"—has continued, unfortunately unsuccessfully, with several archeological "digs" at the main crash site. We feel now that when that "incontrovertible piece" is found, it will have been

found or discovered by accident, by someone not actually looking for it at the time—either that or by someone who has been surreptitiously holding on to a piece for years finally coming forward with it.

Document-type evidence in the Roswell case consists mostly of the newspaper accounts from 1947 announcing the "capture" of a flying saucer near Roswell, followed quickly by a retraction of that story in the guise of a "misidentified weather balloon" that stood as the unchallenged explanation for the next thirty-one years. Because of the timing of the original press releases, newspapers in the eastern United States carried both versions of the story on the same day (July 9, 1947), while many newspapers in the western time zones carried the flying saucer story one day (July 8, 1947) and the weather balloon retraction story on the following day. At a minimum, the newspaper accounts verified the fact that *something* did in fact crash on the desert floor near Roswell in early July 1947, and key participants in the event were named. Just *what* crashed became (and still is) the issue.

Since the mid-1980s, various government documents alleged by some Roswell investigators to be genuine have surfaced and would seem to verify the truth of the crash and recovery of an extraterrestrial spaceship and its crew in southeastern New Mexico in 1947. Referred to collectively as the "MJ-12 Documents," they highlight some of the problems associated with "documents as evidence" that are frequently encountered in UFO-related research: a lack of provenance for the document(s) in question and a lack of agreement among researchers regarding the genuineness of a document. Tracing a document back to a partisan UFO investigator with an agenda and no further does not constitute adequate provenance. We must know who the ultimate originator of the document in question was to properly research and verify its context and background. Without its provenance thus established, a document should immediately become suspect as being fraudulent, especially if the original document is unavailable (the original MJ-12 Documents arrived in 1984 as a roll of photographic film, and the second batch of alleged documents arrived later as photographic copies).

To make matters worse, UFO researchers cannot agree on the importance that should be attached to apparent discrepancies when they are found in such documents. The finder of the discrepancy—whether in the form of an incorrect date format, a misplaced comma, or a questionable signature—will discount the entire document as fraudulent, whereas the advocates of the

document will attempt to downplay the discrepancies as minor matters signifying nothing to save its hoped for “document-as-proof” status. The point here is that without provenance, standing, and general agreement regarding its import, such a document as proof of anything is worthless.

In 1993, the General Accounting Office (GAO—now known as the Government Accountability Office), which is the investigative arm of Congress, at the request of the late New Mexico congressman Steven Schiff, undertook a search of all relevant government agencies (the Department of Defense, the CIA, the Air Force, etc.) for documents relating to the 1947 Roswell Incident for the purpose of determining whether they were handled properly and classified appropriately according to established policies and procedures. Rep. Schiff was *not* tasked to “prove” the Roswell case one way or the other. The results of the search were published by the GAO in 1995 and, instead of clarifying things, served only to muddy the waters even more.[9] No additional documents were turned up by any of the agencies tasked by the GAO beyond those very few documents that were already known, but a bigger surprise came when it was discovered that *all* documents, such as teletype messages, telexes, radiograms, letters, invoices, and other records emanating from the Roswell Army Air Field (later known as Walker Air Force Base) covering the general time frame of the Roswell Incident, had been destroyed years before *without explanation or apparent authority*. To Roswell investigators such as ourselves, already convinced of a massive government cover-up of this case, there can be no innocent explanation for this, especially now that we know where and by whom the cover-up began. To skeptics of the Roswell Incident, well, it was just one of those things signifying nothing.

One final introductory note regarding documents as they relate to the Roswell investigation has to do with two documents whose provenance is *not* an issue. The first is an FBI memo dated July 8, 1947, that was written by the FBI's agent in Dallas, Texas, to their office in Cincinnati, Ohio, shortly after the Eighth Air Force's commanding officer, General Roger Ramey, held a press conference in his Fort Worth office and announced to the world that the flying saucer recovered at Roswell a few days earlier was nothing more than a misidentified weather balloon. The memo suggested that a lie had been perpetrated upon the press and public at the staged press conference and that the flight transporting the Roswell wreckage from Fort

Worth Army Air Field (where it stopped after leaving the RAAF) to Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, had not been cancelled, as General Ramey had dramatically declared to the press. The second document is referred to by many as the "smoking gun" of the Roswell case. It is a telex that was held in the hands of the architect of the Roswell cover-up himself, General Roger Ramey, during his aforementioned press conference, which seems to tell a different story from the one he had given to the press.

Contributing to the "cold case" status of this case was the fact that several key witnesses to the Roswell events of 1947 unfortunately had passed away long before the case appeared on the radar of UFO investigators. George M. Wilcox, the sheriff of Chaves County (for which Roswell was and still is the county seat), who was used by our military to assist them in the cover-up, passed away in 1961. The Corona sheep rancher, William W. "Mack" Brazel, who first discovered his pasture filled with strange wreckage—and *something else*—and thereby was responsible for starting the entire Roswell chain of events, died in 1963, the same year as General Ramey. The commanding officer of the RAAF in 1947, Colonel William H. Blanchard, a four-star general and vice chief of staff of the Air Force, died of a heart attack at his desk in the Pentagon at the age of fifty in 1966. Major Jesse A. Marcel, the intelligence officer under Colonel Blanchard at the Roswell base in 1947, passed away in 1986 but not before breaking his thirty-one-year silence in 1978 regarding an event to which he bore witness and believed to his dying day originated "not from this Earth," thereby igniting a controversy that is still with us today.

The Department of Veterans Affairs estimates that veterans of World War II, whose numbers include most of those involved in the Roswell Incident, are leaving us at a rate of about twelve hundred per day. And as any insurance actuary will tell you, that statistic will swell at an ever-increasing upward rate with the passage of time. For this reason, we have gone beyond *racing the undertaker* and are dangerously close to the finish line with our investigation. (It is sobering indeed to note that the youngest known participant in the 1947 Roswell events, a then-seven-year-old boy named Dee Proctor, passed away in 2006 at the age of sixty-six, and thirteen-year-old Frankie Dwyer Rowe, who handled the "memory metal," passed away in 2017 at the age of eighty-two.) Of the firsthand witnesses, we can think of only three who might still be alive: Arthur Osepchook, who was a crew member on the B-29 Straight Flush, which flew small bodies to Fort Worth;

Frank Vega, who guarded the RAAF hangar where all the crash wreckage was brought; and Eleazar Benavidez, who helped deliver the small bodies to the RAAF base hospital. And of those who were involved but remain unknown to us, we estimate that 99 percent of these are now gone, having succumbed to natural causes or the ravages of old age, such as Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and so forth. The same also holds true for the civilian population living in and around Roswell in 1947. As a result, we find ourselves increasingly interviewing the children and grandchildren of the actual participants, and an alarming number of *these* are starting to pass on as well. It is due to the lack of verifiable physical evidence; the dearth of acceptable, probative documentation; and the ever-decreasing nature of the witness pool with the passage of seventy-three years since the crash that we see the Roswell investigation heading into cold case territory, pending new information or evidence of a dramatic and probably fortuitous nature.

Although we believe that crimes were committed by our military against civilians in Roswell and Corona during its heavy-handed suppression and cover-up of the Roswell Incident, no charges were brought at the time, and the Statute of Limitations has long ago run out. The case remains, however, a historical mystery from the twentieth century left to us to solve. Even allowing for the limitations facing the Roswell investigation with the advance of time, we have amassed what we believe is overwhelming evidence in the form of hundreds of first- and secondhand witnesses to sustain an extraterrestrial conclusion for the Roswell events of 1947, enough to prevail in any court case vis-à-vis the US Air Force and its balloon and “dummies” explanations. Any such hypothetical court action would involve a simple “preponderance of the evidence” standard of proof (used in civil cases) as opposed to the higher standard of “beyond a reasonable doubt” (used in criminal cases) to render a verdict. Truth be told, the Air Force's case for Roswell is so wafer thin (no physical evidence, pertinent documents, or credible witnesses, living or dead, connect a balloon event in Mack Brazel's sheep pasture to the Roswell Incident) that it would be a sure loser in court—beyond a reasonable doubt.

In science, where the bottom line is also the search for truth, Occam's Law of Parsimony, a.k.a. “Occam's Razor,” is used to decide which among competing hypotheses is the simplest one that best explains the observed data. It holds that, with all other factors being equal, the hypothesis with the fewest twists and turns that explains the most observed data is the best and

must prevail. Thus employed, it serves as a tool for eliminating competing-but-lacking theories, hypotheses, and explanations from others being considered. In the Roswell case, competing hypotheses as to what might have crashed in 1947 (e.g., a V-2 rocket, an experimental rocket or jet plane, a propeller-driven Chance-Vought "Flying Flapjack," a Northrup "Flying Wing," a Japanese "Fugo" balloon bomb, an errant atomic bomb, or the collision of two flying discs) have all been investigated and eliminated. That leaves us with just two remaining, competing hypotheses: the Air Force's high-altitude Project Mogul and time-compressed memories of anthropomorphic "dummies from the sky"[10] versus a crash of a genuine UFO—a *flying saucer* in 1947 terms—along with its unfortunate crew. Of these, which is the one hypothesis that Occam's Razor has deemed more acceptable? The answer is obvious.

Without conclusive physical evidence and/or probative documents to nail down the case one way or the other, the Roswell Incident is out of necessity a "witness case." (It should be pointed out, however, that we have from the start conducted a search for all three types of evidence.) On the "anti-Roswell" side of the debate, the Air Force can offer *not a single, credible eyewitness* to a balloon event at any of the three Roswell crash locations identified by us or during the subsequent recovery operation. There is not a shred of evidence—nothing—to connect a wayward Project Mogul balloon train to what crashed in Mack Brazel's sheep pasture in July 1947. Time-compressed "dummies from the sky" as the answer for the purported recovery of "little bodies" from the crash is considered to be so far-fetched that no one has accepted it unequivocally, save the phlegmatic mainstays of the so-called mainstream media,[11] blinders firmly attached, who normally do not accept *anything* that our military says at face value! Even Roswell skeptics, while accepting Project Mogul, get queasy at the mention of "dummies from the sky."

On the "pro-Roswell" side of the debate, we can offer scores of credible eyewitnesses, military and civilian, out of a total witness pool to date of several hundred first- and secondhand witnesses to an *extraterrestrial* event that we know today as the Roswell Incident. None of these witnesses knows the entire story of what occurred, as each knows only what he or she witnessed or took part in. It has been our task to piece together, like a jigsaw puzzle, these moment-in-time snapshots into a larger picture of what took

place so long ago. Because of the wealth of credible witness testimony that we have amassed during our thirty-one-year investigation of the 1947 Roswell crash (we have witnesses along the entire timeline of events: the discovery and recovery of the UFO and its crew at the crash sites, their initial transport to the air base at Roswell where a preliminary autopsy was attempted, the flight to Fort Worth where the cover-up began, and the flight to their final destination at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio), we have been able to formulate a coherent chronicle for a case of apparent alien visitation. For this reason, and after applying a healthy dose of Occam's Razor to the known facts of the Roswell Incident, a reasonable person *must* reject the Air Force's “balloons and dummies” explanation as bogus and accept Jessie Marcel's “not from this Earth” answer. For us, the Roswell case has moved from the Ultimate Cold Case File to Case Closed.

CHAPTER 2

Roswell: The Undeniable Truths

Through the course of our own investigation, we have amassed a continuously growing roster of more than six hundred witnesses directly or indirectly associated with the events at Roswell. The vast majority of them support the military's first account—the recovery of an actual flying saucer. It should follow practical reasoning that with an overwhelming number of witnesses, the average person would take note. Alas, this has never been the case with the debunkers as they continue to summarily dismiss such testimony no matter the numbers and consistent information accumulated. Their position remains Roswell is a myth perpetrated by a handful of opportunists seeking fame and fortune. Presently, we are still waiting for someone to accomplish this long-awaited feat.

What should matter are the facts—the undeniable truths, which would stand up before a judge and jury. Specifically, regarding the Roswell Incident of 1947, we ask the reader to consider the following:

1. On Sunday, July 6, 1947, W. W. “Mack” Brazel, supervisor of the J. B. Foster ranch in the township of Corona, county of Lincoln, New Mexico, reported a large debris field to Chavez County sheriff George Wilcox in Roswell, seventy-five miles to the southeast. Due to the seriousness of the report, Wilcox was obligated to report the find to the Roswell Army Air Field (RAAF).
2. Upon examining samples of the debris brought in by Brazel, base commander Colonel William Blanchard dispatched two of his lead

intelligence officers, Major Jessie A. Marcel of the 509th Bomb Group and Captain Sheridan Cavitt of the Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC). The significance of this cannot be overstated: not only was it a holiday weekend but in any other routine situation Blanchard would have relegated it back to Wilcox or at best assigned a few enlisted men to check it out. It is also noteworthy that Cavitt was assigned to the investigation, suggesting a concern that the wreckage represented something foreign in design—Cavitt's specialty.

3. Blanchard immediately contacted his superior officer at Carswell Army Air Field in Fort Worth, Texas. There, the head of the Eighth Air Force, Brigadier General Roger Ramey, was on leave in Denton, Texas, for the holiday. His chief of staff, Colonel Thomas J. DuBose, would gather the information from Roswell and immediately contact the Pentagon. No doubt the story from Roswell had legs, as the highest levels of the military were immediately notified.
4. From Washington, DC, General Clements McMullen, chief deputy of the Strategic Air Command (SAC), personally contacted DuBose, urgently instructing him to have the samples that were brought in by Brazel directly sent to his attention. The first remnants from Roswell arrived in Washington by the late evening of Sunday, July 6.
5. On Tuesday, July 8, at 11 a.m. (MST), Blanchard issued a press release announcing the recovery of a flying disc. It is important to note that Blanchard was the officer entrusted with oversight of the first atomic-bomb strike force in the world, based at the RAAF. This was a full day and one half after Washington was alerted to the crash, which would initiate their combined orchestration of the press release.
6. Within an hour after the newswire services ran the announcement, science reporter Dick Pearce of the *San Francisco Examiner* placed a personal call to Ramey. The general informed him that the “disc” resembled a weather balloon and radar reflector, similar to, Pearce noted, “the ones they sent up every day in Oakland.” The *New York Times* concurred that the story began to change “within an hour” of the original release.
7. At the same time, the *Washington Post* reported that Ramey informed the Pentagon press office that “the object was in his office” at that very moment. Ramey would place another call to the Pentagon and inform them that, contrary to the Roswell press release, the object was made of

tinfoil and wood and was *twenty-five feet across*. Ramey then related to *New York PM* that the recovered wreckage looked “like the remains of a target and weather balloon” and was under “high security.” Hours later, at 5 p.m. (CST), Major Marcel, traveling on orders from Ramey, arrived in Fort Worth on a diverted flight from Roswell with the “flying disc.”

8. Aside from the official press release provided to the local media in Roswell, there was no additional media presentation there. That announcement closed by stating that Major Marcel was “flying the disc to higher headquarters,” which in this case happened to be Wright Field. While on route, the flight was diverted to Fort Worth. There, the press had been notified and was awaiting his arrival.
9. Upon the intelligence officer's arrival from Roswell, Ramey presented the press with an alternative story. Except that only one reporter, James B. Johnson from the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, was permitted into Ramey's office. Ramey claimed the Army had recovered a Rawin target device suspended by a neoprene balloon. (“Rawin” is a method of determining wind speed and direction by using radar or radio waves to track a balloon carrying either a radar-sensitive target or radio transponder.) Personnel at the RAAF used this very type of balloon daily in conjunction with B-29 bombing exercises conducted around Roswell. Marcel previously took training courses on the functions of this type of balloon.
10. Based on historic record, sworn testimony, and photographic evidence, the balloon displayed in General Roger Ramey's office on Tuesday, July 8, 1947, originated in Roswell.
11. Based on a sworn affidavit signed two years before he died, General Thomas J. DuBose, Ramey's chief of staff, who was present and photographed with Ramey on July 8, 1947, the balloon “was a hoax.” He confessed that the balloon had been substituted for the actual material Marcel presented to Ramey when he arrived from Roswell.
12. An FBI telex dated July 8, 1947, at 6:17 p.m. (CST), from the bureau's Dallas office, disputed General Ramey's announcement to the press that the special flight transporting wreckage to Wright Field had been cancelled, as well as Ramey's balloon explanation.
13. General Ramey ordered Marcel not to speak with any of the press waiting outside his office, and Marcel was further detained overnight in Fort Worth. He would not be allowed to have any out-side contacts,

including his family, until he arrived back in Roswell the next evening. Colonel Blanchard would announce to the press that he was going on leave and would not be available until the following week. And finally, W. W. Brazel was abducted and detained by the RAAF for the balance of the week. He was denied due process; subjected to a military physical examination; deprived of food, water, and sleep; and interrogated for long hours extending late into each night.

14. According to the testimony of numerous residents, including ranchers, their families, and motorists both local and from outside, military police were stationed on all outside access roads that led to the J. B. Foster ranch, where Brazel was employed. This was reported after the balloon explanation was announced. Others reported that motorists and private aircraft were not allowed into the city for a number of days after the event.
15. Special unscheduled flights arrived from Washington, DC, with additional units arriving from White Sands AAFB in Alamogordo, New Mexico; Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas; and Kirtland AAFB in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Unscheduled flights transported wreckage and remains from Roswell to Fort Worth; Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio; Andrews AAFB in Washington, DC; and the Los Alamos National Laboratory via truck from Kirtland.
16. During the time of the incident, radio station KGFL in Roswell received phone calls from the Federal Communications Commission in Washington issuing dire warnings that if they continued to promulgate the flying saucer story, they would lose their broadcast license within twenty-four hours.
17. Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico, also chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, phoned Walter Whitmore Sr., majority owner of KGFL, to strongly advise him to heed the previous warnings. He added that he could not protect their First Amendment rights and that they would have to face the consequences.
18. On July 9, 1947, US military officials searched media outlets in Roswell, Albuquerque, and Santa Fe to retrieve copies of the “flying disc” press release and other related documentation that was contrary to the balloon explanation. A wire-recorded interview of Brazel was also confiscated from the home of Whitmore.
19. According to official White House records, private meetings, both

scheduled and unscheduled, filled the docket after General Laurence C. Craigie, chief of the Army Air Forces' Research and Engineering Division, returned from Roswell with his full report on the continuing situation there. These White House meetings involved President Harry S. Truman and the highest levels of the military, including Lieutenant General James Doolittle, former head of the Eighth Air Force; General Leslie Groves, head of Atomic Weapons; General Dwight Eisenhower, chief of staff of the Army; General Hoyt Vandenberg, chief of staff of the Air Force; General Curtis LeMay, deputy director of Research and Development; General Robert Montague, commander of the Army Guided Missile School; Stuart Symington, secretary of war for the Air Force; and Senator Carl Hatch of New Mexico.

20. Three pairs of witnesses have testified to observing Brazel escorted through Roswell under military guard as he was taken to the *Roswell Daily Record* and the *Roswell Morning Dispatch* newspaper offices as well as radio stations KGFL and KSWS. Under direct coercion, he would recant his original claim of discovering the crash remains of a genuine flying saucer.
21. Multiple firsthand military and civilian witnesses have claimed to have knowledge about separate locations of interest pertaining to the crash, including a debris field, a not-too-distant secondary body site, and at some greater distance, a final impact site—all along the same trajectory line.
22. More than two dozen firsthand witnesses, both military and civilian, agree on the unconventional characteristics of the handled wreckage. Descriptions of “perfect memory” material as well as fiber optics, which in itself was strange because it was almost twenty-five years before such technology was developed, remain consistent with all sources. Numerous highly respected sources testify to undecipherable symbology on remnants from the object. Other totally consistent descriptions have been provided by additional witnesses, all suggesting the otherworldly origin of such material.
23. Multiple firsthand military and civilian witnesses, as well as dozens of secondhand sources, have given sworn testimony regarding nonhuman bodies recovered from numerous sites associated with the incident.
24. The late Senator Barry Goldwater, also a brigadier general, USAFR, after personally learning details from his close friend, then general

William Blanchard, concerning Roswell in the early 1960s, tried in vain numerous times to gain access to the files and physical evidence through high-ranking officials in Washington. In a letter dated July 26, 1994, he stated that his request for Roswell information from the then chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General Curtis LeMay, was “the only cussing-out he ever gave me.”

25. Throughout 1992 and up until the time of his death in 1998, Congressman Steven Schiff, representative of New Mexico, was denied access and information pertaining to the Roswell Incident. Repeated inquiries to the secretary of defense, Pentagon, FBI, CIA, and NSA were met with ambiguity. After years of frustration, Schiff would accuse the Air Force of a “massive, ongoing cover-up” concerning Roswell.
26. A growing number of retired servicemen and -women, as well as civilian witnesses, are providing near-death confessions of what they maintain is the actual truth of what transpired back in 1947. Such testimonies are considered admissible in any US court of law and are observed as such. Most involve direct knowledge of “nonhuman” bodies recovered at Roswell, and to date, not a one has acknowledged the mundane—the balloon or, for that matter, any other prosaic explanation.
27. An extensive list of first- and secondhand witnesses, both military and civilian, has informed us that there was a *survivor* in the crash of 1947.
28. And finally, it was revealed that members of the US military, under direct orders from superior officers and government officials, resorted to physical threats of violence and the elimination of American citizens. Children were terrorized within the safety of their homes and parents were warned that lethal force would be exercised against their families, all to ensure their full cooperation in maintaining their silence pertaining to the events of 1947. Military personnel, both men and women, were subsequently warned of the consequences of speaking out about this situation and were threatened with lifetime imprisonment. Is it any wonder that so many chose never to tell the true nature of the crash and subsequent events that followed? Most took it to their graves.

Imagine a truth as monumental as the crash of a ship and crew from off planet Earth and then having it forever lost with your own passing. That truth alone is a story in itself ...

CHAPTER 3

Covering Up the Story of the Millennium[1]

It's the biggest story since the parting of the Red Sea. You can't cover it up!

—REPORTER NED SCOTT TO AIR FORCE CAPTAIN PATRICK HENDRY IN *THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD*[2]

When the "modern age of UFOs" burst onto the scene with the Kenneth Arnold sighting on June 24, 1947, people understandably didn't know what to make of it. But the sightings of what was quickly dubbed *flying saucers* continued unabated, making front-page news in papers all over the country. As the mystery deepened over the next two weeks, a $3,000 reward was even offered to anyone for the recovery of a "saucer" or parts thereof sufficient enough to determine what they were.

On the morning of Sunday, July 6, sheep rancher Mack Brazel delivered a box of recovered material to the Roswell sheriff's office, which confounded them as much as it had him. So, Sheriff George Wilcox and Deputy B. A. "Bernie" Clark decided to contact the Roswell Army Air Field just south of town, because they felt that anything that appeared to have fallen from the sky was the responsibility of the Air Force. Two days later, on Tuesday, July 8, after the military had received a sampling of the Brazel material, according to Colonel Thomas DuBose, General Ramey had been

“immediately ordered” by his superiors to ship the material via special courier and sealed pouch to Washington, DC.[3] At the same time, Colonel William “Butch” Blanchard, the Roswell air base commander, issued a statement to the press that simply said, “The disc was picked up at the rancher's home. It was inspected at the Roswell Army Air Field and subsequently loaned by Major Marcel to higher headquarters.” To the media, that made perfect sense. Colonel Blanchard was taking orders from his own boss and superior in the chain of command, Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey, commanding officer of the Eighth Air Force at Fort Worth Army Air Field (later Carswell Air Force Base) in Texas. The “Mighty 8th,” as it was known during World War II, had relocated from London, England, to Fort Worth, Texas, after the war, and the 509th Composite Group, which helped end the war by dropping two atomic bombs on Japan, relocated to Roswell from the island of Tinian in the Marianas chain of the Pacific. The newly designated 509th Bomb Group was attached to the Eighth Air Force in 1946.

According to Air Force general Arthur Exon, who was a young officer in school at Wright Field in July 1947 when the Roswell wreckage came in, and later became the commanding officer of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in the mid-1960s, “Everyone from [President] Truman on down knew what we had found was not of this world within twenty-four hours of our finding it. They knew they had something new in their hands. The metal and material were unknown.... A couple of guys thought it might be Russian, but the overall consensus was that the pieces [of wreckage] were from space.”[4]

So, at this point—what to do? Tell the truth that we had visitors from outer space and face the possibly of having panic in the streets? After all, it was only a few years previous that a fictionalized radio newscast of an alien invasion of Earth from the planet Mars (H. G. Wells's classic *War of the Worlds*) had sent portions of the east coast of the US into panic mode. Of equal concern, however, was the matter of US national security. The Cold War with the Soviet Union had begun a year earlier. Our great ally of World War II had become the chief military adversary of the only Western superpower left standing after the war—the United States of America. Did we want to let the USSR know that we had come into possession of advanced technology that might possibly be exploited for military gain—a “game-changer,” so to speak? Or did we just need more time to catch our

breath and think things over a bit to decide what to do?

But a decision had to be made, and it had to be made quickly, for in southeastern New Mexico, rumors were swirling. There was burgeoning talk about the crash of a "spaceship with little bodies on-board." In Roswell alone, according to one witness, "word got around town real fast. The whole town [of Roswell] knew about it within twenty minutes of first hearing of it."[5] Was panic in the streets in the offing? Fear of that possibility, plus fear that the Soviets would inevitably penetrate any military project seeking to exploit crash remains for military advantage, as they had penetrated our development of the A-bomb at every level, contributed heavily to the decision to keep everything secret—Above Top Secret—at least until more was learned about it. And the best way to achieve that was to concoct a cover story claiming that the US did not actually possess alien artifacts and little green bodies because no such crash/retrieval, as reported in the press, had taken place!

A three-pronged approach was decided upon to achieve the goal of making the crash story go away: (1) destroy it in the mainstream press, (2) secure the silence of the military who participated in the crash/recovery, and (3) enforce the silence of civilians who were eyewitnesses of the crash wreckage and/or especially the alien bodies. It was agreed that the place to start killing the *flying saucer* crash story was by targeting the national press corps, where it all started. Enter General Ramey and the weather balloon.

Leased Wire
Associated Press

Roswell Daily Record

RECORD PHONES
Business Office 2288
News Department
2287

Movies as Usual

RAAF Captures Flying Saucer On Ranch in Roswell Region

Claims Army Is Stacking Courts Martial

Indiana Senator Says Protest Before Patterson

House Passes Tax Slash by Large Margin

Defeat Amendment By Democrats to Remove Money from Bills

Security Council Paves Way to Talks On Arms Reductions

No Details of Flying Disk Are Revealed

Roswell Hardware Man and Wife Report Disk Seen

Ex-King Carol Weds Mme. Lupescu

Some of Soviet Satellites May Attend Paris Meeting

Rosweliians Have Differing Opinions On Flying Saucers

American League Wins All-Star Game

Miners and Operators Sign Highest Wage Pact In History

Leased Wire
Associated Press

Roswell Daily Record

RECORD PHONES
Business Office 2288
News Department
2287

Gen. Ramey Empties Roswell Saucer

Lewis Pushes Advantage in New Contract

Southern Mines Only Hold-outs In New Contract

Sheriff Wilcox Takes Leading Role in Excitement Over Report "Saucer" Found

Arrest 2,000 In Athens in Commie Plot

Revolution Was Set to Be Pulled Off Thursday

Send First Roswell Wire Photos from Record Office

Ramey Says Excitement Is Not Justified

General Ramey Says Disk Is Weather Balloon

U. S. Lend-Lease To Britain Looms As Needed by Fall

Attorney to Force Closing up of

Local Weatherman Believes Disks to Be Bureau Devices

Romania Rejects Bid to Take Part in Economic Meet

ROSWELL MORNING DISPATCH

Army Debunks Roswell Flying Disk As World Simmers With Excitement

erican Leaguers Eke 2-1 tory From National Stars

Lewis' Miners Return To Pits With Fat Raises

Thirteen Nations Accept Bids To Eron Aid Talks

Reds Blame US Britain For Greek Situation

Officers Say Disk Is Weather Balloon

SHERIFF WILCOX TELLS 5 BIG LIMITS

OBJECT FOUND ON FOSTER RANCH CAUSES EXCITEMENT

Tax Slash Bill Sails Thru House By Large Margin

House Battles

The “headlines heard 'round the world” were those of the two Roswell daily papers; note that the Roswell Morning Dispatch did not cover the announcement of the disc being found because, being a morning paper, its July 8, 1947, edition had already gone to press, and as a result, it covered both stories in its July 9, 1947, edition. Photo by Tom Carey.

General Roger Ramey (kneeling) and his adjutant, Colonel Thomas DuBose (sitting), announce to the press on July 8, 1947, that the "crash" was not that of a "flying saucer" but that of a "weather balloon" pictured on the floor of Ramey's office. Courtesy of Special Collections, University of Texas at Arlington Library.

It should be pointed out here that for the very purpose of maintaining open communications with the media, the military has public information officers (PIOs). At Fort Worth, that person was Major Charles A. Cashon, whose job it was to deal with the press. Ramey's own chief of staff, Colonel DuBose, would state that one of the very reasons for substituting the weather balloon in the first place was to "get the press off the general's back." DuBose also emphasized that the substituted balloon "couldn't have come from Fort Worth [because] we didn't launch balloons!"[6] This should cast serious doubt on Ramey's personal experience with such devices. Therefore, it would seem more like a preemptive attempt by the general to *personally* make sure the press got the cover story right.

It was just a year earlier that General Ramey demonstrated his abilities at spin-doctoring. He was in charge of the flight crews at the Bikini Atoll atomic bomb tests during Operation Crossroads. Following the dropping of the first bomb (dubbed "Able") on the atoll, Ramey informed the press that it "was a complete and unqualified success." In reality, however, his handpicked crew, commanded by Major Woodrow "Woody" Swancutt (the pilot) and Captain William "Wild Bill" Harrison (the copilot), in the B-29 known as Dave's Dream, was way off target with the drop, which negated most of the scientific value of the test.[7] The media accepted the general's false assessment, but would they buy his explanation for what was found outside of Roswell a year later?

Consider the following inconsistencies in the record of events immediately following the announcement of the flying saucer recovery.

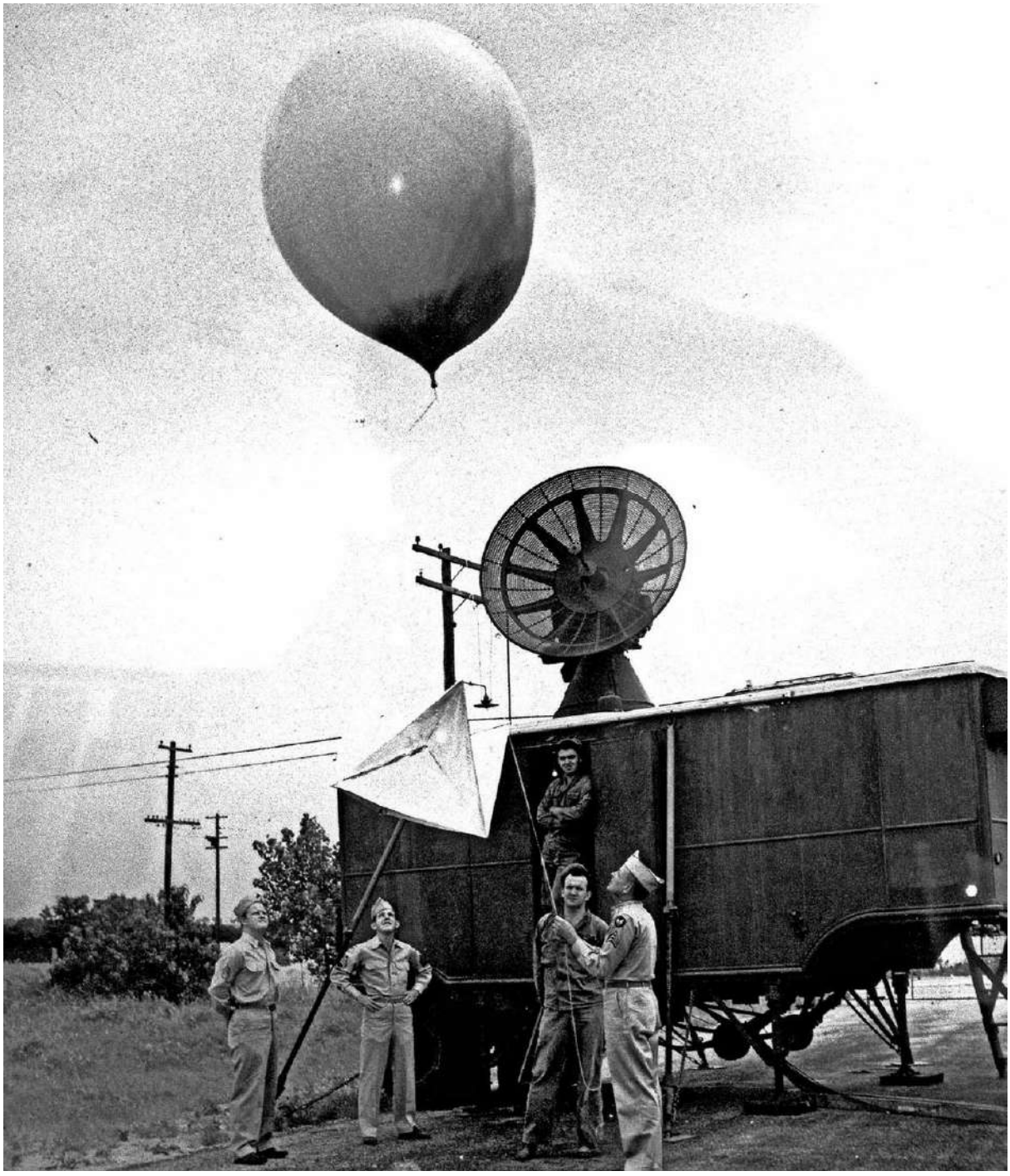
- Within an hour of the original press release, science reporter Dick Pearce of the *San Francisco Examiner* called Blanchard's "higher headquarters" and talked personally with General Ramey. The general told him the object found resembled a weather balloon and radar reflector, similar to, Pearce noted, "the ones they send up every day in Oakland."

- The *New York Times* likewise claimed that the story began to change "within an hour" of the press release.
- Colorado senator Edwin C. Johnson, at least an hour and a half before Ramey's weather balloon story became the official Air Force explanation to the press, was calling the *Denver Post* from Washington, DC, and telling them that the object found in New Mexico "may have been either a radar target or a meteorological balloon."[8]
- The *Washington Post* reported that Ramey informed the Pentagon press office that "the object was in his office" at that very moment; in fact, he hadn't yet seen it. Shortly afterward, he placed another call to the Pentagon press office and said the object was made of tinfoil and wood and was *twenty-five feet across*.
- Ramey then informed another newspaper, *New York PM*, that the recovered wreckage looked "like the remains of a target and weather balloon," and was under "high security." Similar quotes appeared in various United Press wire stories.
- Other newspapers quoted General Ramey as saying he "knew it was a weather balloon from the very beginning."
- Major Marcel, traveling on orders from General Ramey, arrived in Fort Worth on a special, nonscheduled flight from Roswell AAF at approximately 5 p.m. (CST) with the "flying disc."

Every one of the previously cited interviews with, or statements from, General Ramey took place three to five hours *before* the B-29 aircraft carrying Major Marcel and the flying disc landed in Fort Worth. Once Major Marcel reported to the general's office, the famous "weather-balloon press conference" began in earnest.

Once the weather balloon explanation had been given to the press, the second phase of "getting the press off our backs" went into action. As if to punctuate the conclusion of his press conference, General Ramey told another whopper for press consumption: that the flight scheduled to take the alleged *flying saucer* wreckage to Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, had been cancelled.[9] In truth, it had not been cancelled and arrived at Wright later that day.[10] He then went on a local radio station later that day not only to reiterate the weather balloon story but also to suggest that the *flying saucer* "invasion" that was engrossing the country that summer was related more to the consumption of alcohol than to anything real by declaring, "There

haven't been any *flying saucer* reports in the state of Kansas, and you know Kansas is a *dry* state!"



The launching of weather balloons was demonstrated on several days throughout the country after the Ramey press conference of July 8, 1947. US Army photo.

Meanwhile, back in Roswell, querying phone calls were already starting to come in from all over the world since the original story that a *flying saucer* had “landed” near Roswell hit the wire services a few hours earlier. In response, it was decided that the best way to handle the burgeoning press interest was for the principal players to “get out of Dodge,” thereby creating a “cone of silence” surrounding the case. Phone calls for Major Marcel were answered with a perfunctory, “Sorry, but the major is out of town.” That was true, of course, as Marcel had been hustled off to Fort Worth in Dave's Dream to be used as an unwitting prop to a weather balloon in General Ramey's infamous news conference. Callers for the Roswell base commander, Colonel William Blanchard, were told that he was “on leave,” which was a lie. In reality, Blanchard had gone out to the crash site north of town to oversee the recovery operation and had also temporarily moved his living quarters into one of the enlisted men's barracks to avoid detection until the excitement had died down.[11] Blanchard also instructed his PIO (public information officer), Lieutenant Walter Haut, who normally would have been the point person for dealing with press inquiries, to go home and “hide out,” which he did after getting a quick look at the UFO wreckage and dead aliens in Hangar P-3.[12]

Completing this runaround, circle-of-silence, and tautological misinformation, telephone callers to Lieutenant Haut's office were directed to call the Chaves County sheriff's office, where a “deer-in-the-headlights” sheriff, George M. Wilcox, could offer only this scripted response: “I can't tell you anything. I'm just helping out the fellas over at the base.”[13] Jason Kellahin, the Associated Press reporter who had interviewed Mack Brazel earlier that day, also attempted to interview Sheriff Wilcox whom he knew well, since Kellahin himself was from Roswell. But all he was able to get out of Wilcox was that the military had indicated to him it would be best if he didn't say anything.[14] Wilcox would unfortunately find out what that meant a few days later. Years later, he would confess to his wife and family that calling the Air Force first was the biggest mistake of his life, that he should have called the press *first* instead of the military to avoid the ensuing cover-up.

For good measure, to prevent any leakage in case frustrated callers attempted to take matters to higher authorities in the hope of obtaining some information, it was immediately reported in the press that New Mexico

governor Thomas Mabry had taken a “sudden vacation to the mountains” with his family.[15] Mabry had been scheduled to meet with Colonel Blanchard the following day (July 9) in an official capacity to sign the Air Force Day proclamation, but since both were unavailable, the signing did not take place until the following week—with New Mexico's lieutenant governor, Joseph Montoya, standing in for the governor, who remained unavailable by traveling directly from his “sudden vacation” to a governors' conference in Salt Lake City, Utah. The final “wooden stake” into the heart of a now moribund press corpse (note the “e” this time) was administered on July 10 and 11 in the form of numerous balloon-launch “photo-ops” at selected bases around the country orchestrated by the Air Force and the US Signal Corps.[16] Balloon-launch demonstrations designed to impress and convince the press and the American people that these mundane, balloon-borne devices known as “Rawin” radar targets, consisting of one rubber balloon and one six-sided, tinfoil, radar target, were responsible not only for the Roswell Incident but also for all the *flying saucer* hysteria sweeping the nation. It worked! The press completely lost interest in the Roswell case for decades, and reports of strange things seen in the sky dropped dramatically. With the press under control, it was now the turn of the military and civilian eyewitnesses. (See Chapters 4, 5, and 6.)

CHAPTER 4

Due Process Be Damned

One of the most infamous engagements in US military history was the My Lai Massacre, which happened in 1968 during the Vietnam War. In the heat of action, American troops killed apparently unarmed, noncombatant Vietnamese civilians. A court-martial was held, and even though a cogent argument of extenuating circumstances was presented in defense of those accused, prison sentences were handled down to soldiers of the US Army. More recently, a similar charge of apparent military excess toward civilians from the same conflict has been lodged against a former US senator, and now ex-presidential hopeful, Bob Kerry of Nebraska.

A Navy Seal during the Vietnam War, Kerry led a raid on a Vietnamese hamlet, and when the smoke from the incursion had lifted, civilians lay dead in the square of the village. Although no formal charges were brought against Kerry (his role is alleged to have been similar to that of Lieutenant William Calley of My Lai infamy), his presidential aspirations came to a screeching halt when these accusations became public.

The point of these examples is that a military reprisal against civilians, even in times of war and against enemy civilians, is repugnant to our societal moral values and something that will not be tolerated by the American people. Today, we would refer to them as civil rights violations, or war crimes if committed in time of war, and their perpetrators would be brought to swift justice and punished severely. In particular, when such acts involve excesses by the military establishment upon the helpless innocent—whether military or civilian—the resulting outrage by the media can reach

firestorm proportions.

Such was not always the case, however. Immediately following World War II, the United States enjoyed an understandably euphoric period of joy, pride, and optimism. Germany and Japan had both surrendered and our victorious armed forces were finally coming home. During this period that lasted roughly from late 1945 until the start of the Korean War in 1950, the undefeated military and the personnel in it were placed upon a pedestal and held in high esteem by a grateful America. Our armed forces “walked on water”[1] as far as public perception went—or so the American people thought.

The sudden and unexpected arrival of the modern age of UFOs in the summer of 1947 caught the Pentagon completely by surprise. In the military mindset, the first position was that these mysterious craft had to represent state-of-the-art technology from the Soviet Union and, by extension, a potential threat to our national security. Even after it was determined that the “flying discs” were certainly not of Russian design, the concern about a foreign invader prevailed and the entire matter of flying saucers placed the military, specifically the Army Air Corps, on twenty-four-hour alert.

Occurring during the first week of July 1947, the Roswell Incident coincided with a wave of flying saucer sightings that swept America from coast to coast that summer. Each new report commanded front-page banner headlines in many of the nation's major newspapers, and Roswell's two papers were no exception. As an anxious and excited America—if not world—awaited more revelations of the supposed recovery of a genuine “saucer” outside Roswell, New Mexico, things were about to drastically change.

Moving urgently to kill the story, the US government resorted to a combination of tactics, including appeals to patriotism, concerns for the protection of the country's security, bribery, threats of long imprisonment, and outright violence in the form of death threats. As to the proficiency of such techniques, the Roswell Incident became a two-to-three-day whirlwind story as it was torn from the public consciousness and became an amusement by all but those personally involved. And for them, the blow was dealt in some of the harshest, most diabolical terms to ensure their memory lapses.

Authors Charles Berlitz and William Moore reported in their 1980 groundbreaking book, *The Roswell Incident*, the personal experience of

British officer Flight Lieutenant Hughie Green at the time of the affair. Green was driving his car from California to Philadelphia when he first heard the radio reports concerning the “crashed saucer” while traversing New Mexico. As he continued his drive, he heard many updates to the original account, including several late-breaking announcements that continued to fuel his own excitement. As demonstrative of how quickly such an unprecedented story could be squelched, by the time Green arrived in Pennsylvania two-and-a-half days later, there was no further mention of the spectacular event. The story was effectively dead.

Those in the military who were witness to the actual occurrences, specifically the handling of the physical evidence, were the easiest participants to control. The Roswell Army Air Field was the first Strategic Air Command (SAC) base in the world, so all personnel who were assigned to the facility, whether military or civilian, had top security clearances. From the base commander to a custodian who swept the floors, they all possessed the appropriate clearance to serve duty with the most elite unit within the US military in 1947. Even before the crash of the unknown object outside Roswell, all the personnel were honoring the sworn policy of not talking to anyone, including family members, about events that transpired at the base —ever. To emphasize this point, the enlisted men responsible for the cleanup at the various sites were detained in groups and “debriefed” (that is, sworn to secrecy under the guise of “national security”). To ensure their silence and full compliance, lengthy prison terms were assured to anyone who would speak out of turn and reveal anything sensitive about the event.

Before he died, Sergeant Melvin Brown, a member of K Squadron, confessed to his family about his being posted at an onsite ambulance truck where he observed two of the bodies from the crash. More important to this issue being discussed, he provided his loved ones with a bank account number where he claimed a sizable payoff was given to him back in 1947 in exchange for his silence.[2] Our investigation discovered that the bank had long since transferred funds to another establishment under new names and accounts, but a number of others, specifically with “alien blood” on their hands, also suggested cash payoffs. It would appear they couldn't threaten everyone for fear of an uprising. Promised rewards buy loyalty along with compliance and they needed to keep some on their team with apparent bribes. The officers involved, especially career officers, were even less

problematic. An officer seeking to advance his or her career in the service will not go too far if they defy direct orders or breach security. In fact, it is a career breaker. One key officer who was heavily involved in the recovery operation even promised President Harry Truman (possibly via an aide) that he would keep the secret for the rest of his life. To this retired officer it was a sacred trust inviolate until he lay dying many decades later.

Controlling civilians, however, was a more difficult matter. Except in times of war or under situations when martial law has been declared, the US military has never been provided any constitutional authority over American citizens. It could keep secrecy in its own house (the men and women of the 509th Bomb Group stationed in Roswell and others in the chain of command), but how can the armed forces keep civilians from exercising their First Amendment–guaranteed freedom of speech? History continues to portray, much to the government's chagrin, countless civilians involved in the Roswell Incident. Ranchers, their families, hired hands, law enforcement officers, and the media all experienced direct contact with the truthful nature of the event, albeit from different locations and perspectives, but in unison they provide a most compelling story that totally supports all the military accounts. These civically minded people in some cases went out of their way to notify authorities, believing in our protective justice system and that they certainly wouldn't be held culpable as though they had done something to threaten the security of the country. From the initial discovery of the debris field by civilians near Corona, to the discovery of the remains of the craft, again by civilians, much closer to Roswell, to the recovery operations at the Roswell base, American, non-military people handled, witnessed, and discussed the most sensitive aspects of the entire affair. And for what good did it gain any one of them ...? Their books aren't exactly flying off the shelves—nary a one.

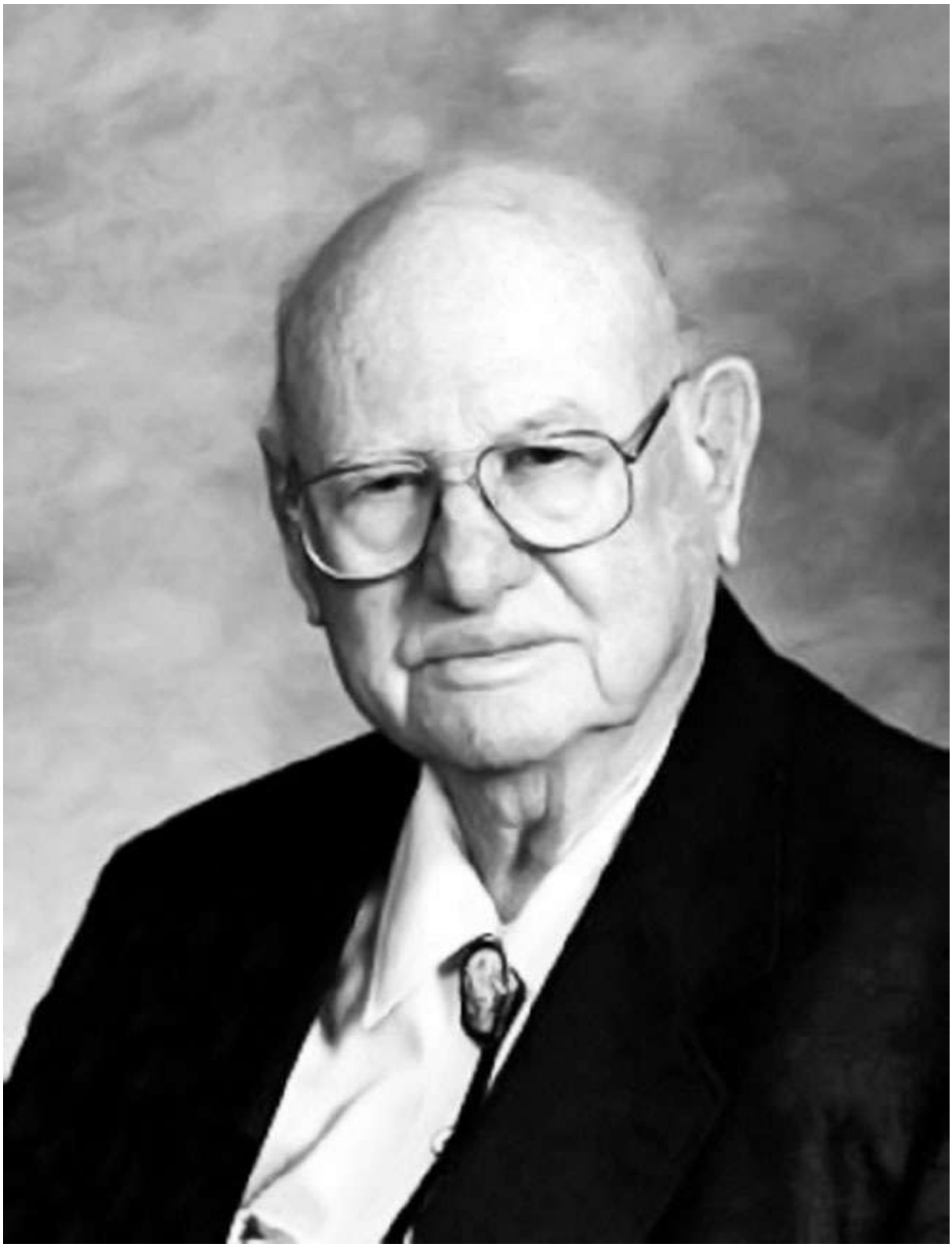
Aside from the Corona ranchers whose homes were indiscriminately ransacked during the Army's mad search for “souvenirs” from the crash, other civilians involved in the 1947 affair were intimidated and threatened by authority proxies enlisted by the military to fulfill their most heinous bidding. This would include Mack Brazel, whose discovery initiated the entire chain of events, which left him a broken, bitter man. Government officials who arrived at the base in Roswell had special plans for him. We are sure such thoughts never crossed his mind as he made the long trek down to Roswell to report his find—that he would be rewarded as a

common thief.

Without the federal regulations of a declaration of martial law, which would allow them to supersede local law enforcement, they essentially had to resort to a new set of rules—simply because they were dealing with an unprecedented situation that also transcended martial law. The balloon explanation reduced the Roswell Incident to the mundane in the court of public opinion. Yet, behind the scenes, anyone who was a threat to that alternative explanation was considered an immediate "enemy of the state" and a risk to the security of the United States. Such individuals, whether adult or child, had to be dealt with by whatever means necessary to secure their cooperation and silence on the matter.

George Wilcox, sheriff of Chaves County, New Mexico (of which Roswell is the county seat), was an authority proxy utilized by the Army to assist in containing the story throughout the city. The sheriff presented the impression that he was merely addressing phone calls that peppered the courthouse. He would refuse to give out any details to such inquiries because he was "helping out the fellows from the base."[3] Keep in mind that a sheriff, an elected position, is the number one law enforcement official in any respective county throughout the country. In that capacity, if a sheriff had cause to make an arrest on any military base within his or her jurisdiction, they could arrest the base commander if so warranted. And still, Wilcox totally dishonored his sworn duty to protect and serve the local civilians who put him in that position and chose to take his marching orders from the military instead—a rather unique predicament in and of itself. It was during the futile effort to shut down the entire ordeal that Wilcox became the civilian "enforcer" assigned to threaten and intimidate local Roswellians into keeping their mouths shut about the truth. It was his task, handed down by the "fellows at the base," to deliver the warning of the "ultimate sanction" to those who saw or knew too much about the incident. Sadly, his deal with such powers was totally one sided and he would pay a heavy price from which he never recovered.

Whether it concerned a personal visit to the parents of local mortician Glenn Dennis of the Ballard Funeral Home or civilian employees at the RAAF, Pete and Ruben Anaya, the sheriff issued the same warning as he went down his "hit list" provided by the base: "If you say anything, you will be killed, and your entire family as well."[4]



Chaves County Chief Deputy Sheriff Tommy Thompson remained adamant about his lack of involvement in the Roswell Incident, while

others said he played a more active role than Sheriff George Wilcox.

It is not known to how many others Sheriff Wilcox delivered “the message” on behalf of the Army. What is known, however, is that he never ran for reelection after the incident. According to his daughter Phyllis, who witnessed some of the military's physical accosting of her father at the Roswell courthouse, the entire affair “destroyed him.” When his former chief deputy and former Roswell chief of police Leslie O. “Tommy” Thompson was asked about his recollections some forty years later, his immediate response was “I don't want to get my head blown off.”[5]

Sheriff Wilcox soon discovered, however, that his complicity did not equate to immunity. After the story of the Roswell crash had been thoroughly contained and public interest in the matter had subsided, the Army paid a visit to Wilcox and his wife, Inez. This was no social call, no occasion for praise, no courtesy call to reward him for a nasty job well done. On the contrary, the message delivered to the startled couple was that unless they kept quiet about everything, particularly Wilcox's role in the cover-up, they would be killed. The sheriff was also summoned to the RAAF for a further, unspecified “discussion.” Not knowing what it was about or what to expect, he took two of his deputies along with him out of fear of what had previously transpired. When he returned to the court-house, Inez observed that he was acting “very strange.” He had a glazed, distant look in his eyes and appeared to have been “roughed up.” The family sadly observed him take an immediate downward turn both physically and mentally. George Wilcox died in 1961 a “broken man” at a mental hospital in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was only sixty-seven years old. Asked by her granddaughter, Dr. Barbara Duggar, years later whether she believed the threats, Inez Wilcox looked at her with an expression consistent with her reply: “What do you think?”[6]

When the first call came in to the Roswell fire station about a downed aircraft north of town, before they could launch a response, a colonel from the RAAF arrived on the scene. He quickly informed those on duty that “an unknown object from someplace else” had crashed. He then instructed them, with no authority, that they were not to discuss the incident and that the Army would handle it. Sensing that there was much more to the story, crew chief Dan Dwyer and fireman Lee Reeves drove one of their cars in the general direction of the crash based on some of the preliminary information

they learned. It was enough time for them to arrive at the very location just before the Army could secure the site. Nevertheless, the two men managed to get in close proximity and were shocked to see that all the talk and rumors back in town were true. From “someplace else” was putting it mildly. The so-called “aircraft” was a smallish, egg-shaped object unlike anything they had ever seen before. What they could have never imagined were the two bodies lying in the lee of the craft: “They weren't human!”[7]

Known as the “Iron Major,” the Roswell city manager was a decorated World War II veteran of the only independent tank battalion in the Mediterranean Theater of operations to receive the Presidential Unit Citation. C. M. Woodbury was a member of the 752nd Tank Battalion, which had experienced some of the most brutal combat of the war in the Battle for Bologna during the Italian Campaign. He was a close personal friend to RAAF base commander Colonel Blanchard. A short time after Dwyer and Reeves returned to the firehouse, a most intimidating figure walked in to greet them. “You are not to say another word about the crash,” Woodbury forcefully warned.[8]

At the time, Dwyer was not aware that his twelve-year-old daughter Frankie had stopped by the fire station while he was out in the desert north of town. He had no idea that Frankie had unwittingly placed herself on the same “watch list” as her father. The visit by state police officer Robert Scoggins with some strange piece of metallike material was never anticipated by those assigned to make sure no fire equipment left the station. Scoggins had acquired the handkerchief-sized sample from none other than Brazel while he was on duty up in Lincoln County. That single occasion opened the door to a lifetime of fear and paranoia for the Dwyer family. Frankie handled a piece from the crash that “flowed like water” after she crumbled it in her hands.[9] But other eyes were watching—too many witnesses held the truth in their hands—more suppression was needed.

A most imposing First Lieutenant Arthur Philbin was called in to pay a special visit to the Dwyer family. Philbin was the lead security officer with the 390th Air Service Squadron (ASS) at the RAAF and, with a couple of military police, arrived at Frankie's home within a few days after her experience at the fire station. Her father was completing his duties there and had already been issued a dire warning. Next, it was the rest of the family. “If you say anything, not only will you be killed, but we will come back for

your family as well," promised Philbin, who left no doubt in his words.[10] His booming voice with the Brooklyn accent left no doubt.

During 1947, Arthur Farnsworth was a prosperous and highly respected businessman in Roswell who owned and operated the city's regional Ford dealership, Roswell Auto Company. In addition to their home in town, he and his family also owned a working ranch to the northwest. According to his family, Arthur was one of the numerous ranchers who made their way to one of the sites related to the crash. And as a result of that curiosity, the military paid him a visit at his auto lot not to buy a car but with another agenda. Much to the horror of his seven-year-old daughter, Sue, he informed the family that he was told "if we ever said anything to anyone about the incident, they would kill all of us. I went out there with some other ranchers soon after word of the crash got around, and we saw some things we weren't supposed to see." Sue later admitted, "I never in my life saw my father so scared, before or since."[11] As discussed, the threat of "terminal action" was authorized to secure compliance—and such action was in total violation of the constitutional rights of all those civilians involved. The stakes must have been exceedingly high.

Getting brutally rough with American civilians was just the style of Army Air Forces officer Colonel Hunter G. Penn. During World War II, Penn was a bombardier on a plane in the 303rd Bomb Group known as the "Hell's Angels." Curiously, according to unit records, Penn was pulled from flight status after just two missions for unknown reasons. After the war, his daughter Michelle said that he was assigned to Wright Field, and that when she was a teenager her father told her that he had undertaken a deadly serious assignment back in the summer of 1947. He went on to explain that while he was at Wright Field, he was ordered to report to New Mexico and "visit ranches around Roswell" in the vicinity of where a flying saucer had come down that summer. She described that he was "tasked to help manage civilian-military affairs after the crash" to ensure that an "information blackout" regarding the event was put—and kept—in force. More bluntly, he was to question those who were suspected of knowing specifically about the bodies and "make sure they did not talk."[12]

Penn was commanded to focus on ranchers, work hands, their families, and "simple types" residing in the outlying region between Roswell and Corona. Whether he had permission (in so many words) or just by his

known nature, Penn used intimidation and threats to instill fear and compliance in anyone who knew too much. The officer told Michelle that he was authorized to use physical force, including weaponry, on non-compliant American citizens to enforce their silence and cooperation. Apparently, appeals of “national security” and “patriotism” fell short of the necessary suppression of all the non-military sorts involved.

Sergeant Bert Schulz was a B-29 electrician assigned to the 393rd Bomb Squadron at Roswell Air Field (it was renamed during the transition period of September 1947 to January 1948 to Walker Air Force Base when the Air Force became a separate branch of the military) in December 1947, just five months after the crash incident. Aside from the occasional scuttlebutt about all the “secret” activity around, and in the “Big Hangar” a few months prior, Schulz described a much more disturbing element, an element that soured him on the military, causing him to reconsider making a career of it. “There was still a lot of talk about MPs harassing civilians over the affair,” remarked Schulz. “The MPs got pretty rough with some of the ranchers out there—and they were bragging about it!”[13]

Without doubt, the most egregious example of human rights violations of the witnesses of 1947 happened to the family of Mack Brazel. Long after the military cleanup of the debris field, his son Bill made it a point to ride that specific arroyo after heavy rains. Over the course of a number of months he found enough remnants from the original incident to fill a cigar box. One in particular he liked to keep in his leather chaps, and his wife, Shirley, especially liked to watch its amazing qualities at the dinner table each evening. It seemed to possess a mind of its own.

Bill Brazel would regret for the rest of his life the day he turned over that cigar box to Captain Emerson Armstrong from Fort Bliss in the company of three non-commissioned officers. It was the very next morning after simply mentioning to a curious friend the night before at Wade's Bar in Corona, “I found a few scraps.”[14] Armstrong demanded that just as his dad had “taken an oath,” he would also immediately report any additional finds. The next thing that happened was a scene right out of the former Soviet Union. While they accompanied Bill out to the actual pasture to check for themselves, others, on a more circuitous mission, arrived at the ranch house. “There were six soldiers, who came right into the house,” recalled daughter Fawn. “They pulled drawers from dressers, emptied closets, and proceeded to pry up

floorboards in Dad's bedroom. They completely trashed the house." At first, Fawn and mother Shirley stood in shock and disbelief, assuming the men were still unconvinced that all the evidence had been relinquished. But quickly they both realized that they were also there to send a message to everyone else. Fawn went on to describe the situation, "From the house they went to the cattle shed and started to slit open each feedbag and let it pour over the ground. They even emptied a water holding tank." Not saying a word and as fast as they had stormed the ranch, they fled like thieves, leaving the site pillaged and violated. Did anyone in authority ever offer any restitution for all the damage? we asked. The pain was still quite evident in Fawn's response: "How could this happen? How could this ever happen in this country? It was beyond belief. They made Dad swear not to say anything. First it was Granddad, then Dad."[15] This entire scenario took place *two years after the 1947 incident*. The US government: always vigilant for any stray balloon parts that may have fallen into the wrong hands.

These and other such acts of terrorizing men, women, and children should not be overlooked, specifically in the case of Mack Brazel. Legally, he was not even afforded due process during his illegal incarceration by agents of the US military. Someone very high up within the government placed these "hit men" above the law and the very American citizens they swore to protect. As for Brazel, he was mortified by the indignity of his entire ordeal —all at the hands of non-law officials.

For years we wrestled with the precise reason why Brazel finally "gave in" to five days of incarceration by the military and, from all accounts, "suits" from Washington. Was he paid off, did they threaten bodily harm to him and his family, or did they merely wear him down to the point of submission? It now appears that what Brazel was subjected to was even more heinous than first thought. It was a technique reserved for targeted military malcontents, and sources suggest that indeed was the case after Roswell. In fact, it was tantamount to a Code Red. In 1947 Brazel was a regular customer of the Patterson Brothers Feed Mill in Roswell, and Albert S. "Pat" Patterson not only considered him a friend but also was quick to defend his character. Brazel would later express his regret that he ever reported the crash, so Patterson pressed the rancher as to why he retracted his original story. What Brazel said shocked the businessman: "They told me they would put me in an asylum for the insane if I revealed what I know.

For the rest of my life! Those government boys came down on me hard and said they would also incarcerate my family. You can't repeat this to anyone."[16]

Truly one of the principal reasons for the ongoing cover-up is the nature of the phenomenon and officialdom failing to grasp any perspective. Translation: the phenomenon is too "alien." Just as important is the human culpability of those responsible for subjecting their own neighbors—fellow Americans—to gulagstyle tactics implemented in third-world countries. And after over seventy years, all those perpetrators now gone along with their intended victims, the scandal of human abuse overshadows the true nature of what crashed back in 1947—whether it was a balloon device or visitors from another world. For the former, such mistreatment is stunningly inexcusable. The violations of these innocent people were totally disproportionate to the explanation of any type of weather balloon, especially Mogul. Beings from another planet? Reality gets turned on its head: human beings, like human rights, would seem to lose their relevance.

CHAPTER 5

First Amendment Violations

Incontrovertible evidence has been mounting for years regarding the extreme measures the Army Air Corps undertook to institute a complete suppression of the media from exposing the true nature of the Roswell Incident. As orchestrated from Washington, the attempts to enforce a news blackout can now be thoroughly demonstrated.

We now know from the posthumous release of the sealed statement of Walter Haut, the former Roswell air base public information officer who issued the now-famous flying saucer press release in 1947, that the Pentagon decided to conceal the facts. The strategy had been designed by officials in Washington and then was implemented the same day that it announced the crashed saucer story in Roswell. Nevertheless, Haut's final revelations effectively ended the decades-old debate about whether the initial saucer claim had simply been the result of an isolated faux pas committed by base commander Blanchard; his intelligence officer, Major Jesse Marcel; or Haut himself. It is now known that the master plan was contrived at the Pentagon and then communicated to Blanchard through his boss, General Roger Ramey. There remained one ingredient necessary to ensure the complete success of their scheme—they needed the mainstream media on the same page—and they would furnish the story—as ambiguous as it may seem.

The suppression of the media would ultimately involve security personnel from not only the RAAF but also military bases from outside the area, along with military specialists in government subterfuge, counterintelligence officers from Fort Worth, the FBI, Secret Service agents acting on behalf of

President Harry Truman, the Federal Communications Commission and politicians in Washington. And as if that didn't amass enough of a propaganda machine, “dark suits” were roaming the streets of Roswell, as described by numerous eyewitnesses at the time of the event.[1] All the aforementioned had one specific mission: prevent the truth from getting out of the Roswell area by isolating it and shutting it off from the rest of the world.

On Tuesday, July 8, 1947, a few hours after the RAAF received some of the first physical evidence from the debris field brought in by Major Marcel, the regularly scheduled staff meeting was moved up to 7:30 a.m. This was a full day and one half after ranch foreman Mack Brazel had previously brought to Roswell the first evidence of the crash. It was then that General Ramey's chief of staff, Colonel Thomas J. DuBose, was originally notified by Blanchard about the situation as first defined by the strange wreckage debris he now had in his possession. Ramey happened to be in Denton, Texas, with family for the holiday weekend. Within short order, General Clements McMullen, deputy chief of the Strategic Air Command at the Pentagon, got back to DuBose. “You have Al Clark [Colonel Allen Clark, base commander, Carswell AAF, Fort Worth, Texas] strap a bag [satchel] of this stuff to his wrist and bring it to me today!” demanded McMullen.[2] The Pentagon had in their possession actual pieces of debris from Roswell by late Sunday evening, July 6, which was almost two days before the RAAF released one of the most famous press reports, declaring the “capture of a flying saucer.” As a precaution, the well-scripted announcement was intentionally delayed to avoid the morning edition newspapers. Afternoon papers would already be going to press; the only newspaper that managed to print the actual release was the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

If one dissects the specific verbiage of the press announcement, a number of very crucial items become obvious; for example, the specific location and name of the rancher are purposefully omitted for the intent of keeping the site confidential. It also diverts attention away from the base by citing the sheriff as the rancher's initial contact. Call *him* if you want any details. It continues by stating that the rancher stored the disc in a shed, which is partly true. In reality, only a larger piece of debris-field wreckage was stored there. Nonetheless, they give the impression that they have “the disc” in their possession—no mention of a single fragment remaining at the ranch.

“Nothing to see here.” No reason for any reporters to trek out into the middle of nowhere. And the unnamed rancher? Good luck trying to learn his identity and then locating him—we already have him in custody hidden away. No mention of that fact in the release. Finally, the only named participant in the entire unprecedented event is Major Marcel, who at that time, was preparing to board a B-29, which would be diverted to Fort Worth. There he would be ordered by Ramey to pose with a substituted weather balloon device and photographed by the Carswell AAF public information officer, Major Charles A. Cashon. No reporters were allowed to observe and then photograph anything in Roswell. The press was totally denied any access to Marcel; in fact, after the photo session in his office, Ramey would order Marcel to private quarters, and he was not to “say anything” to the press.[3] Obvious questions remain: Why wasn't this staged event held in Roswell? Why were all the crucial characters kept conveniently away from the press? There were no interviews allowed with Blanchard, Marcel, or any other military personnel from Roswell. Why not? They had just broken one of the biggest stories of all time, and only Ramey, one of the prime arbiters of the cover-up, serves to represent and misrepresent all of them. Roswell had one assignment in the entire shell game—to head off press investigations with a contrived and fully scripted press statement. Their objective was to set up the proverbial straw man—first build it up, and then tear it down. A major gamble on the part of the Pentagon, and it worked masterfully. The press took the bait and since 1947 has remained mostly complicit. For Ramey and company, Roswell would have sufficed but as time would eventually demonstrate, Ramey and the Air Force sought to obfuscate the future of all such investigations well beyond Roswell—but that is for another book.

As nervously anticipated, the July 9, 1947, newspaper headlines trumpeted the new cover story: “General Ramey Empties Roswell Saucer” and “It's Just a Weather Balloon!” Most accounts also prominently featured press photos of Ramey and Marcel posing behind the substituted balloon and a shredded radar kite with broken wooden sticks on the floor of the general's office. If the balloon story was to gain traction, the Army Air Forces knew it had to target one specific faction to enlist and secure their unbridled cooperation—the national media. As we have demonstrated, this was achieved with remarkable success via the Ramey press conference and subsequent balloon photos. The pictures told and ended the entire fiasco.

Another question immediately surfaces: Why were there no photographs issued by the military accompanying the original flying saucer pronouncement? The news originally came out of Roswell, which at the time had all the physical evidence in hand. Wouldn't such pictures have to correspond with the subsequent Fort Worth balloon pictures? Was it because they wouldn't? Nevertheless, the government won the day, but still, the suspicions continued. One demurring voice was a published editorial in the July 9, 1947, *Roswell Daily Record*, which openly pondered whether the Army (Air Forces) was guilty of "keeping secrets." The national wire services failed to chime in.

After the balloon explanation proved its effectiveness with the vast majority of the press, the second plan of "getting the press off our backs" went into action. As if to punctuate the last word on the matter at his press meeting, Ramey provided demonstrable disinformation stating that the resumption of the flight from Roswell, originally destined for Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, had been cancelled—by his authority. In reality, it had not been grounded and arrived at Wright Field later that day. The testing and analysis there was about to begin. Within a few days he would appear on an El Paso radio station not only to reiterate the balloon story but also to suggest that the much-ballyhooed wave of flying saucer sightings across the nation that summer was related more to the consumption of liquor than to anything actually traversing our skies. The UFO ridicule factor was officially born.

What had preceded this successful "Hail Mary" play had the entire city of Roswell abuzz with not only inquiring press calls from around the world but also talk of "invaders from another planet." The low-level rumors aside, it was quickly determined that the most efficient way to snuff out the burgeoning press onslaught was to not only silence all the principal witnesses but also shut down all the local media outlets. Media calls for Major Marcel were met with the perfunctory "The Major is on assignment off the base." That was orchestrated, of course, as the officer had been hustled off to Ramey's scripted press conference. Callers to Commander Blanchard were informed the colonel was away "on leave." Not true, as his operations officer at headquarters, Colonel Joseph Briley, informed us. In reality, Blanchard's vacation was a "blind,"[4] as we suspected, and Briley explained that Blanchard was actually north of town, where he set up a base

of operations to “oversee the recovery” effort. Blanchard also temporarily moved from his personal home on the base into one of the enlisted men's barracks until all the excitement subsided. Another indication of the firestorm of press inquiries was when Blanchard instructed his PIO Walter Haut, whose job it was to manage public relations for the base, to go home and “hide out” for a number of days.[5] Completing this cone of silence and actual lockdown of the base itself, in the absence of Haut and anyone else at the public information desk, all inquiries were referred to the Chaves County sheriff, George Wilcox. But first the sheriff was provided with specific talking points by the military. For the moment, the RAAF was entirely in charge of the situation: all the assigned people were in place, and characters of special interest were conveniently “not available” for comment. One point of contention was that they resigned themselves to allowing a civilian, albeit the local sheriff, to serve as their spokesperson—a situation seldom if ever permitted within military protocol. But this was not a normal situation by any account.

Robin Adair was a photographer with the Associated Press (AP) out of the Albuquerque bureau office. While in El Paso, Texas, repairing a newly designed camera, he received a call from the main office in New York. It was early afternoon on Tuesday, July 8, 1947, and the bureau office in El Paso possessed the portable wire transmitter used to post late-breaking news stories for a national audience. Adair was instructed to get to Roswell immediately, even if it meant leasing a plane.

Fully briefed on the situation in New Mexico, much of it stemming from the RAAF press release that had gone out just hours before, Adair felt it wise to get some aerial film footage before touching down in Roswell. His hired pilot flew his single-engine plane north toward Lincoln County.

“We didn't do a bit of good by it. We wouldn't get any [pictures] ... even then the place was surrounded by policemen, FBI people. They wouldn't let us get within three-quarters of a mile of the place. We were afraid to go too low—afraid they would shoot at us.[6]

“We did take a plane up there, but we couldn't land anywhere around it [the debris field on the Foster ranch]. We got as close as we could and we wanted to get lower.... They [the military officers on the ground] just waved.... You couldn't tell if they were waving us off or just politely telling us to get the hell away from there.”[7]

From the air, Adair managed to observe all the activity at what was later determined to be the debris field. Many troops, vehicles, and the MPs covered the large open pasture. Some areas appeared to be scorched. Even though Adair was in a plane, the photographer could make out what he called the “gouge,” which other witnesses have also described, as they later witnessed the same feature from the ground (a furrow ten feet wide, a few hundred feet long, moving to the east-southeast at the upper pinnacle of the scattered wreckage). Adair continued, “You couldn't see too well from the air.... Apparently, the way it cut into [the ground], whatever hit the ground wasn't wood or something soft. It looked like it was metal.”[8]

Heading back south to Roswell, they finally landed at the old municipal airstrip west of town. Having finally arrived at their destination, Adair linked up with reporter Jason Kellahin, who had also been assigned by the main office in New York. He had just made the two-hundred-mile drive from Albuquerque. That evening, the duo went to the offices of the *Roswell Daily Record* to get an updated story and hopefully interview the principal witness. Adair proceeded to set up the equipment to transmit wire messages back to the home office in Albuquerque. They were also there to interview the very man who started all the excitement about a crashed flying saucer. But unbeknownst to them, rancher Mack Brazel was being held at the RAAF to prevent him from speaking anymore to the press—that was until they were ready to have him retract the entire original story. The timing was perfect, as within short order there was Brazel, except that he was escorted by representatives of the military. Mack Brazel now claimed that what was discovered up in Lincoln County was nothing more than a common, off-the-shelf weather balloon. Adair snapped the cowboy's picture while he was wearing his signature hat. The photo and Kellahin's story were tediously wired back to the New York headquarters. Unfortunately, neither newsman bothered to ask Brazel, “Why are you being held by the military for something as silly as a balloon recovery?” Maybe they were intimidated by the military looking over Brazel's shoulder.

Kellahin, a native of Roswell, personally knew Sheriff Wilcox, so he made one final attempt at getting to the bottom of the whole affair, especially after they witnessed the military take Brazel back to the base. Unfortunately, the only additional information that he was able to get out of him was that the “fellows at the base” had indicated that it would be best if

he didn't say anything about it.

Unbeknownst to Robin Adair and Jason Kellahin, who were chasing a big story that had come across the AP wire, they had competition from an unlikely source. Someone else was coming for the story—armed and ready! Allan Grant, who passed away in 2008 at the age of eighty-eight, was an acclaimed photographer for a national magazine with cover shots and awards to his credit. In the glory days of the large, photo-oriented, weekly "mags," such as *Life, Look, Collier*'s, McCall's, and others, photographers such as Grant had extraordinary access to the glamorous worlds of Hollywood and Washington. In that capacity, Grant would do the last photo shoot of Marilyn Monroe before her death, get the first photographs of Marina Oswald only hours after her husband was charged with assassinating President Kennedy, photograph the atomic bomb tests in the Nevada desert during the early 1950s, and photograph the only flight of Howard Hughes's infamous Spruce Goose, a large float-plane constructed entirely of wood, in 1947.

In July 1947, Allan Grant was a young staff photographer for *Life* magazine who had recently relocated to Los Angeles from New York to be near the Hollywood scene. According to Grant, on July 7, 1947, he was sent to New Mexico on what his editor termed a "meteor hunt." All he was told was that a "huge meteor" had crashed somewhere in the vicinity of Roswell, New Mexico, and that the Army Air Forces was searching for it. The actual sequence of events started with the *Life* magazine offices in New York being alerted by a Pentagon official in Washington that an unknown object, possibly a meteor, had gone down near Roswell. Grant's instructions were to photograph whatever was there—and to take a firearm with him. After making the long, tedious trip out into the desert region of New Mexico to the site provided by the military, Grant found nothing and no one there. The story never ran in the magazine and it would be years later, after numerous discussions with her husband about what really crashed, before Karin Grant offered a resolution to the "wild goose chase."

> "Maybe the feds knew all along that it was something more than a meteor, and what better way to deal with it than to invite the prestigious *Life* magazine to come in and take a look. You take them someplace near but not exactly to the spot and show the world that there's nothing there. Everybody is happy and relieved, and

you can go about your own business. Additionally, you can keep all other media out by saying that *Life* had already been there and found nothing."[9]

For good measure, to prevent any possible leakage in case any other frustrated newspeople tried to take matters to higher authorities with the hope of obtaining new information, it was immediately announced to the press that New Mexico governor Thomas Mabry had taken a "sudden vacation to the mountains" with his family.[10] Mabry had been scheduled to meet with Colonel Blanchard the following day (July 9) in an official capacity to sign the Air Force Day proclamation, but because both were unavailable, the signing did not take place until the following week with New Mexico's lieutenant governor, Joseph Montoya, standing in for Mabry who remained inaccessible by traveling directly from his "sudden vacation" to a governors' conference in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Other than that, the compliant press appeared eager to close the book on both Roswell and, by extension, flying saucers—a topic that provided them with trickles of information and little they could personally investigate. Historically, it can be documented that the Roswell media and other news outlets throughout New Mexico did make a concerted attempt to break this unprecedented story to the outside world. But as you will observe shortly, they were systematically shut down and denied their First Amendment rights as defined by the US Constitution: freedom of the press.

Roswell radio station KGFL had every intention of broadcasting the story of the century, which is why its staff escorted rancher Mack Brazel to the private home of the station's majority owner, Walter Whitmore Sr., and recorded Brazel's testimony late into the evening of Monday, July 7, 1947. At least, that was their plan, until the US Army tracked their principal witness down and took custody of him early the next morning just outside the radio station. The wire recording was just as quickly confiscated.

Efforts that same morning continued to disseminate preliminary news information to the local townspeople. But Washington was laser-pointed on New Mexico. Even after Brazel's interview was taken, Whitmore attempted to get the story out on the Mutual Broadcasting wire feed but was unable to get a call through. Within an hour, George "Jud" Roberts, minority owner at the radio station, received a long-distance, person-to-person phone call from

T. J. Slowie, the executive secretary of the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), who warned him that the matter involved national security. Should KGFL air any further reports about the incident or anything that Brazel had described on the wire recording the night before, they would lose their license to broadcast “within twenty-four hours”—all for exercising their freedom of the press. And Slowie knew about and specifically mentioned the wire recording of Brazel. Hardly coincidence.

As if that wasn't enough to squelch the story, another call to KGFL came from Washington a few minutes later. Such a two-man press was obviously coordinated. It was from New Mexico senator Dennis Chaves, who strongly urged the radio station to do as the FCC had cautioned. When station executives asked for his support, he indicated that the decision was out of his hands. With no recourse, and the threat of the federal government putting them out of business, KGFL was forced to comply.

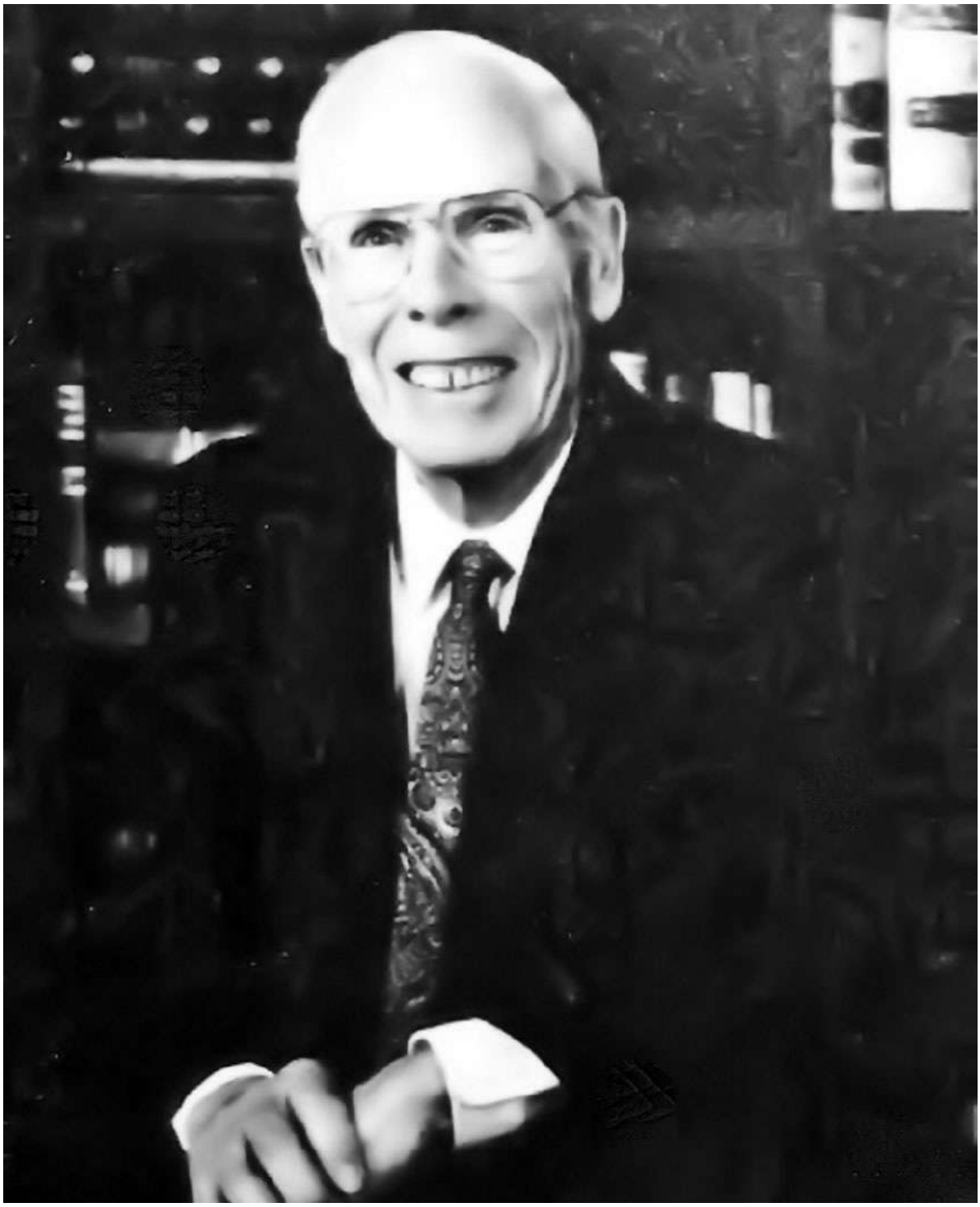
The FCC headquarters in Washington, DC, was directed by an unknown, high-ranking official to shut down the press leaks out of Roswell. FCC photo.

Frank Joyce was an on-air announcer working at the same radio station in

1947. When he unsuspectingly called the Roswell court-house for late-breaking information for his next newscast on Sunday, July 6, he had no idea that his life was about to change forever. Mack Brazel had just arrived in Roswell to report the massive debris field of metallike wreckage up in the Corona region. During the coincidental telephone interview from the Chaves County sheriff's office, Brazel related to Joyce the same story he had just confided to the sheriff. “Maybe it's from one of them [sic] flying saucer things people have been talking about.”[11]

What totally floored Joyce, after continuous prodding on his part, was when Brazel exclaimed, “They weren't human.”[12] Brazel was revealing what had been discovered a couple of miles from the debris field and in effect placed the reporter's future and life in jeopardy.

No martial law had been declared and America was not at war at that time—this cannot be emphasized enough. The military would have had absolutely no authority over the national media during this time period. Still, they continued extreme measures to shut down the press from releasing the true story to the public. Next, they would force Joyce's boss, Walt Whitmore, into doing their dirty work, evidently after, according to Joyce, some officer from Washington called and warned him not to talk. Joyce, a formidable man and considered a bit of a maverick at the time, responded, “I'm the press. There's nothing you can do to stop me.” The officer snapped back, “You just see what I can do to you.” It was then that Joyce blasted back, “Go to hell!” and hung up.[13] Like Sheriff Wilcox, Whitmore was to become their next proxy ...



Radio station KGFL minority owner and broadcaster George "Jud" Roberts was personally threatened with a shutdown of his station if they did not cease reporting about the crash/recovery. Photo by Don Schmitt.

By whatever devices, the military, or more likely government agents in Washington, instructed Whitmore to take his young announcer for a long ride out into the desert. Told to get in the back seat of his boss's car as he was arriving for work at the radio station, Joyce climbed in next to a peculiar-looking suited stranger. No introduction, no eye contact; the man never uttered a single word for the duration of the trip. Whitmore proceeded to drive out of Roswell heading north on Highway 285. After an hour he would turn left toward Corona on Highway 247. As we would determine through the course of our investigation, they would finally arrive at the same adobe shack where Brazel, Marcel, and CIC officer Sheridan Cavitt had spent the night just days before—the Hines House. Joyce was then instructed by Whitmore to leave the car and enter the shack. Once inside, he stood alone until, in mere moments, who should enter the building, but none other than Mack Brazel. “You're not going to say anything about what I told you the other day, are you?” the rancher asked Joyce. “Not if you don't want me to,” responded the newsman. Relieved, Brazel answered, “Good. You know our lives will never be the same.”[14] With that comment, the cowboy stepped out and Joyce would never see him again. A few additional minutes passed and then Joyce exited to find Whitmore waiting alone in the car. Whitmore would not address a single remark or question a dumbfounded Joyce postured. The drive back to Roswell seemed longer than before.

Upon arriving back at the radio station, Joyce was further alarmed to discover that his personal office had been ransacked and any saved bulletins, notes, or documentation mentioning the crash were now gone. The powers that be were still not finished with Frank Joyce.

Although the officially sanctioned intimidation of a news source in Roswell was underway, another situation was developing at KOAT Radio in Albuquerque, an affiliate of both ABC and Mutual Broadcasting networks at the time. Secretary Lydia Sleppy remembered vividly the frantic phone call she received from Johnny McBoyle, general manager and part owner of sister station KSWS in Roswell, which had to rely on KOAT to transmit to the Associated Press wire service. “Lydia, get ready for a scoop!” McBoyle excitedly said. “We want to get this on the wire right away. Listen to this! A flying saucer has crashed ... no, I'm not joking. It crashed near Roswell!”[15]

Sleppy urgently asked program director and acting station manager Karl Lambertz to witness her reception of the story and its transmission. Using

the teletype, Sleppy alerted ABC News head-quarters in Hollywood to expect a “high bulletin” story. Lambertz looked on as she initiated the connection. “It's a big crumbled dishpan,” McBoyle—hardly containing himself—continued over the phone, “and get this. They're saying something about little men being onboard.”[16]

Before Sleppy could type out a mere couple of sentences, a bell rang on the teletype machine, indicating an outside interruption. McBoyle, meanwhile, started to argue with someone in the background, and the discussion became more intense as it continued. Moments later he nervously told Sleppy, “Wait a minute, I'll get back to you ... wait I'll get right back.”[17]

He did not. The very next moment, the teletype came back on line and printed out the following:

ATTENTION ALBUQUERQUE:

DO NOT TRANSMIT REPEAT,

DO NOT TRANSMIT THIS MESSAGE.

STOP COMMUNICATION

IMMEDIATELY. NATIONAL

SECURITY MATTER.

In stunned disbelief, Sleppy observed that the message was from the FBI. No further attempt was made to transmit McBoyle's amazing story, and the entire incident was effectively shut down. Another news source was prevented from disclosing the true story from Roswell.

Within the next couple of days, with Mack Brazel already in custody, the US military would finally coerce him to change his original account and then force him to put out a retraction to all the local media outlets. And in a final attempt to silence the press, the Army continued to confiscate all

documentation related to the incident—including the original press release they had distributed announcing the recovery of a flying saucer. Art McQuiddy was the managing editor of the *Roswell Morning Dispatch* in 1947 and stated to us that he had surrendered the press release back to the military after the balloon explanation came out. Newsrooms were disrupted, drawers were emptied of their contents, and desktops were cleared of any documentation that was contrary to the newly substituted balloon explanation.

Merle Tucker, who owned a number of radio stations, including KOAT, informed us that one of his sister stations in Santa Fe, New Mexico, was broken into and subjected to the very same treatment. Al Stubbs, who worked for both newspapers, the *Dispatch* and the *Roswell Daily Record*, at one time or another reported they also were threatened by the military and, as a result, cooperated with their demands.

At a later time, Sleppy was speaking with McBoyle and broached the subject of the strange series of events related to the "crashed flying saucer story." The veteran reporter's response shocked her. "Forget about it. You never heard it. Look, you're not supposed to know. Don't talk about it to anyone."[18]

The final stake in the heart of a then moribund press corpse was administered on July 9, 10, and 11 in the form of numerous "balloon photo ops" throughout America orchestrated by the Army Air and Signal Corps. Balloon launch demonstrations were designed to impress and convince the media and, by association, the American people that these mundane Rawin balloons were responsible for not only all the excitement at Roswell but also the flying saucer hysteria sweeping the country. To the Pentagon's satisfaction, these staged maneuvers accomplished their mission. Reports of further flying disc sightings plummeted in the press. Observations of aerial unknowns continued throughout the remainder of the summer, but witnesses just stopped reporting them to the press or local authorities.

As far as the media around the world was concerned, the Roswell saucer was nothing more than a balloon device. The radio and newspaper reporters in Roswell and throughout New Mexico, who talked to the eyewitnesses involved and knew something extraordinary took place, nevertheless, like the witnesses, couldn't prove it. The military made sure that every last shred of physical evidence was retrieved. The confiscation of recorded interviews

and all documentation of the crash also prevented anything more from leaking out. And to further emphasize their absolute control of the situation, the military instituted a systematic policy of intimidation, threats, abductions, and physical assault for handling these innocent members of the press, who never observed any, repeat any, shape, manner, or form of a balloon device. And a Mogul balloon is still a balloon, as there is absolutely no way you can reshape or reassemble its components to resemble anything else. Those members of the Roswell media who were first on the scene were threatened into submission with the loss of their careers, licenses to broadcast, and their very lives for simply exercising their First Amendment rights. No one challenged that authority, especially when it came down from New Mexico's own congressional delegation, including the powerful Senator Dennis Chavez. After all these years, the questions remain: What did Chavez gain by turning his back on the very people whom he represented? He would play an active role in reinforcing the very subversion of the Roswell media under the guise of national security. Why did Washington instruct him to secure the cooperation of his own constituents, realizing that as a senator, sworn to protect the rule of law, he most likely was given no alternative? It is unlikely the good senator was ever briefed on the truthful nature of what transpired in New Mexico in 1947. Long after his passing, when we interviewed his chief aide, the late General Michael Rexrold, he confided that his boss refused to ever talk about the matter again.

Apparently, the military was not sufficiently convinced of Frank Joyce's pledge not to say anything, and he was shortly after the incident gathered up and physically removed from his home and job in Roswell to a mental health facility in El Paso, Texas. For the next year he was effectively neutralized. Yet the “former” newsman never underwent any form of treatment, including medication. In fact, he was told by medical staff that he was just to wait out his “government” sponsored “vacation,” then he would be released. Joyce would spend his days playing cards with attendants who “sat guard” in the hallways. A Roswell native, Joyce did not return there upon his discharge and yet is buried there at South Park Cemetery.

When the contemptuous and utterly reprehensible conduct employed by the US government, as described herein, to blatantly “censor” the Roswell Incident is combined with the most egregious treatment of scores of firsthand witnesses and members of the media, it can only underscore the

magnitude of the situation they faced. Many witnesses finally testified, albeit reluctantly, after a lifetime of fear of reprisal, describing shameful behavior by the very individuals sworn to protect them. It is abundantly clear that the stakes outweighed the highest limits of logical, sensible containment of any other national security concern—well beyond that of a mundane Mogul balloon. Those who have suffered the wrath of a government more concerned about its own national security than the safety and well being of its own citizenry stand in defiance as they unanimously proclaim: a flying saucer crashed in the high desert of eastern New Mexico and was recovered and subsequently covered up by elements of the federal government with the acquiescence of the political establishment. Nevertheless, the same cannot be charged against the national press, which was forced into submission and remains forever scarred for relinquishing those very freedoms established by that same government.

CHAPTER 6

Threats of Leavenworth

If you know something [about the crash], you keep your mouth shut! If you don't, you may find yourself at Leavenworth [Federal Prison], and you can read all about it there.

—LIEUTENANT COLONEL JAMES R. WILEY,
commanding officer of the First Air Transport
Unit at Roswell Army Air Field, addressing the
enlisted men under his command on July 8, 1947

In Chapter 4, we discussed how the civilian populace in and around Roswell were "handled"—brutally and illegally in some instances—to secure and enforce their silence. Without a formal declaration of martial law, those actions today would be termed civil rights violations. All over a weather balloon?

In Chapter 3, we discussed the overall game plan that the US government and military decided upon to kill the burgeoning Roswell UFO crash story. We saw how easy it was to spike or kill the "captured flying saucer" story in the print press with the weather balloon lie. It was a piece of cake, so to speak. Once the story got on the AP and UPI wires, it became not only a local Roswell or New Mexico story but a national and international one as well. The story had to be killed in the mainstream press outlets first—to "nip it in the bud" and "stop it in its tracks" before it got any bigger. The plan was to put out an "explanation" so ridiculous that it would make everybody, especially those in the press, feel silly for believing the Roswell crash story

in the first place. Enter the General Ramey “weather balloon” press conference—the (second) “shot heard 'round the world” in the case. It worked to a T because, in 1947, the US military establishment was still basking in the glow of having won World War II, and most people, including the press, tended to believe everything it “declared” as being the truth. The national press dropped the story faster than a speeding bullet! And the international press had nowhere else to turn and did likewise.

The book *The Roswell Incident* recounts the story of British character actor Hughie Green, who was driving cross-country from California to Philadelphia after filming the movie *If Winter Comes*. While driving through New Mexico, he picked up the Roswell crash story on his car radio (this would place the date around July 8 or 9, 1947). Fascinated by the story, he kept his radio on for the rest of his trip but after a few updates heard nothing further. Arriving in Philadelphia and wondering what had happened to the story that had fascinated him, Green asked the hotel desk clerk where he was staying about it, but the desk clerk said that he had heard nothing more about it for the past few days. The story was dead and gone! It was a two-day story in the print press for people living west of the Mississippi, and a one-day story for those living east of the Mississippi (and only one radio broadcast of the crash/retrieval survives today). And that was *it* for the next thirty-one years! Phase one of the cover-up was complete, an easier-than-expected result with the aid of a compliant press.

The truth is that the so-called “mainstream media” (called “the press” before TV) doesn't like UFOs and stories about what it pejoratively terms the *paranormal*, no matter how much data has been accumulating over the years in these areas. It never has. If it does do a story on UFOs at all today, it is usually done “tongue in cheek” just to let everyone know that they don't take it seriously. Thus, the *New York Times* in 1994 unquestionably accepted the Air Force's *third* explanation for Roswell, Project Mogul, without so much as a whispered, “Say, what?” Fortunately for us today in the twenty-first century, there are copious outlets on cable TV and social media where free expression to posit and to question reigns supreme.

The final phase of covering up the story would also be fairly easy, since it involved silencing the military personnel who were actually involved in the recovery of the strange wreckage and especially the biological remains (i.e., the “little bodies” from the crash). Orders are orders to be carried out

without objection, judgment, or contemplation. So, orders to not ever talk about what had occurred or what one *thought* had occurred were given with the expectation that they would be followed to the letter without exception or question. However, given the extraordinary nature of what had happened, appeals to patriotism involving national security, followed by administrative threats of one sort or another (e.g., reduction in rank, undesirable duty, transfer to an undesirable location for the duration, or court-martial with prison time at Leavenworth), were also administered to put an exclamation point to the order. This phase of the cover-up was also implemented successfully and fairly easily for another reason as well. Besides the threats, those officers and enlistees planning on a military career or just hoping for a promotion to the next grade level know that the way to go about it does *not* involve disobeying or even challenging orders from their superiors. But it was a retired military man, not a dogged reporter in search of a Pulitzer, who finally broke the ice. Retired Lieutenant Colonel Jesse A. Marcel Sr., the former intelligence officer of the 509th Bomb Group at Roswell in 1947, broke his silence and went public in 1978. The door was opened for others with no small amount of courage to pass through.

Over the years when interviewing military personnel, we noted certain response patterns as to who would talk and who wouldn't. Those veterans who were retired military (i.e., those who had spent at least twenty years in the service and were receiving a military pension) were least likely to tell us anything. Their response was usually, “I don't know anything,” or “I'm sworn to secrecy, and I can't tell you anything,” or another favorite, “I don't remember.” In more than a few cases, the potential witness would tell us that he or she was not the person we were looking for, even though the name was the same and the age seemed right. In extreme cases, some witnesses claimed never to have been stationed at the RAAF, while we were looking at their picture in the 1947 RAAF base yearbook! The fear was that their military pensions might be revoked or damaged in some way if they talked. Commissioned officers, whether careerists or not, were the least likely to talk, and the higher the rank, the less likely it became that they would talk. As a result of these factors, most of the information we were able to obtain from military witnesses regarding the crash/retrieval came from enlisted men who did not make their military service a career. To the best of our knowledge, the few military women who were stationed at the RAAF in 1947 were all officers attached to Squadron M—the base medical unit. We

did locate one nurse just before she died, however, who told us that something “extraordinary” had indeed happened.

The enlisted ranks were usually briefed and threatened in groups, small, medium as well as en masse, depending upon the circumstances of the moment. Only occasionally was someone briefed individually. Officers, since there were fewer of them on the base, as opposed to the enlisted ranks, were briefed individually or in very small groupings with “suggestions” issued instead of threats. To put it bluntly, the enlisted men were treated like children potentially in need of a spanking if they misbehaved, while the officer ranks (being “officers and gentlemen”) were briefed about what was going on like adult human beings, with appeals to patriotism and national security sans threats. Rank did indeed have its privileges.

Tuesday morning, July 8, 1947, broke sunny and bright very early in southeastern New Mexico, as usual. Aside from the weather, which would remain sunny but turn oppressively hot by noontime, there was something going on that was anything but usual to the anxious townsfolk of Roswell. They had been seeing more than their share of strange “things” in the skies overhead, termed *flying saucers* by the press, for the past two weeks, and now there was talk of a crash of one of them north of town. There was also talk of “little bodies.”

Patricia Rice of Garland, Texas, owned the Alley Book Stall bookstore in downtown Roswell with her husband, Frank, who also taught at the New Mexico Military Institute in 1947. She had heard about the crash the day before from her niece, Janet Rice. That would mean that Janet had heard it by word of mouth on July 7, the day *before* the first newspaper headline about the crash hit the newsstands. According to Rice, “I can say without much exaggeration that the news of the crash got around that town of 25,000 people in about 25 minutes!”[1] Rumors were running rampant at local watering holes, such as the Bank Bar in downtown Roswell, where servicemen from the base often went during off-duty hours to mix with other servicemen as well as with the residents of Roswell. One former serviceman who was stationed at Roswell AAF in 1947 said that the town mood at this time was “anxious ... perhaps *scared* would better describe it.”[2] And so far, the Roswell air base had said nothing, and the local media—the *Roswell Morning Dispatch* and *Roswell Daily Record* newspapers, as well as KGFL and KSWS, the local radio stations—had also said nothing.

At midmorning on July 8, with the morning staff meeting over, Colonel William Blanchard, commanding officer of not only the 509th Bomb Group but also the Roswell air base itself, summoned the base PIO, First Lieutenant Walter Haut, into his office and told him to issue a press release for dissemination to the local media, which he hand-delivered to the four Roswell media outlets around noontime.[3] But it would be another three hours before the first "shot heard 'round the world" headline, "RAAF Captures Flying Saucer on Ranch in Roswell Region," hit the newsstands.

It was too late in the day for the *Roswell Morning Dispatch*, which would have to wait until the following day, July 9, to weigh in on the growing Roswell "crashed saucer" story. Instead, by default, it would be the afternoon newspaper, the *Roswell Daily Record*, that would make history that day. Around 3:30 p.m., several newspaper boys plying their trade in the vicinity of the *Roswell Daily Record* at 4th and Main Street in downtown Roswell caught a glimpse of the military convoy transporting a silvery, "egg-shaped" *something* about the size of a Volkswagen "Bug" on an 18-wheel lowboy trailer heading south toward the air base. It was accompanied by an escort of Jeeps in front of and behind it, each carrying a contingent of armed MPs.[4] Paul McFerrin, a Roswell preteen in 1947, was walking down Main Street with a few friends that afternoon. "This was right at the time of the flying saucer incident," McFerrin said, "when we saw this big, military flatbed transporting an egg-shaped object through town, obviously heading for the base.... It was escorted by MPs in Jeeps who were holding machine guns. *Everybody in town knew about the crash*."[5]

In 1947, Private First Class (PFC) Rolland Menagh was a twenty-year-old MP in the 390th Air Service Squadron (ASS) of the 509th Bomb Group stationed at the Roswell Army Air Field. Unlike the MPs of the 1395th Military Police Company at the RAAF, who were used for general base security under the command of base provost marshal Major Edwin Easley, the MPs of the 390th ASS, under the command of Major Robert Darden, held higher security clearances, which were required for guarding the *Silverplates*—the atomic bomb–carrying B-29s. When the UFO impact site was discovered north of town by civilians on the morning of July 7, MPs of both the 390th and 1395th were rushed to the scene to secure it. MPs of the 1395th were posted along the western edge of Highway 285 from Roswell in the south all the way to the hamlet of Ramon in the north to prevent civilians

from reaching the crash site five miles west of the highway. The MPs of the 1395th also composed the outer ring of armed guards circling the crash site. MPs of the 390th formed an inner ring of armed guards circling the crashed UFO and its occupants. Because they would have been close enough to see the crash scene up close and personal, the higher security clearances possessed by the MPs of the 390th were required for this task.

Menagh would later go on to become a security specialist for the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (AFOSI) after the Air Force became a separate branch of the armed forces. He passed away in 1996 at the age of seventy, but our investigation located and interviewed Rolland Menagh Jr. in 2005. He confirmed his father's presence at Roswell AAF in 1947 as well as his participation in the UFO recovery operation north of Roswell. “My father first told us about it in the 1960s,” he said. “He was an MP who guarded the UFO crash site north of Roswell. He saw the ship, which he described as being round or egg-shaped and seamless.” Menagh Jr. said that his father did not see any bodies, but his brother Michael thought their father had told them there were *three* dead bodies:

> He said that the spaceship was loaded onto an 18-wheeler with a tarp covering it and then driven right through the center of town down to the air base. My father said that he had accompanied it in a Jeep all the way from the crash site to a hangar at the base where it was deposited. Afterwards, he was *sworn to secrecy*, and when he left the Air Force, he was reminded about the episode and told to, “Keep quiet, or else!” Later, in retirement, he periodically received visits from military-types in dark suits over the years, who were obviously keeping tabs on him.[6]

James W. Storm was an Army sergeant who was involved in the transport of the wrecked UFO from the crash site back to the air base. In July 1947, Storm was a member of the RAAF base fire department when the call came in to head out to a location north of town. According to Storm, the group of vehicles involved was made up of not only military firemen but City of Roswell firemen as well. The fact that Roswell firemen were called out suggests that the location of the site the group was heading for was in Chaves County—not in Lincoln County where the Brazel/Foster ranch Debris Field Site and the Dee Proctor Body Site were located. As the group

of vehicles left Highway 285 and headed west to reach the site, they were instructed to park off-road out of sight of passersby and await further orders. After a few minutes, a "snub-nosed tractor and lowboy flat trailer showed up." On the back of the lowboy was a tarp that was covering *something*. According to Storm, in his own words, it was "a saucer part so big [that] it was covered." As the lowboy went by, toward Highway 285, the firemen were ordered to accompany the lowboy back to the base. Storm then told Tilley of "escorting a large piece of the saucer along Main Street through Roswell ... in the late afternoon!" Putting an exclamation point on his story and perhaps providing some insight into the importance of what was taking place so many years before, Storm added that the assistant fire chief had gone along on the trip and been told, "If he 'cooperated' ... he would be made Fire Chief. Which he was."[7]

Highway 285 runs north and south right through the center of Roswell, where it becomes Main Street, straight down to the old air base at the south end of town. Bill Blair, an MP at the base in 1947, confirmed that the ultimate destination of the lowboy convoy was Hangar P-3 (Building 84 today) at the east end of the base tarmac. According to Blair, Hangar P-3 was considered a "security building" when the need arose and "anything too large for a safe went there."[8] We know from many other witnesses that Hangar P-3 (a.k.a. the "Big Hangar") was the central focus and repository of the UFO recovery operation.

Earl V. Fulford was a twenty-one-year-old staff sergeant with a top secret clearance in the 603rd Air Engineering Squadron (AES) at the RAAF in July 1947. He worked as an aircraft mechanic and fork-lift operator in the hangar located next to Hangar P-3. One of the main tasks of the 603rd was overhauling the B-29's temperamental Wright Cyclone engines. Because each engine of the four-engine Boeing B-29 *Superfortress* bomber had to be overhauled every sixty-five hours due to its tendency to overheat and catch fire, it was a constant activity for the men of the 603rd. Fulford had seen a fellow sergeant friend of his by the name of George Houck at the 5 a.m. early bird breakfast in the chow hall the morning of July 8 but didn't get a chance to talk to him. He didn't think too much about it at the time when he saw Houck drive off in a lowboy tractor-trailer. "I just thought that George was being sent to pick up a wreck somewhere," he said. "No big deal."[9]

Things would soon change, however. A number of the civilian mechanics

who worked in the same hangar as Earl Fulford began peppering him with questions about what was going on as soon as he arrived for his shift that morning. It was, in fact, how Fulford first learned of the crash. “They kept asking me all day long, ‘C'mon, tell us. What crashed? You must know. The word in town is that it was a spaceship with bodies of little spacemen.’ I didn't know what to tell them other than I didn't know anything about it, but it sure got me to rethinking about George Houck and where he might have been going with the ‘lowboy’ after breakfast.”[10]

Earl Fulford (L) with coauthor Tom Carey at the Brazel debris field crash site in a 2008 photo. Fulford died a month later. Photo by Tom Carey.

Staff Sergeant Harvie L. Davis, also of the 603rd AES, remembered hearing the “scuttlebutt” at that time about the crash of a *flying saucer*. “Stories were going around, and I didn't—and still don't—doubt the people involved. I believe that it was a UFO.”[11] John Bunch was also a member of the 603rd AES. “Everything was hush-hush. We all knew that something was going on, but we didn't know what. A lot of planes were coming in and going out, and the airstrip was shut down for a period. The base went into

lockdown, and they checked us real close going in and out."[12] Eugene C. Helnes was a PFC in the 603rd AES in July 1947. "It was definitely not a balloon," he told us. "I knew fellows who were out there at the site to clean it up. All the talk was of a crashed saucer—right up to the time that I left the base in mid-1949."[13] Reflecting on his then growing awareness that something highly unusual had taken place, Earl Fulford told our investigation in 2006, "Master Sergeant Hardy [First Sergeant Leonard J. Hardy of the 603rd AES] had a look on his face like he knew something that he wasn't telling us. *It was clear that scuttlebutt was out in town almost immediately, especially about the bodies, but on base no one was telling us anything*."[14]

With the completion of his shift at 4 p.m. on this afternoon of July 8, Earl Fulford and a few friends left the hangar with the intention of heading over to the NCO Club across the base for a couple of cool ones to help them deal with the rumors and contemplate their futures. As they approached Fulford's car parked in the lot across the street from the hangar, he could see a large tractor-trailer rig coming down the street in his direction, apparently heading for Hangar P-3. "It had come through the main gate, past the parade ground, and made a left turn toward the hangars," he said. When the rig got close enough, Fulford could see that it was pulling a lowboy trailer, and that the lowboy was carrying something under a tarp that was "about the size and shape of a Volkswagen Beetle." Fulford also recognized the driver of the rig as none other than his friend George Houck. According to Fulford, one of Houck's base duties was that of a "reclamation specialist," meaning that whenever there was a wreck somewhere to be hauled back to the base for disposal—be it an aircraft, a staff car or truck, and so on—the job was his. Seeing Houck behind the wheel of the rig, Fulford waived his arms for Houck to stop. With the engine idling, Houck leaned out of the driver's window slightly to see what Fulford wanted.

EF: "Where you been, George?"

GH: "Up north."

EF: "Whatcha got under the tarp?"

GH: "*I can't tell you*."

EF: “Why not?”

GH: “*They told me not to say anything*.”

EF: “Let's have a look anyway.”

[Having said that, Fulford and his friends headed to the back of the lowboy and started to lift the tarp; seeing what was up, Houck quickly jumped out of the cab and ran after them.]

GH: “*No! No! No! You can't do that! I'm not allowed to look under there, and no one else is allowed either*.”

EF: “Why not?

GH: “*I don't know, but I've been sworn. That's all I know*.”[15]

With that, Houck jumped back in the cab, put the rig in gear and drove into Hangar P-3. Recalling his run-in with the lowboy these many years later, Earl Fulford had no doubt that it occurred just the way he described to us, and that the driver was his old 603rd friend, George Houck.

Our investigation located the then still living George D. Houck in 2005. At first, he claimed not to remember his old 603rd buddy Earl Fulford. But after being reminded of a few names from back then, Houck said that he now remembered Earl Fulford. If you interview enough people, you can tell pretty early in the interview how it's going to go. This was one of those that was *not* going to go well, and Houck didn't disappoint. Perhaps sensing where we were heading with our questions, Houck became evasive. He claimed not to remember *at all* the incident involving Fulford and the tarp-covered object on the lowboy he was alleged to have been transporting to Hangar P-3. “*I don't remember that at all. It was a long time ago*.”[16] Really? That was as far as we could get with George Houck, so we then asked Earl Fulford if he wouldn't mind giving Houck a call to relive old times and perhaps obtain some of the answers we were not able obtain. Fulford agreed. After his initial phone call to George Houck, Fulford gave us the results:

Houck first claimed not to know me. Then, after a while, he finally relented, and we started to talk. Then I asked him if he remembered the incident in front of the hangar with the “low-boy,” and there

> was a long silence. Then Houck said, “What do you want of me?” I told him that I just wanted to know if he remembered it. After another long pause, Houck then shocked me a bit with, *“Some things should not be discussed, Sergeant.”* Then he hung up.[17]

Fulford did not give up, however, and would call George Houck another half dozen or so times over the course of the next two years. Houck, however, had retreated to the final fallback position of a defendant not wishing to incriminate him- or herself but also not wanting to “take the Fifth” either, by simply telling Fulford, “I can't remember.”[18]

That was not the end of Earl Fulford's brush with history in the Roswell story, however. The early morning of Wednesday, July 9, found Earl Fulford enjoying his 5 a.m. early bird breakfast at the chow hall, as usual. Not so usual was the sudden appearance of Master Sergeant Earl Rosenberger, heading for Fulford's table. Rosenberger was a member of the 603rd AES, an old-time sergeant whose DOS (Date of Service) went all the way back to World War I. Looking right at Fulford, Rosenberger growled, “I need a detail. Let's go!” It was too late for Fulford to look away and pretend that he didn't hear him (an old ploy that all potential “volunteers” in the military employ to lessen their chance of being chosen), plus Sergeant Rosenberger was looking right at him. Fulford reluctantly left his plate of “SOS” (military jargon for “creamed-chip-beef”) for the maw of the clipper and followed Rosenberger out the door, where he joined 15–20 other enlisted men and noncommissioned officers waiting. A military bus then pulled up, and they were all told to get on. As Fulford told us:

> The bus ride took about two hours. The site was northwest of Roswell. We went north up Highway 285, then west on the Corona road, which was a gravel road back then, past a little school house and some other structures [this was in all likelihood the present-day ghost town of Lon, which is no longer on the map], and then turned south onto a dirt road. I remember seeing a little house [the Hines House], which was not far from where we were going. When the bus stopped, we were told to get out. A major was in charge [Major Edwin Easley, the RAAF provost marshal], and armed MPs ringed the site, which was situated at the base of gently sloping hills. Sergeant Rosenberger then handed each of us a burlap bag and told

> us to “police-up” [i.e., clean-up] the site and put anything that we found in the bags.[19]

Fulford could recall only that the site to be “policed” encompassed “hundreds of yards.” Fulford and crew had arrived at the Brazel Debris Field Site on the J. B. Foster ranch. This was not the same site (known as the “Impact Site”) from which the egg-shaped vehicle or “pod” that was transported through the center of Roswell on the lowboy was retrieved. That site was much closer to Roswell. This site, simply known as the “debris field,” was nearer to Corona in Lincoln County and was the location over which the outer surface of the unknown spacecraft came apart for reasons unknown, raining debris down on the desert floor below. What remained (the egg-shaped “pod” or “inner cabin”) stayed in the air a few more seconds, ultimately falling to Earth at the Impact Site.

It was evident to Fulford and the rest of his crew that theirs was not the first crew to police the site. They could see tire tracks from heavy trucks all over the landscape, and the amount of recoverable material appeared to be sparse. Clearly, a full-scale recovery operation had commenced sometime before.

One of the drivers of those heavy trucks was PFC Frank M. Martinez of T Squadron at the RAAF. This was the base motor pool that provided the cars, jeeps, trucks, and other equipment for such an event. According to Martinez, as ordered, no sooner would he drive an empty army truck out to the Foster ranch than he would jump into the cab of a loaded vehicle and transport the secret cargo back to the base. Once there, he would drop it off at Hangar P-3 (Building 84 today). Then, he would head back to the ranch with another empty truck ready to receive more crates for immediate transit back to Roswell. All this is verified by Martinez's wife, Mary, who emphasized, “My husband drove the truck hauling the ‘flying saucer’ material for *two full days!*”[20]

The men in Fulford's crew were never once told what it was that they were supposed to look for or what had happened there—just pick up anything that was not part of the landscape. “We knew from the day before that something had crashed up there, so we figured that this must have been the crash site.” The men formed a single line abreast with a few feet between each man and began traversing the pasture, picking up anything that was

“not natural” and placing it in the burlap bags. They performed this procedure over and over again in every conceivable direction on the site until 4 p.m., after which each man was told to empty his bag into a wheelbarrow near the entrance to the pasture. When this was accomplished, the men boarded the bus and returned to Roswell, never to return to Brazel's pasture again.[21]

Recalling the experience for us, Earl Fulford remembered that during the entire policing operation, he picked up only seven pieces of debris. But they were enough to confirm his original suspicions regarding the site. He told us:

> I picked up small, silvery pieces of metallic debris, the largest of which was triangular in shape, about 3 to 4 inches wide by about 12 to 15 inches long. It looked like thin, light, aluminum foil that flexed slightly when I picked it up, but once in the palm of your hand, you could wad it up into a small ball. Then, when you let it go, it would immediately assume its original shape in a second or two—just like that! That was the only type of debris I saw that day. I thought to myself, “Hey, this is neat. I'm going to keep a piece for myself.” But they searched us thoroughly when we got back to make damned sure that none of us had anything. Nobody picked up anything of size. We didn't see any other type of debris or pieces of debris with writing on them, and we didn't see any bodies. We also did not see any balloons or balloon material. They launched weather balloons from in between barracks where I lived back on the base every day. I was familiar with them, and the debris wasn't from one of those. When we got back to the base, everything that we picked up was taken to Hangar 3. *We were then lined up and told one-by-one by our First Sergeant [Master Sergeant Leonard Hardy] in no uncertain terms that we didn't see anything, and we didn't say anything; and if we did from that point forward, we might be court-martialed*. A few days later, I think it was on Saturday, our entire squadron was called together for a special meeting in Hangar 2 where we were addressed by our Squadron Commander, Major Harry Shilling. Also present was our second-in-command, Captain Earl Casey, and a glowering First Sergeant Hardy who had been in my face a few days earlier. Captain Casey

> gave a cautionary admonition to everyone present not to talk about anything they might have seen or heard in the past few days, but Major Shilling cut right to the point, *"You didn't see or hear anything. Nothing happened!"*[22]

A few days earlier, PFC Harry Girard of the First Air Transport Unit (ATU) had found himself in a similar meeting in another hangar on the base, about to be addressed by his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel James R. Wiley. Girard had no idea why he was there or what the meeting was about. Colonel Wiley addressed the group, *"If you know something, you keep your mouth shut! If you don't, you may find yourself at Leavenworth [Federal Prison], and you can read all about it there."* Colonel Wiley never told the group what that *something* was or why talking about it could land them in Leavenworth. PFC Girard and perhaps more than a few others that day had no idea what their CO (commanding officer) was talking about. Word probably had not yet reached them about the multiple flights made by aircraft of the First ATU that had taken UFO wreckage and "little bodies" recovered from the crash site out of Roswell in the preceding days. Interviewed in 2005, Harry Girard said that the meeting in the hangar "was unusual, because I had no idea what he was talking—actually threatening us—about. I do now, and maybe in another 50 years they will tell us what happened."[23]

Threats seemed to be the order of the day, the *modus operandi* for handling the problem. Lieutenant Steve Whalen was a twenty-eight-year-old navigator in one of the bomb squadrons of the 509th Bomb Group at the RAAF during that second week of July 1947. Although nothing official had been said to base personnel, Whalen and his friends knew that something was going on at the Big Hangar, but they were afraid to inquire about it. "There were a lot of people who were real scared who were not talking," Whalen's son told us. "There were also a lot of planes taking off and landing in the middle of the night." A "special meeting" was then called by his bomb squadron's commanding officer—to issue a warning for their own safety: *"Stay away from the Big Hangar area no matter what, or you will run the risk of being shot on sight!"* That was all. Until that meeting, Lieutenant Whalen had thought that all the commotion on the base might have had something to do with "Goddard stuff" (Dr. Robert Goddard, the Father of American Rocketry, had conducted his rocket experiments just outside of

Roswell). Whalen died in 1998, so he apparently followed his CO's orders to the letter.[24]

By Monday morning, July 14, 1947, things had pretty much calmed down at the Bank Bar in Roswell, as well as at Roswell Army Air Field. The press and the public had quickly lost interest in the Roswell crashed “saucer” story a few days earlier after General Roger Ramey issued his famous press release. In addition to the airmen on the base, the ranchers in the Corona area and key civilians in Roswell had been threatened into silence. The crash sites had been cleaned up, and most of the wreckage, including the bodies, had been shipped out. Life had returned to normal.

So, what became of the “escape pod” or “inner cabin” from the UFO that was seen on the lowboy that Sergeant George Houck deposited in the Big Hangar? When last seen, it was still in the hangar. After that ...?

PFC George Newling had arrived at Roswell Army Air in the fall of 1947, just a few months after the Roswell crash event. In three interviews with us, Newling related that he had been a flight mechanic at the RAAF. He recalled how, in November 1947, he had been going through his regular procedures for “pre-flighting” an aircraft, in this case a B-29 *Silverplate* (number 44-27304) nicknamed “Up an' Atom,” prior to takeoff. But this time would prove to be different for the unsuspecting private.

It was already different in that Newling noticed security guards patrolling around this aircraft. Although this was a restricted area, it was still unusual to see this level of security attached to a single aircraft. While inside the “belly” of the B-29, Newling was about to check out the aircraft's two bomb bays when he saw *something* he had never seen before and would never see again! “It was shaped like a ‘teardrop’ and slightly damaged, but still intact. It appeared to be metallic and grayish in color, about 4–6 feet high and 10–12 feet long, and it had what appeared to be small, hexagonal cells or plates running the length of it on what I assumed was its underside. I didn't know what this thing was. I still don't. Never saw anything like it before—or since, for that matter.” Newling's transfixed stupefaction was abruptly terminated by a booming “*Who are you, and what are you doing here?”* One of the armed security guards was now inside the plane, glowering right in Newling's face! “What the ... ?” Newling quickly showed the guard his credentials that identified and entitled him to be where he was, but apparently it wasn't enough for the “situation” that was in progress. “*You're*

not supposed to be in here!" With that, Newling was physically removed from the B-29 and marched off to the provost marshal's office. Accepting Newling's explanation for his presence in and around the Up an' Atom that day, Major Edwin Easley ordered Newling to report directly to his squadron headquarters and not return to the flight line until permission orders were specifically given. It would be three days before Newling was allowed to return to the flight line to resume his duties.[25] Newling had gotten off easy because the Roswell crash story by then was a dead and buried nonissue, at least for the next thirty-one years!

We do not know the destination of the B-29 Up an' Atom that day but assume it to have been Wright Army Air Field in Dayton, Ohio. Other locations that we have heard over the years from people who claimed to have seen the "Roswell UFO" include White Sands, New Mexico; Muroc (Edwards) Air Force Base in California; CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia; and of course, the infamous "Area 51" at Nellis Air Force Base in Nevada. After spending many years in residency at Wright-Patterson, we *do* know where the "little bodies" from the Roswell UFO crash of 1947 are resting today.

Individuals and complete units were also brought into the Roswell crash/recovery operation from elsewhere. If the men didn't know one another or were separated after the event (i.e., "compartmentalized"), they would be unable to compare notes, thus facilitating damage control and making the secret easier to keep.[26]

After World War II, twenty-six-year-old Sergeant Frederick Benthal was serving in the Army Air Forces as a photographic specialist at the Anacostia Naval Air Station in Washington, DC. According to Benthal, after reporting to work one morning in early July 1947 with a friend, Corporal Al Kirkpatrick, they were told to pack their bags for a flight to Roswell, New Mexico. They flew in a B-25 *Mitchell* medium bomber, leaving around 10 a.m., and made one stop along the way, during which they were told not to leave the plane. On the flight, the two men studied the dossiers of persons who might be expected to be at their destination. These individuals included J. Robert Oppenheimer of Los Alamos ("Father of the Atomic Bomb") and General Curtis "Bombs Away" LeMay of World War II fame and the future head of the Strategic Air Command. The plane landed in Roswell around 5 p.m., and the men checked into the base transit barracks for the evening. The

following morning, Benthal and Kirkpatrick were picked up by a covered military truck and headed north of town. During the trip, both men changed into rubberized suits that were very hot, but apparently offered some kind of protection—against what, they did not know.

When they arrived at the site, Benthal saw several tents that had been set up near a small bluff and what appeared to be a refrigerator truck. He also witnessed covered trucks leaving the site that were obviously carrying wreckage of some sort. He could see thin strips of wreckage sticking out the backs of the trucks as they departed. Other empty trucks continued to arrive at the site. Benthal witnessed a lot of enlisted men going back and forth in various directions, as well as two majors whose names he did not know. He and Kirkpatrick were then split up, as Kirkpatrick was ordered into one of the empty trucks that headed out to another location (the Brazel Debris Field Site), while Benthal was taken to a nearby tent and told to stand by. An officer then came out of the tent and told Benthal, “Get your camera ready!” Then the officer looked into the tent and made a loud comment that someone was coming in, whereupon a number of officers then exited the rear of the tent. Once inside, the officer told Benthal to stand back and then pulled back a tarp that was on the floor of the tent, revealing several little bodies lying on a rubber sheet. Benthal and the officer slowly but purposefully moved around in a circle, with Benthal taking pictures of the bodies lying dead beneath them. “They [the bodies] were all just about identical, with dark complexions, thin and with large heads,” Benthal said. “There was also a strange smell inside the tent that smelled something like formaldehyde.”

Benthal was shooting his pictures with a standard-issue Speed Graphic camera that had a holder, each with two shots. Although it was daylight outside, it was dark inside the closed, rubber-lined tent. Because it was so dark inside the tent, the flashbulbs gave off a blinding light when a picture was snapped. After taking each set of two pictures, Benthal would give the holder to the officer. This procedure was repeated many times as the two men circled the bodies. The entire session lasted about two hours, after which Benthal was told to leave. About that time, Kirkpatrick returned from the other site in a truck that Benthal could see was loaded down with wreckage. Benthal and Kirkpatrick were dismissed from the site and returned to the base in Roswell. They were debriefed on the ride back to the base and told not to talk to anyone. “My camera case, cameras, and all of the film had been confiscated before we left the site. We were given bunks in

the barracks overnight, in a small room upstairs, rather than in the larger room [downstairs] that had many more bunks."

The men were awakened around 4 a.m. the next morning and taken to the mess hall, where they ate the early-bird breakfast. After breakfast, they boarded the B-25 and headed back to Washington. When they got back to Anacostia, they were again debriefed, this time by a Marine officer—a lieutenant colonel—by the name of Bibby, who asked them if they knew what they had photographed. Benthal and Kirkpatrick both responded, "Yes, Sir!" Bibby then asked the men the same question a second time, to which both men answered in unison, "Yes, Sir." Bibby then admonished the men that they did *not* know what they had photographed down in Roswell and then asked the question again for a third time. Startled by this line of questioning, both men quickly looked at one another with a glint of fear in their eyes, then turned back to the stern-looking Bibby with a resounding, "No, Sir!" to which Bibby delivered a loud and clear order: "Dismissed!"

We never found out what happened to Corporal Kirkpatrick who after all only saw pieces of wreckage that day, but the powers-that-be at Anacostia apparently were not entirely happy with Benthal's answers to Bibby's questions.

Recalling the episode in 1993, Benthal observed, "Not long after that, I was assigned to the Arctic to take pictures of pieces of equipment to study the effects of cold [on them]."[27] He had made the "mistake" of actually seeing the little bodies and was "iced" for it (literally, you might say). Also iced (figuratively speaking) was the RAAF's own photo unit, the 3rd Photo Lab, with a crew of at least seventy men with Top Secret clearances, but they were completely frozen out of this operation in favor of someone they did not know from someplace else—the old "compartmentalization" concept that the military so loves to keep people from communicating with one another was employed once again!

Frank Vega was one of a half dozen men in a security detail flown down to Roswell from Lowry Army Air Field in Denver, Colorado, to "assist" in securing the area in and around Hangar P-3. Upon arrival, they were issued full-automatic "grease guns" with simple orders to be carried out: "Don't ask any questions!" and "Shoot to kill any unauthorized person attempting to enter the hangar!" Vega confirmed that the entire base was in "lockdown" mode and that he and his comrades from Lowry had spent a full week at the

RAAF, which included loading some of the wreckage from the hangar onto freight cars on a nearby rail spur that were going to be “heading east.” According to Vega, after their guard duty at the hangar was completed, they “smelled like skunks” and were happy to be heading back to Lowry—so they thought! The military had other plans for them. The group was then summarily shipped to a closed facility near Amarillo, Texas, where they would spend the next six months in what we can only term now as “solitary confinement.” While there, they were not permitted to leave or have any outside communication whatsoever during their “layover.” The entire Roswell affair needed to disappear, including the people who could talk. Hello, Frank Joyce! Hello, Fred Benthal![28]

Sadly, Sergeant Earl V. Fulford passed away on August 3, 2008, at the age of eighty-two, and Sergeant William C. Ennis did so not long after. Following Earl Fulford's passing, we called his former friend, George Houck, several times, first—to inform him of his old friend's death, and second—to see if he would at long last confirm as true Earl Fulford's account of his participation in the Roswell Incident. In our discussions with Houck, he changed his responses to our questions from “I handled a lot of wrecks back then” to “I don't recall anything like that” to “I don't remember anything.” Question: “Do you remember anything *at all* about an alleged crash of a UFO near the town of Roswell in 1947? Answer: “No!”[29] The now late George Houck was a thirty-year Air Force veteran and retiree living on a government pension.

The passing of everyone discussed in this chapter reinforces our awareness of the ever-shrinking pool of firsthand eyewitnesses to one of the most significant events of all time. How many are still left? We don't know for sure, but time is not on our side. It's actually worse than that. According to the Veterans Administration, we are losing twelve hundred to fifteen hundred World War II vets per day. Not everyone stationed at the RAAF in 1947 was a World War II veteran, but many of them were. Put simply, a twenty-year-old airman at Roswell in 1947 would be ninety-three years old today! We've been “racing the undertaker” since our investigation began thirty-one years ago. We now estimate that 99 percent of the firsthand witnesses to those extraordinary events of 1947 are now gone. “The number you have called has been disconnected,” has been the refrain we have been hearing on the telephone all too often now. It appears that the undertaker has

finally won.

CHAPTER 7

The Evidence Is Secured Away from Roswell

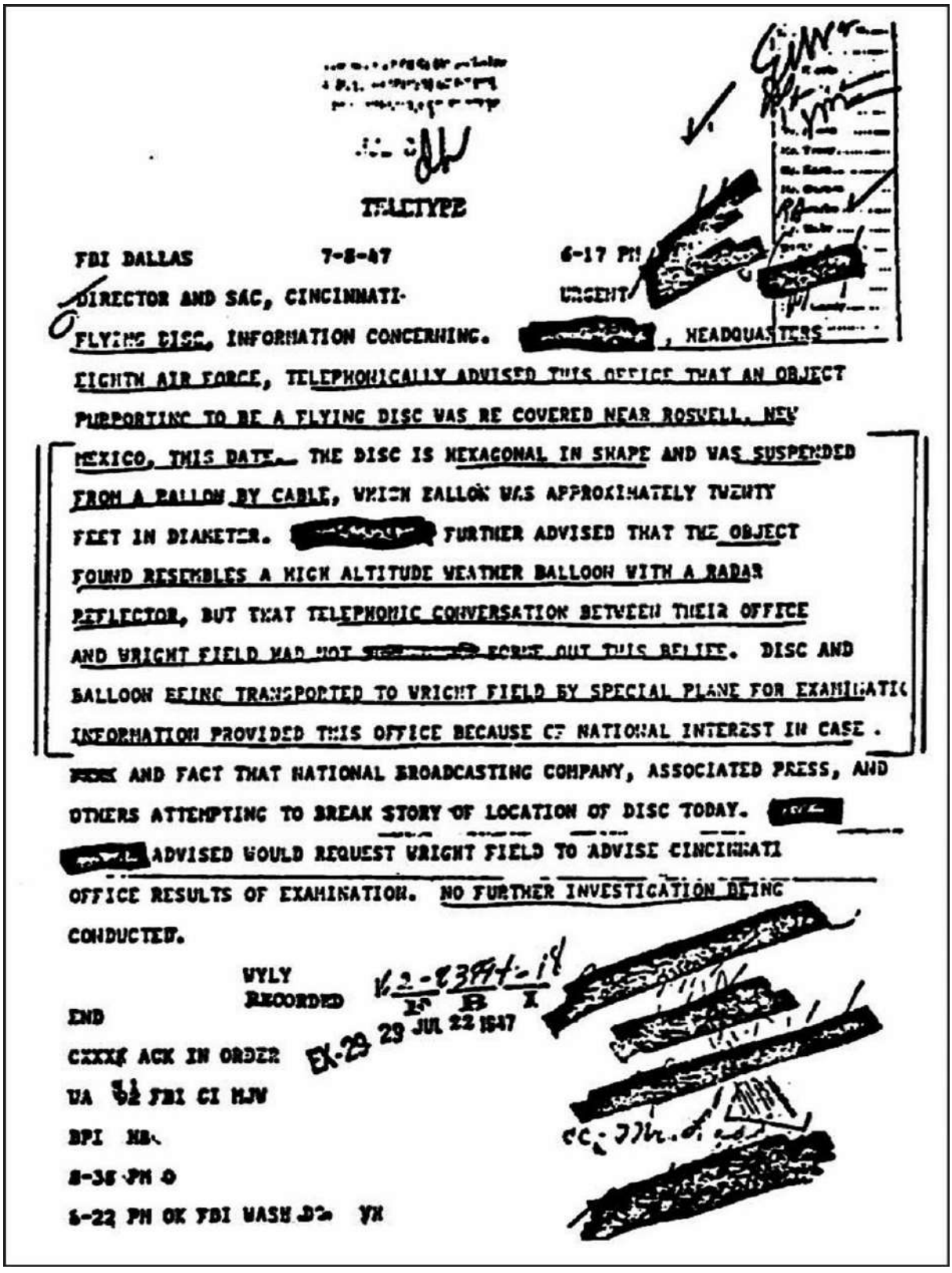
Why would the deputy commander of the RAAF, Colonel Payne Jennings, personally fly a planeload of weather balloon garbage for testing and analysis to Wright Field? Why was Jesse Marcel ordered to be on that flight? Why, during mid-flight, was the B-29 diverted to Carswell AAF in Fort Worth, where General Ramey was waiting for a press conference to explain Roswell all away? Why was Marcel then kept in seclusion overnight and why did Ramey cancel the resumption of the original flight to Ohio? It would appear that there were two scenarios playing out simultaneously at that time. Publicly, the Fort Worth charade was intended to end the saucer nonsense in Roswell. In reality, the special flight had indeed resumed its course for Wright Field. Ramey had deceived the media and gotten away with it. And the general public got all their news from the media.

At 6:17 p.m. that same evening, the FBI office in Dallas teletyped to Director J. Edgar Hoover Ramey's simple resolution to the Roswell situation. A detailed description of the balloon, its radar reflector kite, and its purpose were given in the release—but FBI agent Percy Wyly, the author of the report, didn't believe it. In fact, he openly stated that in spite of Ramey's new story, the “telephonic conversation between their office and Wright Field had not [redacted] borne out this belief.” The FBI was *refuting* the cover story provided by Ramey! Wyly goes on to contradict Ramey

further: “Disc and balloon being transported to Wright Field by special flight for examination.” Lastly, the FBI requested the results of that examination. Whatever they were, contrary to Ramey's balloon press conference, those results were never publicized.

From all press accounts based on earlier interviews with Ramey or the Pentagon, the “captured flying saucer” from Roswell was heading to Wright Field. The *Associated Press* and *United Press*, as well as others, including the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, *Seattle Times*, and *Miami Herald*, were quoting Ramey: “He [Ramey] was shipping the object to Wright Field for further investigation.” The Chicago dateline was quoting Ramey as stating that the device was to be flown to Wright Field, which included the Pentagon repeating the same statement. The *New York Times* quoted Ramey as saying, “It was to be flown to laboratories at Wright Field,” while the *Chicago Tribune* quoted an Air Force spokesperson as saying, “Ramey then ordered it flown to Wright Field for examination by experts.” The *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, which participated in the Ramey balloon press conference, reported that Ramey had been ordered to fly the “disc” to Wright Field “immediately” after a phone conversation with the Air Materiel Command (AMC) there. We can assume if that was true the call may have come from the head of AMC, General Nathan Twining. And finally, ABC Radio News reported that Wright Field was contacted and they were expecting shipment soon.

All that notwithstanding, were there witnesses at Wright Field, people who were on the receiving end from Roswell? Were there any who were witness to the testing of the actual Roswell material and the conclusions? Why in heaven's name would we be testing and analyzing one of our own weather balloons? For radiation, as would be determined by a Mogul balloon in the event the Soviets had just detonated their first atomic bomb? The Soviet Union was still two years away from their first bomb.



TELETYPE

FBI DALLAS 7-8-47 6-17 PM

DIRECTOR AND SAC, CINCINNATI- URGENT

FLYING DISC, INFORMATION CONCERNING. [redacted], HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH AIR FORCE, TELEPHONICALLY ADVISED THIS OFFICE THAT AN OBJECT PURPORTING TO BE A FLYING DISC WAS RE COVERED NEAR ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO, THIS DATE. THE DISC IS HEXAGONAL IN SHAPE AND WAS SUSPENDED FROM A BALLON BY CABLE, WHICH BALLON WAS APPROXIMATELY TWENTY FEET IN DIAMETER. [redacted] FURTHER ADVISED THAT THE OBJECT FOUND RESEMBLES A HIGH ALTITUDE WEATHER BALLOON WITH A RADAR REFLECTOR, BUT THAT TELEPHONIC CONVERSATION BETWEEN THEIR OFFICE AND WRIGHT FIELD HAD NOT [redacted] FORTH OUT THIS BELIEF. DISC AND BALLOON BEING TRANSPORTED TO WRIGHT FIELD BY SPECIAL PLANE FOR EXAMINATIO INFORMATION PROVIDED THIS OFFICE BECAUSE OF NATIONAL INTEREST IN CASE. [redacted] AND FACT THAT NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, ASSOCIATED PRESS, AND OTHERS ATTEMPTING TO BREAK STORY OF LOCATION OF DISC TODAY. [redacted] ADVISED WOULD REQUEST WRIGHT FIELD TO ADVISE CINCINNATI OFFICE RESULTS OF EXAMINATION. NO FURTHER INVESTIGATION BEING CONDUCTED.

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6-22 PM OK FBI WASH D.C. VK

cc: Mr. [redacted]

This official FBI telex sent out the very evening of the balloon press conference in Fort Worth refuted the "balloon story" just given to the

press by General Ramey. Photo by Don Schmitt.

Most of the military veterans from the Roswell Army Air Field who had been part of the recovery knew or had heard from others that the wreckage from the crash had gone to Wright Field. Small amounts apparently also went to other locations in New Mexico such as White Sands Proving Grounds, Los Alamos National Laboratory, and Cannon AFB in Clovis. The vast majority of the material went “back East,” as some referred to Wright Field. We know that Captain Oliver “Pappy” Henderson piloted a cargo planeload of wooden-crated debris to that destination. Ramey's adjutant at Fort Worth, Colonel DuBose, informed us that the original material ordered to Washington before the press release from Roswell went out was to go from there to Wright Field.

From the moment a craft of unknown origin descended tragically from the summer skies and crashed in the high desert of New Mexico in 1947, high-level officials outside Roswell clamored to get their hands on the exotic materials. At that time, and certainly as a consequence of World War II, a large number of national laboratories specialized in a wide variety of military technologies. But there was only one facility that was dedicated to the science of reverse engineering, and it happened to exist at Wright Field.

T2 was a key intelligence organization responsible for the breakdown and analysis of all weapons and equipment captured during the Great War. When the US military managed to capture something of foreign design, or as in the case of Roswell, something totally unidentifiable, it would go to T2 for dissection. This high-level unit of the best scientific engineers in the military was attached to the Air Materiel Command (AMC), also headquartered at Wright Field under the command of General Nathan F. Twining. In 1948, T2 would become the Air Technical Intelligence Center (ATIC) and in 1961 would officially become the Foreign Technology Division (FTD). Marcel was originally headed to T2 at Wright Field. He would never make it. But all hands at T2 still awaited the arrival of the pieces of a flying saucer from Roswell.

Brigadier General Arthur E. Exon described to us what happened after the flight that Ramey had grounded reached Wright Field. Exon, then a lieutenant colonel, was an administration student in technology at T2. “We heard the material was coming to Wright Field,” he said. Analysis of the

debris was performed in T2's various labs: “Everything from chemical analysis, stress tests, compression tests, flexing. It was brought into our material-evaluation lab. I don't know how it arrived, but the boys who tested it said it was very unusual.” Exon also described the material: “[Some of it] could be easily ripped or changed,” he said, but did not elaborate. “There were parts of it that were very thin but awfully strong and couldn't be dented with heavy hammers.... It was flexible to a degree.” According to Exon, “Some of it was flimsy and was stronger than hell, and the [rest] was almost like foil but strong. It had [T2 analysts] pretty puzzled.”[1]

According to Exon, the lab chiefs at Wright Field set up a “special project” for the testing of the material. “They knew they had something new in their hands,” continued Exon, “the metal and material was unknown to anyone I talked to. Whatever they found, I never heard what the results were. A couple of guys thought it might be Russian, but the overall consensus was that the pieces were from space. Everyone from the White House on down knew that what we had found was not of this world within 24 hours of our finding it.” When asked what he thought about the components' physical makeup, he said, “I don't know, at the time, if it was titanium or some other metal ... or if it was something *they* knew about and the processing was something different.”[2]

When asked about the bodies from the crash, Exon replied, “I know people that were involved in photographing some of the residue from the New Mexico affair near Roswell. There was another location where ... apparently the main body of the spacecraft was ... where they did say there were bodies.” Asked if the bodies had been sent to Wright Field, Exon said simply, “That's my information ... people I have known were involved with that.”[3]

General Exon was not alone in his beliefs that the bodies had been brought to Wright Field. Former First Lieutenant Raymond A. Madson said that he and his wife, who both worked at the base, heard that the bodies were stored there. And Norma Gardner, a secretary employed at the military facility until 1959, had a top security clearance. Gardner had been given the duty of logging in all Roswell-related material, which included parts of the interior of the craft itself. As had originally been done in Roswell, her job was to cross-check every piece that had been photographed, tagged, or numbered. She was also aware of the Roswell bodies being preserved there:

“They were small, about four feet tall, but with large heads and slanted eyes ... obviously were not human.”[4]

The litany of such witnesses goes on into the many dozens; many accounts are fully detailed in the revised edition of *UFO Secrets Inside Wright-Patterson*. To this very day, the rumors and legend continue that Wright Field was host to the bodies recovered at Roswell. Legend is always born of circumstantial events, which take on a life of their own. The difference with the Roswell–Wright Field connection is that the talk of alien bodies originated at a time when the Pentagon was doing all it could to extinguish that flame—and the fire has never gone out.

John G. Tiffany reported that his father was stationed at Wright Field in 1947 and that his unit, as part of their assignment, supported the 509th Bomb Group in Roswell. According to Tiffany, his father, along with his crew, had been flown to a “destination in the southwest.” There, they picked up strange, metallic debris and a large cylinder that reminded him of a “giant thermos bottle” for transport back to Wright Field. Tiffany was told by his father that the metal was very lightweight but very tough. It was smooth and had a “glass-like” surface, and every way that the flight crew had attempted to deform it—mark, bend, or break it—failed. But what bothered the airmen most was the unusual cylinder and its unknown contents. Tiffany wasn't sure if his father had actually seen anything resembling bodies firsthand, but he did state that “two of the corpses were intact,” which suggests that he had. After the flight, the crew started to experience a strange sensation—a feeling that they were somehow “contaminated.” According to Tiffany, “They couldn't get over [the feeling of] handling something that foreign.”[5] This impression is supported by Chester P. Barton and Earl V. Fulford, who both described the uneasiness of handling and being in the proximity of something that may have posed a physical danger. Barton added that personnel were instructed to report to the base hospital “to be checked out” upon their return from the retrieval operation.[6]

Once the Tiffany flight arrived at Wright Field, everything was offloaded, including the giant, thermos-like capsule. The entire cargo was loaded into trucks, and once the vehicles departed, the flight crew was debriefed by a high-ranking official who told them that the just-completed flight never took place.

A similar feeling of uneasiness regarding the remains also over-came the

aforementioned Captain Oliver Henderson when he told a close friend and fellow military officer, Dr. John Kromschroeder, about them. According to Kromschroeder, he and Henderson were sharing stories while on a fishing trip and after a few hours Henderson mentioned that he had seen the bodies at Roswell along with the remains of their craft. Kromschroeder said that Henderson was nervous about it. “He was clearly uncomfortable talking about it.” Henderson, according to Kromschroeder, did not like being around the dead or injured and wanted to get away from them as quickly as he could. Kromschroeder quoted Henderson as saying, “I couldn't really look at them.” But he did see enough to say that they were “kinda little guys.” He also described that the bodies had been placed in a deep freezer and that, as late as 1986, he thought that they were still at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Naturally Kromschroeder wanted to know more about it, but Henderson would repeat only the descriptions (gray little men with big heads, slanted eyes, and tiny mouths) and then ended the conversation with “I just can't talk about it.”[7]

It's a damned lie! Have you been watching CNN? It's a damned balloon lie. They used it before,” the outraged woman's voice on the other end of the phone call exclaimed to friend and colleague James Clarkson. “I'm 72 years old. I've outlived two husbands and survived cancer twice. What are they going to do—shoot me or put me in prison?” Fortunately for history's sake, June Crain, who was employed by the US War Department at Wright-Patterson from 1942 through 1952, was fully aware what had actually arrived from Roswell in July 1947. June would describe to Clarkson how she tried to cut a small, aluminum-colored piece of metal with a pair of scissors, but the scissors would just slide off without leaving so much as a scratch. She folded it every which way trying to tear it, but all it did was return to its original shape. “I tried everything I could to tear it up, and I couldn't make a mark on it. It had a funny slick feel to it. Didn't feel like metal I've ever felt. I have yet to see anything that would have those properties. And so light!”[8] For a full account of the June Crain story, please see *Tell My Story—June Crain, the Air Force & UFOs* by James E. Clarkson.

Colonel Robert Friend, who was stationed at Wright Field at the time of the incident, stated it was not any Mogul balloon.

Colonel Robert Friend was the second to last director of the Air Force's Project Blue Book. In 2016 he made an admission to coauthor Schmitt that he too was stationed at Wright Field at the time the "pieces from Roswell arrived. It was no weather balloon or any balloon by design. We all knew at the time."[9] Colonel Friend still maintains that it was an errant atomic bomb, a "broken arrow," as such circumstances would eventually be called, and he

could provide no insights as to why he would make that assertion. Nonetheless, he is another person of high rank who confirmed that the wreckage arrived at the base and, more importantly, that the balloon cover story was just that—a cover story.

With all the eyewitness testimony and enough additional witnesses to fill multiple chapters, the obvious conclusion to be drawn is that both Ramey and officers at Wright Field were completely aware of the true nature of the Roswell material—and the bodies. Until that time when they could amass all the intelligence needed to provide a clearer picture from a national security standpoint, the grim situation would remain fluid and the search for answers would continue. Meanwhile, unabashed control of the entire predicament remained the official policy—but one mistake and the balloon fallacy blows up in their faces.

Startling as it may seem, after seventy-three years, the scenario hasn't changed much—four official explanations for one event notwithstanding. As all the actual participants were reminded who had witnessed the events unfold in Roswell, then the balloon charade in Fort Worth, then on to Wright Field to once again marvel and shudder at the possibilities—Roswell serves to remind all of us that ignorance normally succumbs to realization, then revelation. The secret keepers continue to work overtime ...

When approached by Roswell researcher William L. Moore over thirty years after he authored the famous FBI memo that challenged the Air Force's counter-story, Percy Wyly refused to talk. He flatly remarked, “I am retired now and am enjoying life. I don't receive phone calls from strange people and there are not any knocks on my door late at night. I want to keep it that way. Good bye.”[1]

CHAPTER 8

Flailing in the Dark: The Officers Take Charge

Over the past thirty years the skeptical community has launched a relentless attack in an effort to discredit the Roswell Incident. One ploy that they continue to use is to maintain that there are no firsthand witnesses —a charge we have refuted since day one with hundreds of examples to the contrary. The next revision of the facts is that they claim we have no high-ranking military sources that saw anything out of the ordinary back in 1947, another one of their intentional efforts to prevent the novice from looking behind the curtain. What we are about to demonstrate is that there is indeed a plethora of military witnesses who have confessed to observing the extraordinary details of this earthshaking event. And their accounts testify to a high level of involvement in the entire Roswell affair ... and concern about the unknown.

It is now seventy-three years after the event and it is still unclear whether the chief intelligence officer of the 509th Bomb Group, Major Jesse Marcel Sr., knew that the mangled remains of a weather balloon and radar kite were part of the secured cargo first destined for Wright Field. The next thing he knew, they were heading to Fort Worth. General Ramey was about to put on his show. One thing, however, is certain: until the day he died in May 1986, Marcel swore that what he personally recovered in the desert north of Roswell was not what was displayed for *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* news photographer James B. Johnson in Ramey's office that same day, July 8,

1947.

Marcel never made it to Wright Field; nonetheless, the original “real” debris still went on that same evening. As for Marcel, he was kept in seclusion for the next twenty-four hours before being allowed to return to Roswell on another B-29, tail number 447301.

Once back home, just two days after he had displayed some of the true wreckage to his wife, Vi (short for Viaud), and son Jesse Jr., Marcel informed them that he was no longer able to talk about it—not because the news reports were correct about the balloon nonsense but rather because it was now classified top secret.

Throughout his illustrious military career, Major Marcel was prestigiously honored with fifteen awards for combat credit and fifteen more, including the Bronze Service Star, for his dedication and devotion to his country. Nevertheless, Roswell was a supposed black mark against his competence and we are still led to believe that the number one intelligence officer in the United States military back in 1947 couldn't identify rubber, sticks, foil, tape, and string.

During the last few years of Marcel's life, as he gradually struggled more and more with emphysema, he bravely attempted to tell the world the truth about what he witnessed and handled out on that desert ranch thirty years before. “It was nothing we had ever seen before,” Marcel stated on the record. “It was not an aircraft of any kind; that I am sure of. We didn't know what it was. It was nothing made on this earth.”[1]

Neither Jesse Marcel Sr. nor his son had discussed the Roswell Incident publicly for almost thirty years. As Dr. Jesse Marcel Jr. observed, “Doing so would pose a very real danger to our careers, if not our very lives.”[2] So when his father finally broke his own silence in 1978 and spoke out as to the true nature of the UFO crash, Jesse Jr. was also sought out by researchers, the media—and those responsible for the cover-up.

Within a year of graduating with his medical degree, Jesse Jr. joined the US Navy and retired as a flight surgeon for the first time in 1971. Two years later he joined the Montana Army National Guard and then served as its state surgeon before retiring a second time with the full rank of colonel. His father had retired as a lieutenant colonel—both had handled and examined the actual wreckage from the 1947 debris field. And like his father, Jesse Jr.

became a champion for the truth of the event. He would state, “But I know what I saw and what I felt on that summer night in 1947. I know of my father's excitement, frustration, and ultimate despair as a result of Roswell.... In any case, if sticking to my beliefs about Roswell is foolish or stubborn, then I proudly accept those mantles.”[3]

The American public was led to believe that everyone involved, with no training at all, recognized the balloon for what it was. This in contrast to the mistakes made by trained personnel in New Mexico. That aside, accepting for the moment that was the case, there is the testimony of Colonel Thomas J. DuBose. In July 1947 he was the chief of staff of the Eighth Air Force and oversaw the events transpiring over at Roswell. In 1990, as a retired brigadier general, DuBose signed a sworn affidavit where he stated, “Actually, it was a cover story, the balloon part of it.... I don't know whether it was McMullen [General Clements McMullen] or Kalberer [Colonel Alfred Kalberer, Eighth Air Force chief of intelligence] or who, somebody cooked up the idea as a cover story ... we'll use this weather balloon. That was the direction we were told. I mean, there wasn't any question about it. We were told this is the story that is to be given to the press, and that is it, and anything else, forget it.”[4] Give them an explanation that they'll accept, but don't tell them the truth.

For a full account of the testimony of First Lieutenant Walter G. Haut, see Chapter 13.

At the time of the entire affair, the RAAF 509th headquarters was located in a multistory building just to the south of the front gate. Obviously, one of the points of special interest focused on throughout our investigation was the officers and personnel who occupied that building. Clearly, it was the hub of activity and the central brain of the entire retrieval operation. Even so, it was not surprising that upon approaching these former base operatives with our questions, we were mostly hit with “I saw nothing, I heard nothing, and I know nothing.”[5] All par for the course, as we expected those very answers. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph C. Briley, who was head of operations and a member of S-3, did confirm some of the details he must have felt safe disclosing. He acknowledged that his boss, Colonel Blanchard, set up a base of operations at the site immediately north of town and confessed that the base commander's announced leave was nothing more than “a blind” to cover for his absence. Second, Briley confirmed the detention of Mack

Brazel at the base “for about a week” and that he was “housed” at the base “guest house,” a small, fenced-off single-story building just to the west of the front gate. Funny thing, we occasionally contacted the retired colonel after that, and whether it was him or his wife, they had “nothing further to say,”[6] or they would just hang up. It never required a great detective's mind to surmise that the loyal officer knew much more than he leaked to us. Not once did he claim it was anything conventional.

Captain Oliver “Pappy” Henderson, the pilot who had flown the first set of bodies from Roswell to Wright Field on July 8, 1947, described their appearance as reminding him of the cartoon character “Casper the Ghost.”[7] Before he died in 1987, the officer confirmed the unscheduled flight of his C-54 plane to his wife, family, and former crewmates from World War II.

Clearly, one of the most significant officers to testify to the unearthly nature of the Roswell Incident was the former base commander at Wright-Patterson, Brigadier General Arthur Exon. Ironically, what Exon is most noted for is that he was there when the wreckage and bodies arrived back in 1947. “Everyone from the White House on down knew that what we found was not of this world within 24 hours of our finding it,” he revealed to us.[8]

General Exon's experience with the recovered Roswell remnants wasn't limited to the work at Wright Field either. A number of months later, he told us, he flew over central New Mexico and checked out the crash site he heard about while stationed in Ohio. “[It was] probably part of the same accident,” he said, “but [there were] two distinct sites. [At] the northwest [site], pieces found on the [Foster] ranch, those pieces were mostly metal.” The general also confirmed having seen the gouge that others had reported. Exon said, “I remember auto tracks leading to the pivotal sites and obvious gouges in the terrain. There was another location where ... apparently the main body of the spacecraft was ... where they did say there were bodies.”[9]

Captain Meyers Wahnee was a full-blooded Comanche Indian who had piloted B-24 *Liberator* bombers during World War II. Fondly known as “Chief” by his crewmates, Wahnee was a top-tier security officer by 1947. In July of that year, he and a number of other men from his unit were ordered from Lowry AAF in Denver, Colorado, to the RAAF to oversee the transport of a “top secret item” from Roswell to Fort Worth via a special B-29 flight. This was the wooden crate stored in bomb pit #1, which from all accounts contained the second transfer of bodies from the crash. Wahnee

informed his family that he accompanied the secret cargo in the bomb bay for the duration of the flight. Up until the time he died, he told his family about this specific assignment, adding one final caveat: “Whatever you do, don't believe the government. It really happened.”[10]

The testimony of First Lieutenant Chester P. Barton, who passed away in 2000, illustrates the various levels of security present on the Roswell base in 1947 and the precise distinction between the 1395th MP Company and the 390th Air Service Squadron regarding security matters. Barton was assigned to the 1395th, serving under Captain Beverly H. Tripp, when he was ordered to report to his unit's commanding officer, the base provost marshal, Major Edwin Easley. Soon thereafter, Barton and Tripp were motoring in a jeep carryall to an undisclosed flat, open desert area about forty-five minutes north of town. Barton had no idea what to expect, but the armed checkpoints and rumors about a downed spaceship served to fuel his curiosity. But curiosity would not account for the armed security roadblocks Barton ran into upon arriving at the heavily guarded scene before him. Though he was an officer, Barton was allowed no closer than 150 feet from the wreck. He could perform no duties, nor could he engage anyone with a “need to know” what was going on. Barton was restricted to the cheap seats with the sole mission of reporting back to Easley what he saw and what his impressions were. No doubt Easley was very pleased, because his lieutenant, Barton, with no prior briefing, came away with the conclusion that it was merely the wreckage of a B-29 bomber. Personnel on the periphery without the highest of security clearances would be less inclined to believe the rumors. Better to have them think it was just “one of ours.” Still, Barton was never able to identify any of the metallic debris that he did see. But, more importantly, he did confirm an actual crash site not too far north of Roswell, an intact craft of some sort, scorched ground and men testing the site for radioactivity. Because records show that there had been no crash of any military or civilian aircraft north of Roswell during that timeframe, Barton's observations deal a fatal blow to the current Air Force explanation that rubber balloons and tinfoil radar targets from Project Mogul were responsible for the Roswell Incident. Armed security details and radioactivity concerns aside, Barton stated that he had witnessed *metallic* debris at the crash site—he thought it might have been B-29 wreckage, but that was just a supposition given his distance from the craft itself—and burn marks on the ground, both of which rule out any type of “balloon crash,” be

it weather, Mogul, or otherwise.

Speaking of Major Edwin Easley, he is perhaps the most famous of our reluctant witnesses and maintained all along that, as of 1990, he was “still sworn to secrecy.” No matter what question was posed to him by former partner to Don Schmitt, Kevin Randle, the then lieutenant colonel refused to respond. It was some months after the first Randle/Schmitt book was released on Roswell and a copy had been sent to Easley that the two of them followed up with a phone call. Randle was at the office of the Center for UFO Studies in Chicago and the officer at his home in Texas. Randle asked, “Now that you've read the book can you tell us if we are going in the right direction?” And Easley gave us the perfect “military” response. “Well, let's just say that you're not going in the wrong direction.”[11] A year later, while he lay dying at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, Texas, he finally confirmed, after more than forty years of secrecy, that what crashed north of Roswell was extraterrestrial in origin. He asked his two daughters and granddaughter to understand that he had taken an oath and that he had “promised the president” that he would never reveal what he had personally seen.

Easley wasn't the only one to make such a confession. Just before he passed away in November 1995, the former Roswell base adjutant in 1947, Major Patrick Saunders, wrote on numerous copies of the paperback edition of the 1994 Randle/Schmitt book *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell,* which he sent to family and close friends, this cathartic statement: *This is the truth, and I still haven't told anyone!—Pat.* Several months before he died, he confided to other close friends that they were faced with a technology greater than ours and that “We had no idea what *their* intentions might be.” In a 1997 letter to Randle, one of Saunders's children wrote, “At one point, he bragged to me about how well he had covered the ‘paper trail’ associated with the clean-up!”[12]

The late Major Charles A. McGee would occasionally be assigned sentry duty at one of the gates at the RAAF, starting in late summer of 1947. The main gate entrance went north up Main Street, taking you into downtown Roswell, whereas the east gate took you from the B-29 hangars, such as P-3, to the freight yard just outside the base, and the south gate took you more than a mile from the inner perimeter fence to the base radio transmitters and antennae towers. McGee was not assigned to any of these secured posts but rather to the west gate, which basically led to nowhere. But according to the

major, the sole purpose of this entrance was for base personnel to secretly bypass the city proper and head due north using the back roads—destination: the debris field. The primary “back road” to the Foster ranch was the Pine Lodge Road located at the north end of Roswell where it intersects Highway 285. According to McGee, “Typically, after heavy rains up in the Lincoln County region, that's when they'd make their move.” Men would slip out, passing through this uninhabited area of the base, out the west gate past sentry McGee, and then rendezvous with accomplices pulling horse trailers. There they would change into ranch attire and inconspicuously ride through the original wreckage site on horseback, blending in with the scenery, scouring the landscape for any missed artifacts from the crash. Fifty years after this clandestine activity, Lieutenant Colonel McGee still expressed his amazement, “This went on for about two and a half years!”[13]

First Lieutenant Robert J. Shirkey was the former assistant operations officer for the 509th and the officer on duty when the July 8 flight to Wright Field taxied up to the flight operations building. His job was to draw up its flight plan. According to Shirkey, within moments after Lieutenant Colonel Payne Jennings pulled up B-29 Dave's Dream in front of flight ops for preflight, he heard Colonel Blanchard's voice boom behind him. From a hall doorway Shirkey observed at least six suited men (“FBI types”), none of whom he recognized, except for Major Marcel, who was carrying an open cardboard box filled with nonreflective, aluminum-looking “scrap metal.” All but one of the other men were carrying similar open boxes of the same material. One particular item in Marcel's box caught Shirkey's eye and stood out in his mind for the rest of his life: “Sticking up in one corner of the box... was a small I-beam with hieroglyphic markings on the inner flange, in some kind of weird color, not black, not purple, but a close approximation of the two.” Following Marcel was one of the FBI types, carrying only a single piece of metal under his arm. “It was about the size of a poster drawing board [about 2 feet by 3 feet]. Here it came, and there it went.”[14] Blanchard then turned and tossed a perfunctory “see you” in Shirkey's direction as he hastily left the building. He never saw Blanchard again. Nine days later, Shirkey was transferred to the Philippines.

From all eyewitness accounts, something unusual transpired inside the RAAF hospital at the time of the incident. Unfamiliar doctors and nurses rushed through the halls and into and out of rooms. Regular staff were sent

back to their quarters. No one was talking except for guarded whispers. MPs were posted around the outside perimeter as well as inside the main emergency corridor. Ambulance trucks would pull up to the rear loading dock, which led directly to the OR. As First Lieutenant Rosemary A. McManus, a nurse with the base medical unit, informed us just weeks before passing away, “Something big had happened!”[15] She would not elaborate or acknowledge anything more.

The summer of 1947 found Lieutenant Colonel Marion M. Magruder in class at the Air War College at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama. The class comprised officers whose ranks ranged from general to lieutenant colonel, the lowest rank permitted. The officers chosen for the class were deemed to represent the “best and brightest” in their respective branches of the military, as well as the future leaders heading into the postwar era. Magruder's class lasted from July 1947 up until early June 1948, when the officers would receive advanced training in military history, decision making, and geopolitical strategy—but in no way anything like what they encountered at Wright-Patterson in April 1948. It was at that time that all members of the class were flown up to Dayton, Ohio. Their “opinion” was needed on a matter of utmost urgency. First the officers were led into a room and briefed on what had transpired in New Mexico just the summer before. Next, samples of the actual wreckage were presented for them to examine. But the real shocker was yet to come.

“It was alive, but we killed it” were the words that haunted his five sons as Magruder lay on his deathbed almost fifty years later. According to their father, he later learned that the military had been conducting experiments on the survivor from Roswell, but it had died in the process. Magruder confessed to his brief experience with the survivor while at Wright-Patterson. The war class was told that it was the lone survivor from Roswell and that the “creature” was under five feet tall, “human-like” but with longer arms, larger eyes, and an oversized, hairless head for its small frame. He would emphasize that “there was no question that it came from another planet.”[16]

Attorney Nancy [Easley] Strickland, shown here participating in the 2002 archaeological "dig" at the 1947 debris field site, was witness to her father's deathbed confession about "the bodies." Photo by Tom Carey.

Like Magruder, Lieutenant Colonel Sydney Johnston had a prestigious record serving in World War II. He flew forty-four combat missions in his B-17 *Flying Fortress* bomber from England into strategic German target areas. He was an aeronautical engineer and, upon his retirement from the Air Force, found himself working at Northrop Aviation in Alamogordo, New Mexico, as a test engineer. On one particular day in the late 1950s, Johnston shared an experience of a lifetime in the company of the Holloman AFB base commander, Dr. Colonel John P. Stapp, Air Force flight surgeon known as the "Rocket Man" for all his research into g-force acceleration, and Dr. Knox Millsaps, famous mathematician from Wright-Patterson. Millsaps pulled a piece of "aluminum-like metal" from out of his coat and

displayed something none of them had ever seen before. It was roughly onefoot square and about three-sixteenths of an inch thick. “The edge was not cut but separated like it had a rough edge but straight.” Johnston went on describing the piece: “The more you squeezed it, the more tension you could feel. It was flexible, but the four corners were straight, which suggested that it was stretched to its limit and broke. We couldn't break it or even scratch it in any way ... yet it was flexible.” Johnston asked Millsaps where he got the bizarre piece of material, to which the thermodynamics metallurgist replied, “Go talk to the people over at Roswell.”[17]

Another case in point: Rogene Cordes's late husband, Harry, was a B-29 bomber pilot at the RAAF in 1947. He would later go on to fly U-2 spy planes for the CIA, be stationed at Wright-Patterson AFB, Area 51, and the Pentagon, retiring as a brigadier general. According to Mrs. Cordes, her family tried for years without much success to get him to talk about Roswell, even going so far as to try getting him drunk on several occasions with that hope. These efforts were in vain. “He did believe that the craft was extraterrestrial and that it is not stored at Area 51, but at one time may have been at Wright-Patterson in ‘off limits areas.’ He wondered his whole life why there was a cover-up.” Mrs. Cordes, however, answered her husband's question from her own experience: “All of those guys [at the RAAF] knew what was happening, but it was a matter of duty to country to never talk, and everyone felt at the time that it was their ‘patriotic duty’ to not ask too many questions. Anyone who wanted to stay in the military didn't talk about it.”[18]

That was certainly the case for Major Jesse Marcel and Captain Sheridan Cavitt, the first military and intelligence officers to arrive at the Foster ranch. Before Major Marcel died, he went public with a fair portion of the true story. Lieutenant Colonel Cavitt, on the other hand, denied, denied, and denied. But there were those few occasions ...

Mrs. (Mary) Sheridan Cavitt divulged details that her husband refused to share. Photo by Don Schmitt.

The first time Randle and Schmitt met with the former CIC officer, after an afternoon of denying he was even at the RAAF in July 1947, Cavitt accompanied both to their car. As they were saying goodbye, he blurted out, “I need to know, if you should find anything which would threaten national security [in the course of your investigation], you keep it to yourselves, won't you?”[19] A bit startled at first, we did answer, “Why, of course, Colonel.” We got in the car, looked at one another, and simultaneously said, “He knows.”

On another occasion, Schmitt was having a casual discussion with the officer's wife, Mary, as she described the first time the Cavitts and Marcels resumed their “card night” after Marcel returned from the Fort Worth weather balloon sideshow. What Mary Cavitt was disclosing to Schmitt was quite a story ... It seems within a few nights of Marcel's return from Fort Worth, the two couples got together for their weekly game of bridge. But on this particular night, the wives remained in the front room while the two husbands toiled over the stove in the kitchen. As Mary described it, “The men turned up the heat as high as it would go, and it still had no effect.” That's because the focus of their efforts was no simple pot of boiling water —rather, it was a single piece of the *real* crash debris. Mrs. Cavitt claimed this astonishing scenario ended when “Cav [her husband] reminded Jess [Marcel] that the material was classified ‘top secret’ and he had better get rid of it.” According to her, “The two men went out onto the patio,” with the nigh-indestructible material. Moments later, “when they returned, it was gone.”[20]

All at once, in the middle of the phone conversation, Schmitt heard what he suspected was her husband entering the room and proceeding to grumble in the background. In an instant, Cavitt took the receiver and blurted into the phone, “Did you guys ever think about breaking up the old Marcel patio?”[21] No further explanation was necessary.

CHAPTER 9

Searching for the On Button

It was a spaceship. After all these years, I still don't know how that thing flew. There were no moving parts. There was no engine! Before I go, I want you fellas to promise me that you will find out. I'd like to know.

—SERGEANT WILLIAM C. "BILL" ENNIS, 393rd Bomb Squadron, RAAF, Roswell, NM, 1947

In July 2008, while we were in Roswell for the yearly UFO festival, we introduced Earl Fulford to Bill Ennis. In 1947, Sergeant William C. Ennis was a flight engineer with the 393rd Bomb Squadron at the RAAF. Hangar P-3 was the primary facility of the 393rd at the time of the incident, as well as the primary receiving facility for the wreckage and bodies recovered from the UFO crash. It stood to reason that anyone who worked in that hangar might know something. We had interviewed Ennis in person years before, in 1992, but all he would offer us was to laugh everything off as just a "weather balloon." After years of denial, and after meeting Earl Fulford, Ennis allowed, "Whatever Earl told you [see Chapter 6] is all true." It would take an additional meeting later in 2008 to obtain Ennis's final confession, which is cited in the opening quote above. Unfortunately, Ennis passed away before we could give him the answer to his question.

When Corona sheep rancher Mack Brazel heard a strange, muffled explosion among the thunderclaps during a severe lightning storm late on the evening of July 2, 1947, he had no idea what it could be.[1] "The lightning

seemed to be attracted to a single location on the ranch," he would later tell his son Bill. Some of Brazel's neighbors also told of hearing the explosion.[2] The following day, as he gazed upon one of his pastures now covered by pieces of silvery wreckage, he still had no idea what it was. Without electricity or a radio and with only weekly or monthly newspapers, he had not heard about the "flying saucers" that had made their historical appearance only two weeks previously. It wasn't until Brazel had paid a visit to his close neighbors the following day, and to a Corona bar on July 5, that he heard about them—as well as a possible reward for finding one. Early the following morning, July 6, he would find *something else* on his ranch, something that convinced him to make the dusty drive to Roswell to report his finds, thus securing his place in history and initiating one of the greatest mysteries of the twentieth century.

Leaving the *something else* for another chapter, what was it exactly that was deposited in small pieces in Brazel's sheep pasture, concentrated so densely in a fan-shaped pattern up to 1.5 million square feet that summer of 1947? From various sources both military and civilian who saw and/or handled pieces of the wreckage, it consisted mostly of two major types of wreckage:

1. A large quantity of small, palm-sized pieces of smooth, very thin, very light but extremely strong "metal" the color of aluminum that could not be bent, cut, scratched, or burned.[3] Some of the larger pieces displayed a slight curvature,[4] thus suggesting to us that these pieces formed the stiff outer shell of a discshaped craft—a "flying saucer" as was then being reported in the newspapers.
2. A large quantity of palm-sized and larger pieces of a very thin and very light "metal" or "cloth" with "fluid" properties. This type of wreckage also could not be cut, scratched, or burned, but it could be temporarily deformed.[5] As one of the amazed witnesses told us, "I wadded up a piece of it in my hand, and it felt as though there was nothing there. Then, I placed it on a smooth surface, and it unfurled itself and flowed over the flat surface like liquid mercury back to its original shape without so much as a crease."[6] This is the so-called "memory metal," "morphing metal," or "self-healing metal" that we have over the years referred to as our "Holy Grail of Roswell" because securing a piece of it would provide instant, irrefutable proof of the extraterrestrial nature of

the Roswell Incident.[7] We believe that these pieces of wreckage formed a special “skin” over the stiff outer shell of the disc cited in number 1.

Most of the witnesses of the physical wreckage who did not have the opportunity to handle it did not distinguish between numbers 1 and 2 described above and simply told of seeing a vast field of small pieces of silvery wreckage. It's clear that this type of wreckage made up the bulk—perhaps 90 percent—of all the wreckage found, most of which was located at the so-called Brazel “Debris Field Site” on the J. B. Foster ranch in Lincoln County. It's also clear that, from the fan shape of the debris field and the small-sized pieces of wreckage, the disc of unknown origin did not crash but rather disintegrated or exploded in the air, most likely from an internal malfunction of some sort or from an external factor such as a lightning strike. A detailed search of weather data for central New Mexico during the general time frame surrounding the incident revealed only one date that such a storm with thunder and lightning had occurred—the evening of July 2, 1947![8]

A small number of other items that were found and reported by a few, but not all, witnesses included the following:

- Threadlike monofilament “wires” that could not be cut, scratched, burned, or permanently deformed. They could be coiled, and when a light from a flashlight was shone in one end, it could be seen coming out the other end; it has been suggested by some that these “wires” adumbrated today's fiber-optics technology.[9]
- A small, black, seamless box that could not be opened. Unfortunately, nothing further has ever been discussed or reported as to the possible purpose, whereabouts, or final disposition of this interesting artifact from the crash.[10]
- A light, seamless, dull-aluminum “flange” or “strut” of some sort was mentioned by one witness but, like the little black box, nothing further was ever said about it.[11]
- A number of thin “I-beams” about eighteen to thirty inches long by one-fourth of an inch wide by three-eighths of an inch thick containing “writing” in the form of unintelligible symbols along their lengths. These “beams” were as light as balsa wood but, like the rest of the wreckage, resisted deformation or destruction; linguistic specialists were

hired to try to “read” or decipher the “language” on the I-beams but all such attempts failed.[12]

- A number of strips of thin, aluminum-like “metal” about three to four feet long by three to four inches wide containing a hieroglyphic-like “writing” on them. The ones we knew about were stolen under mysterious circumstances from an alleged witness's home. The military would have recovered some of this type of wreckage as well and certainly would have also called in experts to try to make sense of the “writing” contained thereon, but as everyone knows, the military still denies the existence of UFOs and the possession of wreckage a crashed one would leave in its wake.[13]
- An intact or nearly intact (one eyewitness said that one end of it was missing) silvery, egg-shaped “pod” or “inner cabin” the size of a Volkswagen Beetle along with two dead aliens and one live alien was found in Chaves County thirty to thirty-five miles east-southeast of the Brazel debris field. Leaving the aliens aside here, we know that the “pod” was recovered to the RAAF's Hangar P-3 and remained there for approximately four months, after which it was flown to Wright Field's Hangar 23 (a.k.a. Hangar 18) in Dayton, Ohio, for “reverse-engineering.”[14] Did this pod or inner cabin house the “on button” or “starter switch” that energized the disc to fly?

It should be noted that we believe that some debris similar to what was described in numbers 1 and 2 above must have fallen to Earth below the trajectory of the stricken craft in its death ride from the debris field to its final resting place at the Impact Site. We have conducted several archeological “digs” at the Foster ranch Debris Field Site without finding any physical pieces of wreckage. This site is where most of the wreckage had fallen after the airborne explosion (and cleaned up with a fine-tooth comb by the military), but walking the thirty to thirty-five mile trek between the two crash sites looking for a cosmic “needle in the haystack” most likely covered over by seventy-three years of Aeolian (wind-borne) deposits is beyond our capabilities. We have also been told that there might be a piece of wreckage lurking under the patio of the old Marcel house, in the crawl space or behind one of the stones of the fireplace at the old Haut house, and in one of the walls of the old Hangar P-3 (now Building 84) on the old Roswell air base. Geraldo, where are you when we need you?

Sheriff Wilcox did not believe Mack Brazel's story at first. Even the two boxes of wreckage that Brazel had brought with him didn't impress him. A fortuitous phone call from KGFL radio announcer Frank Joyce to the sheriff seeking anything of interest that he could put on the air saved the day for Wilcox. “Yes, I have somebody here right now you might be interested in talking to,” grinned Wilcox as he passed the phone to Brazel. Joyce didn't believe Brazel's story either, but he suggested that Wilcox should call the air base south of town because he believed that anything that came down from the sky, whatever its nature, was the responsibility of the Air Force.[15] Not too happy at having to pull Sunday duty, and his lunch interrupted on top of it, Major Jesse Marcel nevertheless drove the seven miles from the base up to the sheriff's office just off Main Street in downtown Roswell to see what the rancher had brought to town. Being the RAAF's intelligence officer, Marcel was concerned that it might be something “Russian” that had to be at least checked out. Upon cursory examination, Marcel kept his thoughts to himself but was sufficiently impressed with the exotic nature of what he was seeing and handling that he requested he be able to take one of the two boxes of wreckage back to the base to show his commanding officer.

Not recognizing the debris in the box that Marcel had brought to him and also thinking it might be something the Russians might have cooked up, Colonel Blanchard ordered Major Marcel to follow the rancher, Brazel, back to his ranch for a look-see and to also take someone else along with him as another set of eyes. Marcel chose Captain Sheridan Cavitt, the chief of counterintelligence on the base, to accompany him and the rancher out to the “boondocks.” The so-called “Roswell Incident” was on.

While this trio was out at the Debris Field Site in Lincoln County on July 7, an egg-shaped “pod” or “inner cabin” was discovered at the Impact Site thirty-five miles north-northwest of Roswell in Chaves County, along with two dead aliens and one living alien from another world. Word of this latest find spread around Roswell like wildfire. An APB was then put out to find Brazel, who was taken into custody the following morning, July 8. He was taken to and sequestered at the RAAF guest house for at least a week, where he was cajoled, worked over, and finally threatened to get him to lie to the Roswell media about what he had found on his ranch. He died in 1963 a bitter and broken man for having reported his find, something he originally considered to have been his patriotic duty. Captain Cavitt, for his part,

turned into a serial liar, even lying to the Air Force in their 1994 reinvestigation of the incident, and took everything he knew with him to his grave in 1999. And Major Jesse Marcel Sr.? He unexpectedly left a promising Air Force career at the Pentagon a year or two later to return home to the peace and tranquility of Houma, Louisiana, to become a TV repairman. But without his breaking of his long-held silence in 1978, there would be no "Roswell Incident" for the rest of us to investigate. He died in 1986 but not before passing the "torch of truth" he lit to his namesake son, Jesse Marcel Jr., to continue and enhance his legacy. We never met Jesse Sr., but Jesse Jr., among the nicest and most honorable people we have ever met, became a great friend to us. We last met him down at the Roswell UFO festival in July 2013, not knowing that a month later, within days of his seventy-seventh birthday, he would be joining his father.

We know that Mack Brazel told the *Roswell Daily Record* on July 8, 1947, that what he found was certainly "no weather observation balloon."[16] Later, he confided to a few family members that it was "the strangest stuff he had ever seen" and, according to his son Bill, the Army admitted to his father that they had definitely established that "it wasn't anything made by us."

Major Jesse Marcel Sr. thought *from the very first* that the wreckage was from an extraterrestrial spacecraft. His son, Jesse Jr., had confirmed that fact to us, because his father was already talking about the wreckage in terms of it being "from a *flying saucer*" during his early morning visit home on July 8 with some samples from his trip to the Foster ranch.

According to one of Colonel William "Butch" Blanchard's longtime friends, the late Brigadier General Woodrow "Woodie" Swancutt, who had flown B-29s under Blanchard at the RAAF in 1947, "At first Blanchard thought he had something, but after considerable communication between him and [General] Ramey, . . . Colonel Blanchard seemed quite content to accept [the weather balloon explanation], as long as it was out of his hands anyway."[17] Tall for those days (six feet four), with movie star good looks, Blanchard had also been a star athlete in football and ice hockey at West Point. During World War II in the Pacific, he had doubled as a bomber pilot and an operations officer, the latter of which he performed for General Ramey in 1946 during the atom bomb tests at Bikini Atoll for Operation Crossroads. As a "full-bird" colonel in command of the only nuclear strike

force in the world (the 509th Bomb Group at Roswell AAF), the thirty-one-year-old Blanchard's eyes were already focusing on “the prize”—on some day becoming the Air Force's chief of staff. He would have done so too, but 1966 found the fifty-year-old Blanchard at the Pentagon, a full general with four stars and in line to become the next Air Force chief of staff when he suffered a fatal heart attack at his desk. As fate would have it no other way, it was his favorite B-29 pilot from his Roswell days, now Brigadier General Woodie Swancutt, who stayed with him, cradling him in his arms, until the medics arrived. Blanchard had succeeded in having no part of something that might sully his reputation on his way to the mountain top, something like his name being associated with a UFO story like Roswell. So, he was glad when General Ramey assumed control of the situation and he could “go on leave” until it was over.

We know from Blanchard's first wife, Ethel Simms, that her former husband knew that the wreckage he had sent to Fort Worth was no weather balloon: “At first he thought it might be a Russian device because of the strange symbols on it. Later on, he realized it wasn't Russian either.”[18] However, when pressed for an answer by his family at the dinner table on a number of occasions, according to his daughter Dale, he would stare off into space as if in a trance and repeat over and over again, “The Russians have some amazing things. The Russians have some amazing things.”[19] Colonel Blanchard's second wife, Anne, declined our many attempts to interview her and is now presumed dead. His daughter Dale is also now gone, and what we learned from her about her father was from an arcane 1996 publication previously cited. Blanchard's namesake son, a retired lawyer, has steadfastly refused to comment about his father regarding the 1947 Roswell events.

Art McQuiddy was in July 1947 the editor of Roswell's second newspaper, the *Roswell Morning Dispatch*. He was also a good friend of Colonel Blanchard's, and the two would often get together for “off-the-record” discussions. For several months after the incident, McQuiddy had tried unsuccessfully to get Blanchard to tell him the real story. “He repeatedly refused to talk about it.” Then, in October or November 1947, McQuiddy tried again, “when we were a bit more relaxed than usual. Blanchard reluctantly admitted [to me] that he had authorized the press release. Then, as best I can remember it, he said, *‘I will tell you this and nothing more. The stuff I saw, I've never seen anyplace else in my life.’* That

was all he would say, and he never told me anything else about the matter."[20] McQuiddy passed away in 2014 at the age of ninety-five.

The former mayor of Roswell, William Brainerd, is more succinct when he tells a similar story of the time when Colonel Blanchard returned to Roswell a few years after the event, and he found himself in Blanchard's presence at an official function. Later the same day, he was sitting across from Blanchard at dinner. During the course of the meal, he finally asked Blanchard the obligatory question about the 1947 incident. "[It was] the damnedest thing I ever saw," was Blanchard's only comment.[21] Brainerd passed away in December 2018 at the age of ninety-one.

As for Blanchard's boss, General Roger Ramey, commanding officer of the Eighth Air Force in Fort Worth, we know from public records that Ramey was the "inspiration" behind the weather balloon cover story that chilled press interest in the Roswell story for three decades.[22] On top of that, he also went on the radio to suggest that all reported UFO sightings were made in states that were *not* "dry" states.[23] Ramey apparently did such a good job in killing the Roswell story that he was "rewarded" in the 1950s by becoming the Air Force's "go-to guy" (a.k.a. the Air Force's "saucer man") in time of need; for example, during the famous 1952 Washington, DC, UFO sightings. In that case, it was "weather inversions" that our pilots were said to have been chasing in the night skies over the nation's capital (and *not* weather balloons, which wouldn't quite work a second time)!

We located a firsthand witness several years ago who had been stationed at Fort Worth AAF back in 1948. An enlisted crewman on a B-29, Marion Brimberry was waiting on the tarmac to board his aircraft along with the rest of the crew. Also waiting with the crew on this day was General Ramey himself. One of the officers in the crew was overheard to ask Ramey about the 1947 Roswell events: "What about it, General? What was that stuff?" to which Ramey responded, "It was the biggest lie I ever had to tell.... [It was] out of this world, Son, out of this world."[24] Brimberry passed away in 2016 at the age of ninety-three.

In 1996 we contacted former stage, screen, and TV actress–turned–Vietnam War photojournalist, Elaine Shepard. She also happened to be married to an Air Force general at some point in her life. Their circle of friends included the General and Mrs. Ramey. According to her, "LaTane [Mrs. Ramey] told me that before her husband died, he told her that the 1947

Roswell crash involved a “spaceship” and not a weather balloon, as he had previously stated publicly.”[25] Shepard would not divulge any additional details of her conversation with Mrs. Ramey because she wanted to include it in a forthcoming book, which never came to fruition. General Ramey retired with three stars on his shoulders (lieutenant general) and passed away in 1963 at the age of fifty-eight. LaTane Ramey passed away in January 2019 at the age of ninety-eight. The Rameys had two still-living children, Kent and Tammy. Kent has continuously refused to talk to us and, when his mother, LaTane, was alive, he reprised a “Horatius at the Bridge” role by refusing to allow us to talk to her. Tammy, to the best of our knowledge, has never been contacted, let alone interviewed. Elaine Shepard passed away in 1998 at the age of eighty-five.

Retired general Arthur E. Exon in a 2001 picture. General Exon told investigators that the 1947 Roswell crash was that of an extraterrestrial spaceship and its crew, and that the wreckage and bodies had been brought to Wright-Patterson in 1947. General Exon was the

commanding officer of Wright-Patterson in the mid-1960s. Photo by Tom Carey.

"Everyone from the White House on down knew that what we had found was not of this world within 24 hours of our finding it."[26] So stated Arthur E. Exon, who was a lower-ranking officer on TDY (temporary duty) at Wright Field in July 1947 when the wreckage from the Roswell crash started arriving at the base. This would explain the almost immediate deployment of a few high-level German rocket scientists, out of the several hundred who were brought to the United States after World War II via Operation Paperclip to the crash site to view the wreckage in situ (prior to removal). They were then being housed at Fort Bliss in El Paso, Texas, just a "hop, skip, and a jump" from the town of Roswell and the crash sites. The American public and most politicians in Washington, DC, knew nothing about captured German scientists being placed in protective custody by the US military. Such was the price that America had to pay for the objective of maintaining a scientific and technological advantage over the Soviet Union, its former ally turned adversary in the post–World War II world.

Given the German scientists' unique scientific and technical backgrounds, it doesn't strain logic to suspect that a small number of handpicked rocket scientists would have been called in to inspect and offer opinions regarding a craft of unknown origin that had crashed. The scientists' leader, Dr. Wernher von Braun, would later move on to Huntsville, Alabama, in 1949 to head up our country's nascent space program, ultimately working for NASA and earning the esteemed title "Father of the American Space Program." He was instrumental in the launch of our country's first satellite, Explorer 1, in 1958 and was the chief architect of the Saturn 5 rocket booster that successfully put our astronauts on the moon in 1969. He died in 1977 at the relatively young age of sixty-five. The group's second in command, Dr. Ernst Steinhoff, an aeronautical engineer, would move to Alamogordo, New Mexico, to assist with the US's guided missile (e.g., the Snark) and ballistic missile (e.g., employing captured German V-2 rockets) programs then under development at White Sands. In 1961 Steinhoff joined the RAND Corporation and, focusing on space travel, dreamed of one day having a manned mission to the planet Mars. He passed away in 1987 at the age of seventy-nine but not before being elected to the New Mexico International Space Hall of Fame in 1979.

Wernher von Braun was gone and buried before most of us ever heard of a place called Roswell, New Mexico. Anything he might have said about UFOs or the Roswell crash, therefore, comes to us secondhand. It can be documented that von Braun was in Roswell on a number of occasions around the time of the 1947 crash. He was also known to have visited Wright-Patterson in the aftermath of the crash—but always under a military escort from Fort Bliss.[27] In 1952 he confided to a stenographer who was taking dictation from him that he knew of three UFO crashes, one being Roswell (the stenographer couldn't remember the other two).[28] Others have also testified that von Braun had confirmed to them that he had *firsthand* knowledge of the Roswell crash.[29] How else can we explain this cryptic 1959 von Braun statement ominously inferring the existence of extraterrestrials, *"We find ourselves faced by powers, which are far stronger than hitherto assumed and whose base is at present unknown to us. More I cannot say at present"*?[30] He would repeat this assertion in 1973 when, by this time the head of NASA's lunar exploration program, he was quoted in *Esotera* magazine as saying, *"Extraterrestrial powers do exist, and they are more powerful than previously thought. I'm not authorized [by my employers and the U.S. Government] to give you any more details on the issue."*[31] Do those sound like the statements of a brilliant scientist who may have witnessed only some dancing "lights in the sky" or a simple, everyday "weather balloon" in a remote sheep pasture or on the floor of a general's office? If you think they do, we have a bridge ...

In July 2015, we were contacted by a retired eighty-one-year-old medical doctor by the name of Cornelius Klaus "Neels" Blesius while we were down in Roswell for their annual UFO festival. He had come to the International UFO Museum & Research Center there to refer us to the family of an old friend of his (owing to their mutual German heritage and Alamogordo residencies) by the name of Ernst Steinhoff. Dr. Blesius had a story to tell us.

According to Dr. Blesius, in a 1973 visit to Dr. Steinhoff's home, Steinhoff confided to him that he and a few other "Paperclip" scientists were ordered to go directly from Fort Bliss into the hinter-lands of New Mexico under the escort of federal agents for some undisclosed purpose. They were taken to an apparent crash site north of Roswell to examine some "most unusual wreckage" in situ. It was unlike anything any of them had ever seen

before. They were warned not to take any pieces for study. According to Dr. Blesius, “it was Steinhoff's impression that the Americans wanted to be sure that it wasn't something of Russian design. They concluded that it was not.”[32] The German scientists would later hear through the “grapevine” from some of their Paperclip colleagues who had been transferred to Dayton, Ohio, that much of the physical wreckage was *buried beneath a hangar at Wright-Patterson*. Steinhoff concluded his confessional by asking Dr. Blesius not to say anything about it until after he was dead.[33] Ernst Steinhoff left two living sons, however, one of whom Dr. Blesius directed us to for corroboration of his story.

For years, we had heard of “Paperclip” Germans probably being involved with the Roswell crash, and information to that effect, albeit secondhand, finally had come to us from a most reliable source. Faced with the reality that all the German scientists from 1947 are long gone, as is the case with almost all the firsthand Roswell witnesses, we were left to speak with their surviving family members. After many attempts, we were finally able to connect with the two Steinhoff sons the following year, in 2016.

Hans J. Steinhoff, a retired electrical engineer, eighty years old and living in Cloudcroft, New Mexico, when we reached him, was the son to whom Dr. Blesius was directing us for corroboration of his story. Hans, however, was being surprisingly cautious in answering our questions about his famous father, something we did not expect or understand because Dr. Blesius had recommended him so highly as being the one with the most information to give us regarding his father's involvement in the Roswell crash/retrieval. He then knocked us down for the count when he said, “My father never told me anything about anything. I have no information myself.”[34] He said that he grew up on a farm milking cows, he never had an interest in UFOs, and that was all he knew about Roswell![35] We had heard that “I know nothing!” line so often over the years that, while it was disappointing, of course, it didn't faze us.

It turned out that it was Ernst Steinhoff's younger son, Ralph Steinhoff, a sixty-eight-year-old doctor of homeopathic medicine in Las Cruces, New Mexico, who surprised us with the revelation as to who had actually told him about Roswell. It was never his father, long under the watchful eyes of federal agents. According to Ralph, his father had been one of the Air Force's prime investigators of the Roswell crash, but whenever Hans or

Ralph brought up the subject, their father would shut off debate with the stern warning, “Those who *know* don't talk; and those who *talk* don't know!”[36]

By not telling his sons about his involvement in the Roswell crash, Ernst Steinhoff, it appears to us, was accomplishing three things simultaneously: (1) given his warning to them, he was actually telling them that he *did* know about it, (2) given the prospect of eavesdroppers, he was protecting himself and his position in life from government retaliation by honoring his secrecy oath, and (3) he was also protecting his sons from the “loose lips sink ships” guys in dark suits who were no doubt lurking around sub-rosa, watching and listening. According to Ralph Steinhoff, however, someone they knew *did* talk. It was none other than Dr. John Stapp, the so-called “Rocket Man” who admitted to Ralph that “Roswell was true,” that there were *three* crash sites involved (also our belief), and that he remained “especially interested in the composition of the wreckage.”[37] During our interview with Ralph, he curiously kept asking us if we knew what the “weight-mass-ratio” of the crash wreckage was, and he followed up that question with a request to let him know if we ever found out. (Dear Ralph: The “w/m ratio” of the Roswell crash material wreckage is effectively *zero to near infinity!*). Ralph would say no more to us other than he believed that the Roswell crash was “extra-dimensional” (e.g., time travelers) rather than “extraterrestrial” (e.g., contemporaneous travelers able to “bend” or “warp” the spacetime continuum to traverse the daunting distances of the universe).[38]

An associate of ours, Anthony Bragalia, discovered a close friend of Wernher von Braun's who had come to a conclusion similar to that of Ralph Steinhoff regarding Roswell. Navy Commander George W. Hoover, long associated with the US Office of Naval Research, was a space pioneer and innovator of renown. Universally acknowledged as the “grandfather of satellite technology,” Hoover was part of von Braun's team that launched America's first orbital satellite, Explorer 1. Hoover also was privy to viewing the Roswell wreckage.[39] According to Commander Hoover's namesake son, his father had both a professional and personal interest in UFOs and was convinced that Roswell was neither a balloon nor a hoax.[40] Bragalia cites an interview that “UFO hunter” William Birnes had with Commander Hoover shortly before Hoover's passing. Regarding Roswell, Hoover told Birnes the following:

- Roswell was a crash event of “visitors from *somewhere else*.”
- The entities were “not so much interplanetary as much as they were literally ‘time-travelers’ or ‘extratemporal.’”
- The visitors are “from the future,” and “they may even be ‘us’ from a future Earth.”
- The visitors remain, however, in essence “corporeal” and “physical” to us.
- Secret attempts at reverse engineering the visitors' crash material were made.
- The government feared the intentions and abilities of the “visitors.”[41]

Commander Hoover died in 1998 at the age of eighty-three.

Retired General Arthur E. Exon was a lieutenant colonel in 1947 when he was temporarily stationed at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio. At the time of the incident, he was a student participating in a two-year industrial administration course at the Air Force Institute of Technology (AFIT). A year later, he would be permanently assigned for the next three years to the Air Materiel Command Headquarters at the newly designated Wright-Patterson Air Force Base where the Roswell artifacts had been sent after their recovery in New Mexico. Later (August 1964–January 1966), as the base commander at Wright-Patterson, Exon was in a position to know things that were off-limits, even to the base commander. Even if he did not have firsthand access to the Roswell artifacts, he knew people who did. According to Exon, “We heard that the material [wreckage] was coming in. Testing was done in various labs—everything from chemical analysis, stress tests, compression tests and flexing. It was brought to our material evaluation labs [for analysis]. I don't know how it arrived, but the boys who tested it said it was very unusual. They knew that they had something new in their hands. The metal and material were unknown to anyone I talked to. It had them pretty puzzled. A couple of guys thought that it might be Russian, but the overall consensus was that *the pieces [of wreckage] were from space*.”[42] Over the years, Exon's statements about Roswell became more and more circumspect to the point that, as one of his staffers put it, “General Exon is afraid. He is afraid that he is being monitored and that his entire house was bugged.”[43] Nevertheless, until the day he died on July 23, 2005, he remained thoroughly convinced, like Jesse Marcel Sr. before him, that the truth of the Roswell crash represented *something not manufactured on this*

earth. At the end of the day, according to the general, “Roswell was the recovery of a craft from space.”[44]

From the moment that a craft of unknown origin descended tragically from the summer skies and crashed in the high desert of south-central New Mexico in 1947, high-level officials outside of Roswell clamored to get the materials into their hands for analysis. At that time, and certainly as a consequence of World War II, a large number of national laboratories specialized in a wide variety of military technologies. But there was only one facility that was dedicated to the science of reverse engineering: the Foreign Technology Division (FTD) at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio. What especially intrigued the scientists was the so-called “memory metal” or “morphing metal,” as some referred to it. What was it made of? What was its purpose, and what made it tick? And, most important, can it be replicated (i.e., back-engineered/reverse engineered)? When asked what he thought about the components' physical makeup, General Exon responded, “I don't know, at that time, if it was Titanium or some other metal ... or if it was something they knew about, *but ... the processing [of memory metal] was different*.”[45] The preliminary metallurgical results obtained at FTD indicated that further analyses and techniques would be necessary to advance the project to replicate the memory metal, capabilities not available at FTD. Through a series of military contracts, such studies to further develop the technology of the memory metal were then “seeded” to outside organizations with close ties to the federal government.[46] The main laboratory that was selected to conduct these studies was Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, just a stone's throw from Wright-Patterson AFB.

Founded in 1929, Battelle is engaged in the research, development, and commercialization of technological innovation. Specializing in materials science, engineering, energy science, and national security, Battelle also operates by contract many of our country's national laboratories, such as Oak Ridge, Lawrence Livermore, and Brookhaven,[47] several of whose scientists have stated to us that they recall having some “strange metal” with shape-recovery properties “dumped” on them to try to “figure out” but were never told of the metal's provenance. One such scientist from Lawrence Livermore in California even sent us a picture of a small piece of what he had studied and worked on so many years ago, which we have on file, but on

the proviso that we never publicly release the picture or his name.[48] Another scientist by the name of Elroy J. Center in 1957 told a close friend that when he worked at Battelle (1939–1957), he had worked on a "piece" of very unusual material that nobody there was familiar with, which was inscribed with strange symbols he termed "glyphics." He also told his friend that he understood that the material had been recovered from an earlier crash of a UFO. The complete story of Elroy J. Center is told in a recent book by Dr. Irena McCammon Scott.[49] Center passed away in 1991.

Fortunately for our investigation, an indefatigable, independent investigator by the name of Anthony Bragalia has for the past decade dedicated most of his research efforts to trying to find out what became of the Roswell physical evidence (i.e., the wreckage) after its arrival at Wright-Patterson. He has honored us by becoming a de facto team member and keeping us informed as his search for answers progresses.

Aggressive, relentless, and dauntless, Bragalia has uncovered and charted the development of something called "Nitinol," our very own *almost* memory metal, from the reverse-engineering project's inception at Wright-Patterson in the wake of the Roswell crash to its public unveiling in 1962 by the US Navy. According to Bragalia, "Today Nitinol is incorporated in items as far-ranging as medical implants and bendable eyeglass frames. It is produced in many forms including sheet, wire and coil. Newer 'intelligent metal' systems [incorporating Nitinol] are being studied by NASA in the creation of flappable wings, as self-actuators and as a 'self-healing' outer shell or 'skin' for spacecraft. It is believed that the 'memory-metal' found at Roswell came from the outer structures [as we described above] of a downed extraterrestrial spacecraft."[50]

Told that they no longer existed at Battelle or Wright-Patterson, Bragalia located documents at the Department of Defense that identified Dr. Howard C. Cross as the director of the Battelle project to back-engineer the memory metal from Wright-Patterson. Dr. Cross, a research metallurgist, was Battelle's expert scientist in exotic metallurgy and Titanium alloy research in the late 1940s. Cross was also Battelle's "point person" in its later studies of UFOs for the Air Force's Project Blue Book.[51] Coincidence? A historical analysis of the scientific literature by Bragalia showed that no other alloys had ever been studied by the US military as a potential memory metal prior to the late 1940s and Wright-Patterson's contract with Battelle. Wright-

Patterson needed Battelle to accomplish this work specifically because it had something that Wright-Patterson did not—an advanced arc furnace capable of smelting and refining Titanium to the purity required to make memory metal (i.e., General Exon's “different processing”). Battelle's work on the memory-metal project and the Titanium connection to it were later “laundered” by Dr. Cross to the US Navy in order to conceal Battelle's initial participation as well as the 1947 Roswell crash wreckage as being the inspiration for the project's germination. The US Navy subsequently announced the creation of the new alloy Nitinol in 1962. The “Ni” stands for the element Nickel. The “ti” stands for the element Titanium, and the “nol” stands for the Naval Ordnance Laboratory, where it was alleged to have been developed. The words “Battelle” and “Roswell” were never mentioned. Dr. Cross died in 1992.

Getting back to the answer to William “Bill” Ennis's question to us at the beginning of this chapter as to the apparent absence of an “engine” in the wreckage he saw and to let him know if we found out what made it fly: Well, Bill, the “engine” was scattered all around you on the floor of Hangar P-3. It was the memory metal, the “skin” of the craft that made it go! If there was an “on button” or “starter button,” like in today's automobiles, that energized it, speculating logic says that it would have been located inside the egg-shaped “pod” or “inner cabin” that was the only part of the craft to withstand the explosion that destroyed the rest of it. Because of the morphing and state-changing nature of the memory metal, the craft itself could have been both physical and paraphysical, both extraterrestrial and interdimensional (at the flip of a physical “switch” or by something akin to mind control?). A more prosaic possibility is that the memory metal worked as the “engine” by drawing electromagnetism from the air, and a lightning storm back in 1947 may have totally oversurged its capacity followed by a lightning-strike that exceeded the craft's tensile strength, causing it to shatter. In either possibility, the craft of unknown origin's “engine” was the “memory-memory.” We hope this helps, Bill. Thank you for your service. May you RIP.

CHAPTER 10

Washington Looks into Roswell . . . or Did They?

The greatest obstacle that faced a dying Jesse Marcel Sr. in 1978 was that he could never produce any physical proof. For thirty years he remained the good soldier—the good "patsy"—in the continuing cover-up of the Roswell Incident. When he accepted, or more accurately, was ordered, to assume that role, he was assured of full vindication in as soon as five years ... then ten, then fifteen, then twenty-five ... Thirty years after the event, diagnosed with terminal emphysema and losing all hope that his redemption was at hand, he finally broke his silence. No one had more to potentially gain by such a drastic maneuver, but the risk of government retaliation was even higher. For three decades he remained the silent hero for those who espoused the weather balloon fiction. With his health already failing and time dwindling, the besmirched officer realized that a good soldier also tells the truth and defends the best interests of his country. The public had the right to know what really happened back in 1947 ... but would anyone listen? "It was not an aircraft of any kind; that I am sure of. We didn't know what it was. It was nothing made on this Earth."[1] It doesn't come any more profound than that—but still, he had no proof ...

Years after Marcel's passing in 1986, rather than commemorating his distinct service to our nation and applauding his heroic final battle for the revelations he disclosed about Roswell, the Air Force once again raked him over the coals. They and their surrogates smeared his reputation, questioned

his motives, and cast him aside as a mere charlatan. Nevertheless, he lived it. He saw the urgent need to reveal a truth that he held in his very hands, a unique experience shared by few others on this planet. But still he had no proof ... and then he died.

Some of us were willing to consider the possibility that Major Marcel was not only telling the truth but more accurately, was the true, unsung hero of the reality of visitors from another planet. Next, to finish the job that Marcel had started—we chose to enlist allies in very high places ...

> “Last fall [1992] I became aware of a strange series of events beginning in New Mexico over 45 years ago involving personnel of what was then the Army Air Force. I have since reviewed the facts in some detail, and I am writing to request your assistance in arriving at a definitive explanation of what transpired and why.”[2]

So began the first of three such requests to then Secretary of Defense Les Aspin. Although the city of Roswell was not part of his representative district, the late congressman Steven Schiff was compelled to become personally involved, citing, “Most Americans don't believe they were told the full story [about Roswell] by their government.” Representative Schiff was not amused with the secretary's failure to respond. Our investigation provided the “facts” reviewed, which inspired Schiff to look into the continuing mystery of Roswell. During the previous months, eyewitness testimony transcripts and sworn affidavits were provided to the congressman's chief aide, Mary Martinek. We would soon be invited to meet with Schiff at his office at the Rayburn Building in Washington. For the first time in forty-five years, it appeared that Roswell would finally receive the political muscle required to take our investigation to the next level. At first, the secret keepers tried to simply brush us away like so many flies. Now, we had a legitimate calling card.

As noted, the secretary of defense declined to respond with even a form letter. But taking his lead from the Air Force on all matters UFO related, his surrogate, USAF director of plans and operations, Colonel Lawrence G. Shockley, routinely referred Schiff to the National Archives. Sensing a total lack of cooperation, Schiff again sent another letter to Aspin. This time, Special Assistant Rudy de Leon reiterated the suggestion of seeking data from the archives as “these records are too old to be available here at the

Pentagon." As before, the congressman, growing more impatient, did not fall for that standard ploy and immediately fired another letter off to Aspin with the concern, saying, "my staff and several independent investigators [Kevin Randle and Donald Schmitt] have conclusively established they [Roswell files] are not in any of the unclassified, including previously classified, holdings of the National Archives. Moreover, it is my understanding that it is highly unlikely they reside in any classified files in the custody of the Archives." Growing more frustrated with the lackluster effort of the Pentagon, Schiff emphatically closed his demand with the statement, "However, I expect the job to be done and my request to be addressed as set forth in the penultimate paragraph of my March letter...." He was referring to his original request, which read "therefore, Mr. Secretary, I respectfully request that you direct such a review [for Roswell-related files] be undertaken on a priority basis and that a representative or representatives of the department of defense and the responsible military departments promptly arrange to brief and provide me with a written report providing a current, complete, and detailed description and explanation of both the nature of what was recovered and all official actions taken on the matter."[3]

Demonstrating their total unwillingness to provide anything of substance, the DOD, as they did previously, tossed the hot potato to the Washington archives as they read from the same scripted snide rejection—the identical pat answer they give for all UFO inquiries up to today: "The Air Force is no longer in the UFO business ... go talk to someone who gives a ..." What the Air Force still refuses to concede is that none of the three official investigations of the phenomenon ever investigated cases that concerned national security. The final summation of Project Sign was ordered destroyed, Project Grudge performed as its namesake, and the most famous, Project Blue Book, was nothing more than a public relations front for the actual investigation. In fact, given the very nature of the Roswell Incident and the high level of government suppression it apparently solicited, is it any wonder that there remains no and surely never was any such file on Roswell at the archives?

Schiff was now finished with their shell game. "Typically, the Pentagon is eager to comply with congressional requests for information, yet they just shunted us off to the Archives," remarked a frustrated Schiff to his

spokesman, J. Barry Bitzer.

Keeping in mind that the Air Force pleaded ignorance when it came to an official inquiry into Roswell by a senior political official, the secretary of the Air Force, Dr. Sheila E. Widnall, assured Schiff that if any files on Roswell were thereafter discovered, he would be the first to see them. Dissatisfied with the DOD response, Schiff stated, “I was pretty clearly getting the run-a-round. Generally, I'm a skeptic ... but there are indications ... whatever it was, it wasn't a balloon. Apparently, it's another government cover-up.”[4]

His next move was to enlist Congress's own investigative arm, the General Accounting Office (GAO), to prepare a report on the status of government records related to Roswell. On January 12, 1994, eight months after failing with the Pentagon, Schiff announced that the GAO would be initiating a review of the DOD's policies and procedures for acquiring, classifying, retaining, and disposing of official governmental documents dealing with weather balloons, aircraft, and similar crash incidents. It was no surprise that document search would focus on the Air Force, but unbeknownst to Schiff or anyone else outside their ranks, the Air Force was secretly conducting their own search—not for the truth, mind you, but for another alternative solution to pacify the persistent politician. In their own master scheme of things, what the Air Force needed was a “preemptive strike,” as *Newsweek* magazine aptly called it, not to appease Schiff, but rather to shut down any further inquiry into Roswell—from anyone. One source within the GAO commented, “We do believe that something did happen at Roswell. Something big. We don't know if it was a plane that crashed with a nuclear device on it ... or it was some other experimental situation. But everything we've seen so far points to an attempt on the part of the Air Force to lead anybody that looks at this down another track.”[5]

During the time that the GAO was seeking documents from different military branches to determine whether they followed proper procedures during the Roswell events, the Air Force suddenly sprang up with their own report intended to supersede anything new the GAO might uncover. On July 27, 1994, the Pentagon held a press conference to address the rising concern about what actually happened in Roswell back in 1947. Colonel Richard L. Weaver, the director of security and special program oversight for the USAF, acknowledged that yes, indeed, the Air Force had “lied” regarding the original balloon explanation as proposed by General Roger Ramey. As

an alternative explanation, the Air Force was now proposing a new “theory” as to what most likely caused all the elite members of the first atomic bomb squadron in the world to mistakenly identify a balloon device for a downed flying saucer. More importantly, all the Air Force did was redesign the same Rawin balloon utilized by Ramey back in 1947. With just a few modifications the balloon and instrument array were constructed entirely of “off-the-shelf materials any five-year-old child would have recognized.” But this time the Air Force was giving the balloon, or more accurately the project it was associated with, a name that, to the unwashed, would become forever associated with Roswell. For all the denial of available files to Congressman Schiff on the matter, at Weaver's press conference the new report titled *The Roswell Report: Fact versus Fiction in the New Mexico Desert* attempted to show that the Air Force had absolutely nothing to hide—despite the fact that this was their third version of what had actually crashed. Enter Project Mogul, the clandestine effort to eavesdrop on the Soviet Union in the anticipated event they should detonate their first atomic bomb. From the upper atmosphere, the same Rawin balloons equipped with a sonobuoy acoustic listening device would pick up the shock wave from the intense explosion. Or so Mogul was theorized to perform. According to the Air Force, Roswell was still a weather balloon—same materials with an added “microphone”—but it was the “project” that was top secret back in 1947, by no means the balloon itself.

One of the chief arbiters, who was apparently prepping the Air Force at the very time the congressman was running out of patience for lack of cooperation, was the late CIA operative Karl Pflock. Pflock also went by the name Kurt Peters within UFO circles. To this day, his true motives remain suspect, as he relocated (was assigned?) to Albuquerque, New Mexico, during the very same time period in which Schiff was spearheading his own efforts in Washington. Pflock quickly departed Washington, leaving his wife there, while he placed himself in earshot of Roswell. The closet skeptic typically lured researchers and witnesses into his confidence by publicly stating, as he did in his 1994 monograph *Roswell in Perspective*, “There is no longer any reasonable basis for believing the weather balloon ‘explanation’ for the Roswell events. Whatever happened, whatever was retrieved, it is clear there was nothing routine or mundane about it.”[6] Many in the UFO community still applaud the fact that during that same time he was secretly providing the Air Force with much of the pro-balloon data

contained in their Project Mogul report. Pflock continued to camouflage the true nature of his perfunctory involvement despite the Air Force public thanking him for all his assistance.

Of the hundreds of potential witnesses represented by Congressman Schiff, the Air Force refused to interview any with a contrary viewpoint. Clearly, their position was to totally deny the message while castigating the messengers. Witnesses and researchers alike were chastised as money mongers looking to profit from such a fanciful tale. The national media, now that they were no longer the target, had a field day and relished the notion that anyone would even consider that Roswell had any truth associated with it. On the other hand, we immediately accepted that our working relationship with the congressman was over.

With much trepidation, coauthor Schmitt called Congressman Schiff's office in Washington, fearing the worst. “Don, they're a bunch of goddamn liars!” snapped Schiff. He recognized stall tactics and encouraged us to wait until the GAO report. “Let's hope they get to the bottom of all this. Tell all the witnesses to be patient and hope for the best,” he assured Schmitt.[7]

As we had anticipated, similar to the Air Force, the GAO was not interested in taking statements from witnesses. There remained specific reluctant officers who were unwilling to break security oaths; we can only imagine what deep, dark secrets they maintained. There exists a specific espionage clause accessible to members of Congress, which enables assigned committees to subpoena any American citizen, whether military or civilian, in possession of any classified information. They can then be provided with congressional immunity to testify behind closed doors, after which a determination is made as to whether their information can be declassified. To our distress, the only investigation, with one exception, was to conduct a document search for any patterns of government misuse of federal funding. This was accomplished systematically by simply requesting of each branch of the military as well as departments of intelligence any documents they preserved that pertained to Roswell. As was noted, the one exception for the GAO investigators was a personal interview of Brigadier General Arthur Exon at his residence in Riverside, California. Nonetheless, even after his passing, the high-ranking officer remains a prominent witness to the events of 1947 and we have written entire chapters about his personal experience with Roswell. Likewise, the GAO must have found Exon an

exception to their rules, as they sought out his commentary. One especially revealing comment was made by one of the two GAO investigators conducting the interview when Exon asked, “Do you think my house is bugged?” To which the GAO representative mused, “If you weren't before you will be from now on.”[8] Undoubtedly, Exon's remarks were out of the purview of the government agency as none of the interview or any other reference to Exon were in the final report. Nevertheless, a GAO representative prematurely stated, “What we have found so far is that the Air Force has not told Schiff the whole truth. But we aren't pursuing the truth either. All our auditors have done is verify that some of the information that was given to Mr. Schiff was very wrong.”[9]

In a rather unceremonious affair, the GAO released its report to Schiff a year and a day after the Air Force stole all the fanfare with their Project Mogul report. While it had taken the Air Force mere months to establish their new “theory,” it took the GAO longer than a year for a twenty-page summation. For the search to be fully extensive, all requests for cooperation took a prolonged period of time to comply with. Not surprisingly, not a single Pentagon branch or intelligence department, including the FBI, CIA, NSA, White House, and even the Department of Energy, all of which had been solicited for documents, could find a single document pertaining to Roswell—all except for one lone FBI telex, which we already had in our document roster. The report, titled the *Result of a Search for Records Concerning the 1947 Crash Near Roswell, New Mexico*, did manage to establish one dramatic defense for the Air Force's original claim of not possessing any Roswell files: they had all been destroyed! According to the GAO report, all Roswell Army Air Field records from the crucial period in question had been inexplicably eliminated. These included RAAF administrative records from March 1945 through December 1949 as well as outgoing messages from October 1946 through December 1949.

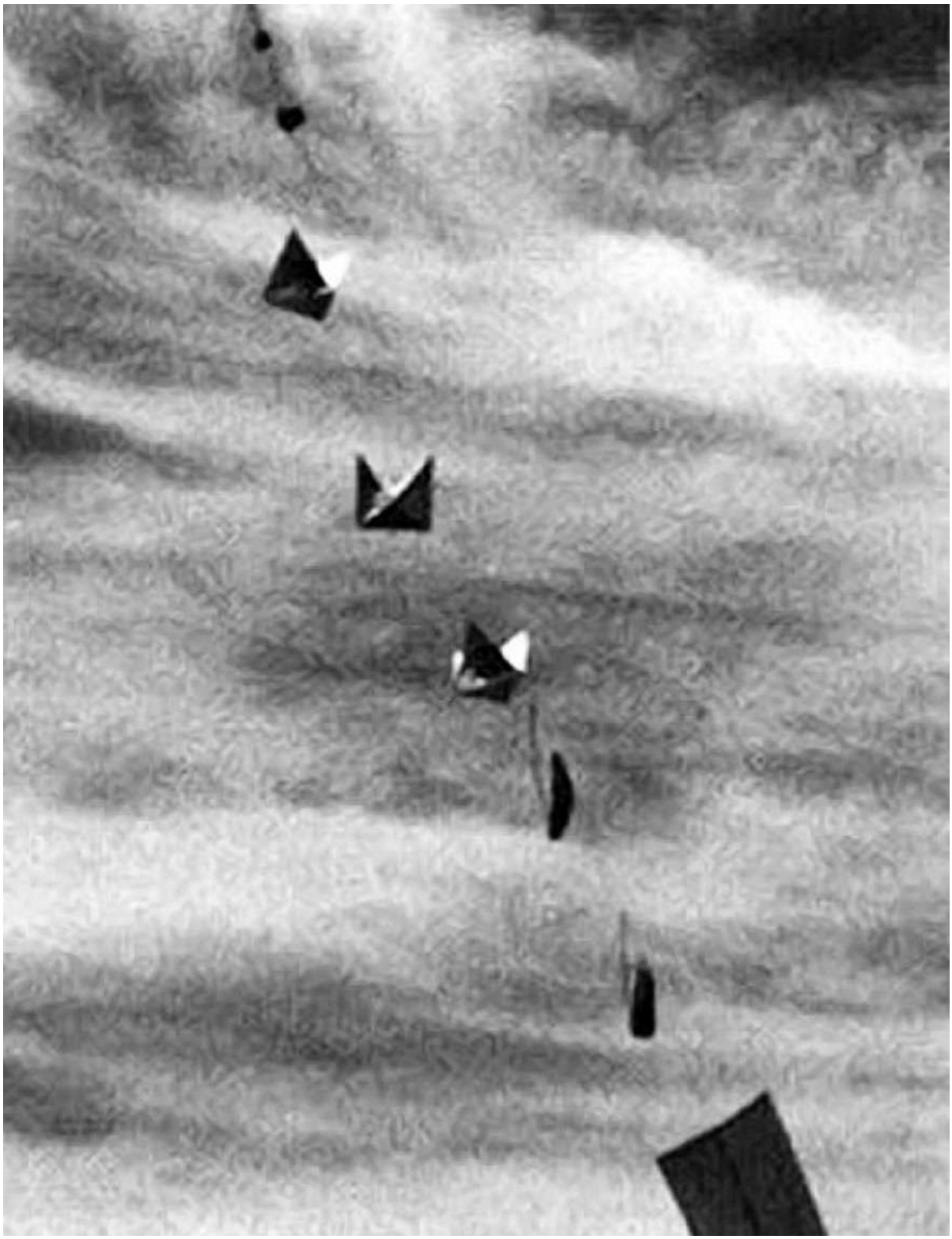
“It is my understanding that these outgoing messages were permanent records, which should never have been destroyed. The GAO could not identify who destroyed the messages or why,” lamented Schiff.[10] We are left to believe and accept that the first and only atomic bomb base in the world in 1947 existed in a vacuum, and important documentation pertaining to its daily functioning and exercises in the defense of our country were of no historic or strategic value and were casually discarded. If such records were

destroyed or, more likely, hidden away yet still preserved at some secret location to prevent access by prying eyes, what could the Air Force possibly be hiding? Coincidence, especially in government affairs, is a nonstarter and to justify that such sensitive records were just accidentally destroyed is beyond belief—and Schiff didn't believe it either. The GAO report concluded, “The debate over what crashed at Roswell continues”—despite what the Air Force says.[11]

“At least this effort caused the Air Force to acknowledge that the crashed vehicle was no weather balloon,” retorted Schiff.[12] But everyone, including the media, completely missed the one relevant point of contention, that that's precisely what the Air Force was still claiming—just a variation on the same balloon. The same neoprene balloons, wooden struts, reflective foil, tape, and string. And the greater argument, which to this day still stands, that no one in the Air Force, or anyone else for that matter, can place a balloon device or anything else conventional on the Foster ranch in the summer of 1947. Enter Dr. Charles B. Moore ...

At first, NYU physicist Charles B. Moore denied the likelihood that Roswell was a balloon until he was needed by the Air Force to endorse their third explanation—Project Mogul.

The man in charge of the Mogul project in 1947 had the following to say about any form of balloon being responsible for the Roswell debris field: "There wasn't a balloon in use back in '47, or even today for that matter, that could have produced debris over such a large area or torn up the ground in any way. I have no idea what such an object might have been, but I can't believe a balloon would fit such a description."[13] That was the first time that meteorological physicist Charles B. Moore was asked to comment on the newly discovered data by investigator William Moore in 1979. But twenty-five years later, the former Mogul engineer had a much higher calling: the Air Force needed their own authority to endorse their new "theory."



A Project Mogul balloon train in flight. The array was composed entirely of common materials with a simple design that would not have required any special training to recognize.

Moore had originally been recruited by the Army Air Corps from his meteorological training school and was assigned to the New York University constant altitude balloon project. This is where Project Mogul was born, and under the supervision of Dr. James Peoples and assisted by Dr. Albert P. Crary, Moore engineered pressure sensors controlling the release of ballast in large clusters of neoprene balloons to maintain a relatively constant altitude—all of which was necessary for Mogul to be successful. Still, the hypothesis looked good on paper; the balloon trains would reach the required height (albeit short lived) and then would quickly descend to the ground below. Moore would start to launch the Mogul devices from Alamogordo, New Mexico, about one hundred miles south of the Foster ranch, beginning in June 1947. Nevertheless, in 1993, the Air Force needed Moore to put such a balloon where they needed it most: not at a predetermined altitude as was designed but on the ground, untracked and lost, only to be discovered by some “hick” cowboy and then later misidentified by a bunch of “Keystone Cops” over at Roswell—who just happened to be in charge of “the bomb.” Whatever it takes, Dr. Moore ... put it on the Foster ranch.

The trick was to establish the targeted crash site from the point of the launch and reconfigure the wind directions in the upper atmosphere (the jet stream), then plot a trajectory based on one specific Mogul launch: flight number 4. Aerologist Moore was once again getting his marching orders from the Air Force and without reservation, he complied. Based on total assumption and completely falsified data supplanted from other flights, Moore concocted weatherwind charts that could potentially put flight number 4 near the Foster ranch. The greater obstacle to overcome was that, according to the diary of Dr. Crary, the project leader, launch 4 was comprised of only a cluster of rubber balloons and a sonobuoy microphone but was totally absent any array trains—no reflective foil kites that the Air Force would have us believe confused the Roswell personnel into concluding that it was pieces of a flying saucer. And to further discredit Moore's claims in support of the Air Force's Mogul report, there remains absolutely no flight data for number 4. There is no launch time indicated, no ground trajectory, and no recovery site specified. The only documentation still available is Crary's log entry, which reads as follows:

Jun. 4 Wed. Out to Tularosa Range and fired charges between 00

and 06 the am.

No [Mogul] balloon flights again on account of clouds. Flew regular sono buoy up

In cluster of balloons and had good luck on receiver on ground but poor on plane.

Out with Thompson pm. Shot charges from 1800 to 2400.

The launch site in Alamogordo is eighty-five miles from the Foster ranch, and Moore had to create a flight course to fit the Air Force's model: fill in the gap with no duration time, no ground observation, and no recovery—in other words, falsify the data. It was standard practice in 1947, as it still is today, that when balloons are released into the atmosphere with special equipment in need of outside retrieval, they carry special identification tags not only offering a small reward but also return instructions and handling warnings if necessary. The Mogul balloons carried multiple identification tags, yet not one was ever recovered at the debris-field location. Even if we are to believe the unbelievable, any one of these tags would have revealed to Marcel, Blanchard, and hundreds of other servicemen at Roswell that it was simply a balloon. The balloon and train pictured in General Ramey's office identified to the press as the very balloon recovered from the Foster ranch is not a Mogul balloon. The cellophane tape used to assemble the foil kites with “cutesy” floral designs that Moore claimed were misidentified by the witnesses as strange hieroglyphic-like symbology on the true wreckage was said to be manufactured by a toy store called Merrick in New York City. No such company existed in 1947. These and other damning inconsistencies already described leave any likelihood that a Mogul balloon was responsible for what crashed outside Roswell in 1947 totally unfounded, unproven, and unbelievable. Balloons don't “crash.” To make the Mogul explanation work, all the facts based on multiple eyewitness testimonies had to be omitted, whereas to make the balloon work, Moore needed to shoehorn the facts. Data had to be twisted, manipulated, and outright falsified to transform what was originally called a “theory” into the Air Force's new solution to stop the Roswell proponents for good.

On July 28, 1995, Moore's office put out a “news release” stipulating that because the GAO could not identify who destroyed the messages (from

Roswell in 1947), or why, making further inquiries about their destruction would be impractical.

But the damage control wasn't over for the Air Force brass, as Roswell refused to just slink away and await another opportunity to resurrect itself. There remained one more aspect of the Roswell mythos that the Air Force, in all likelihood, should have left alone: the numerous and growing number of witnesses who attested to little bodies associated with the 1947 crash. As long as there were surviving witnesses to still challenge the "official" version of events, the debate continued. And with the fiftieth anniversary looming in 1997, the press would once again elevate the story in the international press. Another preemptive strike was at hand, but what the Pentagon pulled out of its bag of tricks was not only a complete hoax on the American people, it was also breathtaking to behold.

In June 1997, the headquarters of the US Air Force unexpectedly published *The Roswell Report: Case Closed*. This would be the third attempt at their "last word" on the matter in the past three years. The 231-page report was authored by Captain James McAndrew, who had coauthored the Mogul report with Colonel Weaver in 1994. The new study not only intended to reinforce the previous Mogul explanation but also claimed that the "aliens" allegedly observed in the New Mexico desert were most likely anthropomorphic wooden test dummies that were carried aloft by US Air Force high-altitude balloons for scientific research. Balloons again but with one new passenger—a six-foot-tall wooden facsimile of a man with metal-hinged joints wearing a pilot's jumpsuit and fully harnessed into a parachute and its pack. Code named Project High Dive as well as Project Excelsior, there was one more glaring dilemma facing its advocates. The programs did not originate until 1953—a full six years after supposed bodies were witnessed in conjunction with the Roswell crash. In typical fashion, the Pentagon presented a new "theory" to account for the time discrepancy: a new medical malady that they called "time compression." The Pentagon spokesperson reasoned, "As we age, we not only begin to confuse the years but also the decades."[14] This would account for why all the body witnesses at Roswell thought it was 1947 when, in reality, it was 1953. Aside from the many flies in that ointment, the two issues of contention that we immediately faxed to the Pentagon were (1) there is no such physiological ailment as defined or recognized by the professional medical field and (2)

most of the witnesses, specifically military personnel who reportedly saw bodies associated with the crash, no longer resided in New Mexico in 1953. Needless to say, we never received any thank you for our clarification and correction of their faulty assertions.

Congressman Schiff remained far from satisfied with the persistent ambiguity from the one branch of the military he had the greatest infinity toward. After all, it isn't every day that a senior member of the Armed Services Committee lashes out at one of their own and accuses them of illegal activity. And even more significant, it was coming from a colonel in the Air Force reserve. Schiff had just served two brief assignments on active duty in Bosnia and in the Persian Gulf in 1991 after Operation Desert Storm.

The Air Force officer was well beyond accepting that the disinformation was starting to take hold and that the target on his back was only growing larger. Undeterred, the good congressman told coauthor Schmitt, “Don, I need to get re-elected. Then we'll talk and go after them one more time.”[15] Tragically, none of us knew that time occasionally winds down quicker for some, especially for those heroic enough to challenge the secret keepers. Four months before the Air Force unleashed its last-to-last-to-last word on Roswell, Congressman Schiff was diagnosed with an extreme form of squamous-cell skin cancer, which soon metastasized and spread around his neck. Beginning in April 1997, the congressman was no longer able to serve out his term in Washington and conducted his remaining political obligations from his home in Albuquerque. By January 1998, the determined statesmen realized the fight was lost and announced he would not run for reelection. Just as he had valiantly fought the Roswell cover-up, he fought his most difficult battle. On March 25, 1998, he died at the young age of fifty-one. Young soldiers also fade away.

In addition to Schiff, witnesses like Dr. Jesse Marcel Jr. never backed down from the Mogul nonsense. After all, Marcel was there in 1947 and actually handled the true wreckage from the crash unlike McAndrew, who was yet to be born. He was the expert on all things Mogul and knew nothing about the eyewitness testimony and, if we were to hazard a guess, nothing about the original event. Why else would the then major McAndrew repeatedly call a ranking officer, Colonel Marcel, and attempt to persuade him that all he handled were pieces from a balloon? Each and every time, after some cordial jousting, Jesse politely stood by what he knew to be the

truth. On the sixth call, McAndrew, growing more and more frustrated, finally yelled into the phone, “What is it going to take for you to accept that all you saw [was a balloon]?” Jesse would never waver. After he reminded McAndrew that he should have a little more respect for a senior officer, the subordinate McAndrew conceded, “Then I guess we'll never know what you actually saw back in 1947.”[16]

For the Air Force, their continuing mission remained to run out the clock on any other dissenters or elected officials who would even think of picking up the gauntlet from the fallen Schiff. Their objective was to build on a theme that the media and general public would always fall back on: Roswell was just a misidentified reconnaissance balloon used to spy on the Russians. Roswell is just a myth perpetrated by opportunistic writers who built their flimsy case on the testimony of unreliable sources. Case closed. As for Project Mogul, it remains a football to be spiked at every mention of Roswell. A typical example of such outright propaganda is promoted by the Internet site Wikipedia. Without the slightest shred of balance or opposing viewpoint, the self-made online encyclopedia totally ballyhoos the media-endorsed government position on Roswell—all intended for the ignorant unwashed as the final word on the incident. Control the narrative and you control public opinion. But have they succeeded?

In 2004, seven years after the last and final explanation for Roswell was pronounced by the Air Force, then governor Bill Richardson of New Mexico stated, “The mystery surrounding this crash has never been adequately explained—not by the *U.S. government*” (emphasis added). Finally, in 2012 *National Geographic* sponsored a national poll that determined 80 percent of Americans believe that the government is covering up what it knows about UFOs. As Hamlet retorted, “Ay, there's the rub.”[17] And the venerable Steven Schiff died while trying to prove it.

CHAPTER 11

Touched by Roswell

The name “Roswell” is known throughout the world as a place or an event where something out of the ordinary may have happened a long time ago. Still the most famous UFO case of all time—it has withstood the test of competition and time—it stands to reason that somewhere along the way it might have intersected with famous and/or important people known and unknown to the public at large. Below is a list of some of those entertainers, politicians, athletes, and scientists who were “touched” by Roswell in some way and fall into that category.[1]

Prince Hans Adam II of Lichtenstein—Now seventy-four, Hans Adam II has been the reigning prince of Lichtenstein since the death of his father, Franz Joseph II, in 1989; with a family fortune of US$7.6 billion and a personal fortune of about US$4 billion, he is one of the world's richest heads of state and Europe's wealthiest monarch. In 1990, on his own initiative, the prince personally funded a gathering in Washington, DC, of twenty-seven Roswell witnesses relative to the alleged UFO crash event of 1947 for the purpose of video-recording their testimonies for posterity; these statements were then saved in VHS format and made for sale in 1992 as *Recollections of Roswell, Part II*.[2] Almost all those witnesses who were taperecorded in 1990 are now deceased.

Adrienne Barbeau—Actress, singer, and writer best known for her starring roles in the movies *The Fog* (1980), *Escape from New*

York (1981), *Creepshow* (1982), and *Swamp Thing* (1982); also had starring roles in the TV sitcom *Maude* and the original Broadway production of *Grease*. She was the guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell, New Mexico, during its annual UFO festival in 2012, which is dedicated to the 1947 Roswell crash.

Xander Berkeley—Character actor who has appeared in many roles on the big screen; his films include *A Few Good Men*, *The Rookie*, *Apollo 13*, and *The Rock*. Probably best known for his recurring roles on TV series such as *24*, *Jericho*, and *Supergirl;* for our purposes here, he played the role of CIC captain "Sherman Carson" (Sheridan Cavitt in real life) in the Showtime movie *Roswell* (1994). When interviewed on TV about his role in the Roswell movie and the possibility of other intelligent life "out there," Berkeley professed a blasé ambivalence about it.[3]

Tom Brookshier—Was All-Pro defensive back for the Philadelphia Eagles in the NFL from 1953 to 1961, when a broken leg prematurely ended his playing career. The Eagles responded by retiring his number 40 jersey and inducting him into their Hall of Fame. He became a top TV announcer of NFL games on CBS during the 1970s with former New York Giant place-kicker Pat Summerall and later became a part-owner and star sportscaster on radio station WIP in Philadelphia, leading to his eventual induction into the Philadelphia Broadcast Pioneers Hall of Fame in 2007. Born in Roswell, New Mexico, in 1931, which would make him sixteen years old at the time of the 1947 UFO incident, Brookshier was interviewed by us in 2008. He remembered the 1947 incident well:

> The airbase south of town went into total lockdown. It was like a steel curtain had dropped over it. No one could get in, and no one was coming out. I knew a lot of the guys from the base, having become acquainted with them from working part-time at my father's gas station on Main Street in Roswell, where they would come in to fill-up. After the curtain at the base was lifted, they [the airmen] wouldn't talk to us anymore,

> and big distrust between the base and the city of Roswell began.[4]

Brookshier also related a firsthand account of seeing and handling a piece of the exotic “memory metal” from the crash:

> I was told that Roy Tyner, who ran a welding shop around the corner from my Dad's gas station, had a piece of this strange metal that did tricks. So me and my friends went over to see him about it. Roy at first refused and told us to get lost, but we persisted, and he finally went and got the piece and wadded it up in his hand. He then held his right fist out, shoulder high at arm's length, and opened his fist. Out floated what looked like a thin piece of aluminum that had just unfurled itself. Instead of falling to the floor, it just stayed in midair, floating back and forth, back and forth. Before leaving, I got to hold it in my hand, and it felt like I was holding *nothing at all*. Roy told us that a friend of his had given it to him after pocketing it from a place where a *flying saucer* had crashed north of town.[5]

> Tom Brookshier passed away in 2010 at the age of seventy-nine. Philadelphia Eagles Sports Nation mourned.

> **Tucker Carlson**—The Fox News Channel political polemicist has recently offered a semirecurring segment on UFOs; while no expert himself on the subject—he doesn't claim to be—he clearly thinks the subject is something worth examining. Tucker hasn't brought it up yet as this is written, but can the subject of Roswell *not* be on his radar scope? As the late Brook Benton sang so often, “It's Just a Matter of Time.”[6]

> **Chris Carter**—Emmy Award–winning producer, director, and screenwriter best known as the creator of the iconic TV series *The X-Files* (1993–2002 and reprised in 2016), the underlying and continuing basis of which was the Roswell UFO crash of 1947.

> **Bill and Hillary Clinton**—Hillary Clinton's public interest in the subject of UFOs dates from a 1995 picture of her walking with

Laurence Rockefeller, a copy of the book titled *Are We Alone?* by Paul Davies tucked under her arm; her public statements since then have seemed to only reinforce her continued interest in the subject, especially those made during her unsuccessful run for president in 2008. During a campaign stop, Paul Davids, executive producer of the movie *Roswell*, introduced himself to Bill Clinton as the son of Jules Davids, who was the former president's history professor at Georgetown University. Davids then handed Clinton a copy of our first book as a team, *Witness to Roswell* (2007), for which Davids had written the foreword.[7] A copy of Randle and Schmitt's 1991 book, *UFO Crash at Roswell*, was also found in the Clintons' personal library by Ken Starr's impeachment investigation of President Bill Clinton in the mid-to-late 1990s.[8] From their public statements, when the subject is brought up to them, it appears that Bill has not read one or both of these books—but Hillary has!

Gordon Cooper—The youngest of the seven original US astronauts who took part in the Mercury and Gemini missions and the last American to fly alone in space. When he was passed over for the Apollo missions, he retired from the Air Force. He was also an elite test pilot in charge of several advanced aeronautics and flight avionics; he claimed to have seen UFOs on several occasions both while in orbit and when flying “normal” aircraft. Regarding Roswell, Cooper was outspoken:

> I think definitely there was something other than a weather balloon that crashed at Roswell. I think the truth has been very submerged in all of the lies that have been told. I had a good friend at Roswell, a fellow officer. He had to be careful about what he said, but he said that it sure wasn't a weather balloon, like the Air Force cover story. He made it clear to me that what crashed was a craft of alien origin, and that members of the crew were recovered.[9]

Cooper added, “It [the cover-up] started in World War II when our government didn't want people to know about UFO reports in case they panicked. They [the public] would have been fearful it was

superior enemy technology that we had no defense against."[10]

Dr. John L. Cotter, PhD—American archaeologist who received his doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania, where he was also a professor. Best known for his early work on Paleo-Indian cultures at the Blackwater Draw site near Clovis, New Mexico, he later became a pioneer in the field of what is now termed "historical archaeology" with his archaeological work on the first English settlement in America at Jamestown, Virginia. In the summer of 1947 while working for the National Park Service, Cotter was ordered to move from his excavation in central Arizona to a new site near Tupelo, Mississippi.[11] By our calculations, this move might have placed him in the trajectory of the Roswell crash. When we interviewed Dr. Cotter in person at the University of Pennsylvania in 1991, we were surprised at his detailed knowledge of the Roswell crash; he did not deny that something had indeed crashed there, but he attributed it to the crash of a V-2 rocket with a chimpanzee aboard.[12] We were later fortuitously fortunate to be able to interview an archaeology graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania who was able to cryptically confirm for us that Cotter had surprised her field class one day by telling them of his being at the site of a downed UFO in central New Mexico back in the summer of 1947.[13] John Cotter passed away in 1999 at the age of eighty-seven. We attempted to interview his surviving children, but they refused to talk to us.

The coauthors Tom Carey (L) and Don Schmitt (R) with actress Denise Crosby. Photo by Tom Carey.

Denise Crosby—Actress and model, daughter of Dennis Crosby, and granddaughter of the famous crooner Bing Crosby; best known for portraying Security Chief Tasha Yar in the first season of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and Yar's daughter, Commander Sela, in subsequent seasons. Denise was a guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell during the city's 2013 UFO festival.

Richard D'Amato—Former senior counsel to the late Senator Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, he met secretly with Jessie Marcel Jr. in a secure room at the Capitol building in Washington, DC, in 1990 and told Dr. Marcel that "Roswell is true, but then you already know that. The problem is that it's buried deep within the black budget, and government funds have been spent since 1947 to keep the truth from coming out. Whenever someone gets too close to the truth, they are immediately discredited. All of the main witnesses remain on their radar scopes."[14] Note: all the "main witnesses" are now gone.

Paul Davids—Executive producer of *Roswell,* the Showtime original movie in 1994, which was later nominated for a Golden

Globe award. He also wrote the foreword to our first book in our *Witness* trilogy, *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the 60-Year Cover-Up* (2007), a copy of which he personally presented to former president Bill Clinton (see the Bill and Hillary Clinton entry above); the book became the top-selling UFO book in the world for the next two years (2007–08).

Carlton William "Carl" Day—A Dayton staple for thirty years as a news anchor for both the NBC and Fox affiliates there; he had the distinction of receiving more awards than any other Ohio broadcaster, which included seven Emmys. Day was inducted into the National Broadcaster's Hall of Fame (1989) and the Broadcasting Hall of Fame (1998) and named to the Dayton Walk of Fame (2009). After his passing in 2010, the Associated Press renamed its Outstanding Achievement Award the Carl Day Award for Outstanding Achievement. Day's interest in Roswell was kindled in 1991 when, as a newsman for the Fox affiliate in Dayton, he interviewed two MPs from Wright-Patterson who both described for him "frozen bodies, wreckage, and a ship" that had been transported to the base many years before and was being stored in Building 21, which they guarded. For years, Day had suspected through his many contacts that something of an "extraterrestrial" nature was going on "beneath the radar" at Wright-Patterson, and in 1979, he had been given a plaster cast of a strange mandible by a dental technician who had surreptitiously cast the mold from a real "dead" jawbone brought to his place of business by two officers from Wright-Patterson. Experts employed by Carl Day to try to determine the jawbone's origin concluded that it belonged to no known creature from this earth; per instructions from the dental technician, Day kept the cast in cold storage for the next thirty years. We were in the process of putting together a special with NBC about Wright-Patterson in 2010[15] and wanted Carl Day and the strange mandible to be part of it, to which Day graciously agreed, and NBC was delighted. Day unfortunately passed away prior to production; we dedicated our next book, *Inside the Real Area 51: The Secret History of Wright-Patterson*, in 2013, to Carl Day.

John de Lancie—Actor, director, producer, writer, singer, musician, comedian, and voice artist who is best known for his role as "Q" in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (1987–94). With actor Leonard Nimoy, de Lancie wrote and recorded several audio dramas based on classic science fiction tales under the label Alien Voices. In 2000, de Lancie produced and starred in an IMDb docudrama video called *Roswell: The Unheard Broadcast*, which included coauthor Don Schmitt among its cast members. In 1998, de Lancie was the guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell.

John Denver—Singer and songwriter, born in Roswell, New Mexico, on December 31, 1943 (real name Henry John Deutchendorf Jr.). His father, Henry John Deutchendorf Sr., was a bomber pilot at the RAAF when little John was born and later set a world speed record of 1,061.81 mph in 1961 while piloting a B-58 *Hustler* bomber from Carswell AFB in Texas to Edwards AFB in California. Denver's father died in 1982 at the age of sixty-one, and John Denver died in 1997 at the age of fifty-three while piloting his own experimental aircraft off Monterey Bay in California. His ashes were subsequently spread high over the Rocky Mountains in Colorado.

Sam Donaldson—TV journalist, born in El Paso, Texas, in 1934 but raised on a farm that his family owned near Roswell, New Mexico. He attended the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, graduating in 1951. Today, at age eighty-six, Donaldson is retired and owns a sheep ranch in Lincoln County near Capitan, New Mexico, where members of the Brazel family still reside. According to Loretta Proctor, "When he came to see me about purchasing my property, he asked me all the same questions you fellows always ask me about the 1947 crash."[16] He has long been thought to know much about the 1947 Roswell UFO crash but has resisted all entreaties to get him to speak to us about what he knows except for one cryptic statement he made to coauthor Don Schmitt in a Dallas airport in 2018; when asked by Schmitt if he would consider coming to the International Museum & Research Center in Roswell to speak, he responded, "Well, perhaps in another

lifetime."

General Arthur E. Exon—Former commander of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, in the mid-1960s who confirmed that the 1947 Roswell UFO crash wreckage and alien bodies had been brought to WPAFB and were still there under his watch. Due to Air Force "compartmentalization" policies, he did not have a "need to know" or access to them, even as the base commander![17] Exon died in 2005 at the age of eighty-nine.

Mike Farrell—Actor, director, producer, screenwriter; now eighty, he is best known for his role as Dr. B. J. Hunnicutt in the popular TV series *M*A*S*H* (1975–83). On October 14, 1988, Farrell hosted a two-hour TV special, *UFO Cover-Up?: Live!*, during which he interviewed William Moore and Stanton Friedman about the 1947 Roswell crash. Also appearing as a special guest was Jesse Marcel Jr., who discussed the UFO wreckage that his father had brought back from the crash site, especially the "I-beam" he handled with strange symbols embossed on it. Two mysterious guests also made "blacked-out" appearances on the show, one named Falcon (Richard Doty) and the other named Condor (Robert Collins).

William Orville "Lefty" Frizzel—Iconic "honky tonk" singer, songwriter from the late 1940s to the early 1960s whose copious hits include "I Love You a Thousand Ways," "If You've Got the Money, I've Got the Time," and "Saginaw, Michigan." Frizzel was the first country music artist to perform at the Hollywood Bowl and to have a star enshrined on the Hollywood Walk of Fame (1960); he is also a member of the Country Music Hall of Fame (1972). In 1946, the eighteen-year-old Frizzel began performing a fifteen-minute "gig" each day, seven days a week, at radio station KGFL in Roswell, which made him a local celebrity. Eight days after the Roswell UFO incident, the now married nineteen-year-old Frizzel was arrested, tried, and convicted of statutory rape and served six months in Sheriff George Wilcox's Chaves County jail in Roswell.[18] He died of a massive heart attack in 1975 at the age of forty-seven. Frizzel died before any of us had ever heard about the

1947 Roswell crash, so we never got a chance to question him about what he knew about it; we reached out to his brother David Frizzel, a Country & Western singing star in his own right, but he was unresponsive about what his famous brother might have known.

Fitzhugh Fulton—After a distinguished Air Force career that spanned twenty-three years (1943–66), Fulton became a top test pilot for NASA for the next twenty years (1966–86). In 1962, Fulton set an international altitude record of 85,360 feet in a B-58 *Hustler*. In 1947, First Lieutenant Fulton was a pilot with the First Air Transport Unit located at Roswell Army Air Field; interviewed by us in 2005, he denied knowing anything at all about the alleged 1947 UFO crash. He passed away in 2015 from Parkinson's disease at the age of eighty-nine.

Barry Goldwater—US senator from Arizona, Republican candidate for president of the United States in 1964, and Air Force reserve major general, Goldwater knew about Roswell from his friend and fellow Air Force general William "Butch" Blanchard. In 1963, Senator Goldwater tried to enter the "Blue Room" at Wright-Patterson AFB where he was told that all the "Roswell stuff" was allegedly being stored; he was prevented from doing so by the Air Force chief of staff (and "good friend") Curtis LeMay.[19] Goldwater later told of this on the *Larry King Live* TV show and professed his belief that Roswell represented the crash of an alien spaceship.[20] Goldwater died in 1998 at the age of eighty-nine.

Hughie Green—British actor and TV personality who, at age twenty-seven, after the completion of filming for the movie *If Winter Comes*, was driving cross-country from Hollywood, California, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when he heard news of the Roswell crash over the car radio on July 8, 1947. After a few repeat updates on July 9, he heard no more about it; when he arrived in Philadelphia, the crash story had completely disappeared from the news for the past few days (and for the next thirty years!).[21] Green died in 1997 at the age of seventy-seven.

Bryant Gumbel—Television journalist and sportscaster best known for cohosting *The Today Show* on NBC for fifteen years and, since 1995, as the host of HBO's *Real Sports with Bryant Gumbel*. In 2002, Gumbel hosted our two-hour Sci-Fi Channel documentary, *The Roswell Crash: Startling New Evidence*.

Merle Haggard—Major Country & Western singer-songwriter best known for such classics as “Mama Tried” (1968), “Okie From Muskogee” (1969), “Workin' Man Blues” (1969), and “If We Make It Through December” (1973); inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1994. Haggard's singing idol was country star Lefty Frizzel, after whom he patterned himself and with whom he became a close friend. Influenced by Frizzel, in July of 2003 Haggard became an advocate for the 1947 Roswell Incident as a crash of an extraterrestrial spacecraft: “I believe that the Roswell Incident happened ... and I think a lot of our technology came from that.”[22] Haggard debuted the Annual UFO Music Fest in Roswell in honor of both Lefty Frizzel and the 1947 UFO event.[23] Haggard died in 2016 at the age of seventy-nine, shortly after hinting that he might publicly reveal what Lefty Frizzel had told him about 1947.

Dr. William “Curry” Holden, PhD—Archaeologist and historian at Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas; in a personal interview in 1991, he admitted to being at the 1947 Roswell UFO crash site: “I was there and saw everything.” He had been teaching an archeology field class that summer, and on July 7, he and his class stumbled upon the third Roswell crash site—the Impact Site just north of town. Dr. Holden passed away in 1993 at the age of ninety-six.

Webster “Webb” Hubbell—Arkansas lawyer, crony of Bill Clinton. When Clinton was elected president and took office in January 1993, Hubbell was appointed as a US associate attorney general and tasked by President Clinton to find out (1) who killed JFK and (2) what really happened down in Roswell in 1947. We don't know what he might have found out about JFK's death, but regarding Roswell, Hubbell reported back to Clinton that, despite his best efforts, the subject was impenetrable.[24]

Gary Johnson—Former governor of New Mexico (1994–2002). On June 22, 1997, on an Albuquerque, New Mexico, evening news broadcast, Johnson indicated that the 1947 Roswell crash "was not ours," he was privy to information that the general public was not—and other than that, he could say no more about it. Again in 1997, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the 1947 crash, Governor Johnson was in Roswell speaking about the crash and the ET information coming out about it in books, movies, TV, and civilian UFO outlets and was overheard to say to someone, "It's all there, except for a few facts."[25]

Frank Joyce—Radio reporter at KGFL in Roswell, New Mexico (1947), sports announcer at KOB-Radio in Albuquerque, New Mexico (1951–1967), and TV newsman reporting on sports, hunting, fishing, and skiing for his own show, *The Outdoor Report*, on KOB-TV in Albuquerque until retiring in 1989. Joyce is probably best known for his real-life role in the 1947 Roswell Incident as the reporter for radio station KGFL in Roswell who interviewed the rancher Mack Brazel twice. Targeted by the Air Force as a combative and uncooperative witness, Joyce was arrested by the Air Force and designated for "special treatment" in a Texas "hospital" where he was sequestered for a year before being released as "cured;" it would be twenty years before he talked about Roswell to anyone. Joyce also claimed to have written Lefty Frizzell's signature song, "I Love You a Thousand Ways," which he said he gave to Frizzel while the latter was incarcerated in a Roswell jail for six months in 1947. Joyce also claimed to have written another song, "Raining in My Heart," later recorded by Buddy Holly.[26] Joyce died in 2008 at the age of eighty-five.

Larry King—Longtime radio and TV talk-show host best known for his show on CNN, *Larry King Live*, which aired from 1985 to 2010. King was an obvious fan of the subject of UFOs and especially the alleged 1947 Roswell crash, as he hosted a number of shows devoted solely to it featuring actual participants in the 1947 events as well as the investigators of the case, including the coauthors.

Gary Lockwood—Actor with mostly supporting roles in TV and movies who is probably best known for his role as astronaut Frank Poole in *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) and as Lieutenant Commander Gary Mitchell in the *Star Trek* pilot episode, "Where No Man Has Gone Before" (1966). Lockwood was the guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell in 1999.

Chester W. Lytle—Top-tier electronics and communications consultant during World War II to the Manhattan Project, which produced the atomic bomb, and consultant to the Atomic Energy Commission after the war. "Chet" Lytle consulted for many top-secret government projects, in which capacity he got to know many high-level scientists and military and political person-ages. He was a consultant to every sitting president from FDR to George W. Bush. His duties often took him to Wright-Patterson AFB, where he learned about the 1947 Roswell crash and the fact that the wreckage and bodies were being stored there; he also knew medical people there who confided to him about autopsies that had been carried out on the alien bodies.[27] Lytle was on a flight back from Alaska in 1953 with his good friend General William Blanchard, the former base commander of the RAAF in 1947, when Blanchard told Lytle that a spaceship had crashed near Roswell, New Mexico, in 1947 and that four dead bodies had been recovered.[28] Lytle became a friend to our Roswell investigation in the 1990s, by which time he had founded his own company, Communications Diversified, Inc., in Albuquerque. He passed away in 2004 at the age ninety-two, having been the nation's oldest living hemophiliac.

Shirley MacLaine—Stage and screen actress, dancer, singer, bestselling author, and host of her own New Age–type show; with credits, achievement awards, and honors too numerous to mention and do justice to here. Suffice it to say that we, the coauthors, were honored to have Shirley MacLaine interview us on her show after the release of our book *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the Government's Biggest Cover-Up* (2009). MacLaine is on record as stating that former president Jimmy Carter told her during a private visit some years ago that we have been visited by ET, but that he

cannot publicly say this.[29]

Kyle MacLachlan—Actor best known for his role as Dale Cooper in the TV series *Twin Peaks* (1990–91 and 2017), for which he won a Golden Globe Award for Best Actor in a Television Series Drama (1990). He was also nominated twice for Emmy Awards for his role in *Twin Peaks*. MacLachlan played a leading role as Major Jesse Marcel in the Showtime made-for-TV movie, *Roswell* (1994).

Gordon MacRae—Stage and screen singer, actor best known for his performances in two motion pictures, *Oklahoma!* (1955) and *Carousel* (1956). Over the years we had heard stories that MacRae had been on at least one TV talk show where he stated that he had "guarded" (?) little alien bodies from another planet, and after his death at age sixty-five in 1986, his ex-wife, actress Sheila MacRae (*The Jackie Gleason Show* and *The Honeymooners*) repeated essentially the same story on several TV talk shows—i.e., that her former husband had been an armed security guard who had stood watch over a wooden pallet (containing little alien bodies under a tarp) at Wright-Patterson AFB. A chance backstage meeting between Sheila MacRae and respected UFO research author Peter Robbins after a Broadway performance seemed to only confirm her story.[30] Considering the facts that Gordon MacRae had been an Army Air Forces navigator during World War II, he had two radio shows by the end of 1945, he was back on Broadway in a show in 1946, and he had signed a movie contract and was already filming a movie in 1947, how could he possibly have been standing guard at Wright-Patterson in 1947? Peter Robbins and coauthor Tom Carey sought answers to these questions by requesting an interview in 2010 with Sheila MacRae herself, who by this time was in an assisted-care home for actors in New Jersey; after an extended period of negotiation with a MacRae family representative, our request was turned down. In August 2013, we received an unsolicited email from someone who had seen Sheila MacRae on a TV talk show in 1990 or 1991 during which she told about how Gordon had been taken to Area 51 in Nevada by an old friend he had known from the military and how he had seen a live alien being

walked somewhere between two armed guards.[31] The two stories are so dissimilar that we don't know what to make of them. Sheila MacRae passed away in March 2014 at the age of ninety-two.

Patrick Macnee—British movie and TV actor and producer best known for his role as secret agent John Steed in the British television series *The Avengers* (1961–69) and *The New Avengers* (1976–77). Less known is the fact that he helped to produce the award-winning British documentary *Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years* (1960–61); even less well known is the fact that Macnee starred as the host of a movie presented as a documentary, *Roswell: Top Secret* (1998), which still airs on the Newsmax Channel for two hours every few weeks. Macnee passed away in 2015 at the age of ninety-three.

Malcolm McDowell—British actor whose career spans over fifty years and is best known for his starring roles in *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), *Caligula* (1979), and Lindsay Anderson's trilogy *if....* (1968), *O Lucky Man!* (1973), and *Britannia Hospital* (1982). He has also had various supporting roles in movies too numerous to mention. His TV credits are too numerous to mention as well, all of which led to his receiving a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame in 2012. He was a guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell in 2011.

Dennis Miller—Humorist and radio and TV host and personality. Miller interviewed former New Mexico governor Bill Richardson and the “one final question” Miller wanted to ask him was what really happened down in Roswell in 1947, to which Richardson simply repeated his former comments that he was not satisfied with any of the current explanations.

Dr. Edgar Mitchell, PhD—Held a doctorate in aeronautical engineering from MIT and was a US Navy captain and an astronaut on Apollo 14; was the sixth man to walk on the moon. Mitchell grew up in Artesia, New Mexico, a small town near Roswell, and heard about the crash as a high school student in 1947. He didn't hear about it again until 1971 when he returned from his space

flight and people sought him out to reveal what they had been keeping to themselves for the past quarter-century:

> After my space flight, I had the privilege of being briefed by many old-timers [who] had been with military intelligence and wanted to pass on their stories related to Roswell before they passed away. They were under very, very strict security requirements, even under the threat of death, not to talk, but they wanted somebody to know before they passed that it [the Roswell crash] was a real fact. So I got it not only first-hand from the locals [in New Mexico], but from military intelligence people too who had been part of the event. And then a few other people—military retired generals and admirals that years ago I happened to encounter, and they all said, "Oh yes, it really was all real. We just couldn't talk about it at the time." They're still reluctant to talk about it.... Make no mistake, Roswell happened. I've seen the secret files, which show that the government knew about it but decided not to tell the public—a few insiders know the truth—and are studying the bodies that have been discovered.[32]

Dr. Mitchell passed away in 2016 at the age of eighty-five.

Demi Moore—Actress who dropped out of school at age sixteen to pursue a modeling and an acting career; she remains a major cinema star of too many movies to list. Some of her highest grossers include *Ghost* (1990), *A Few Good Men* (1992), *Disclosure* (1994), and *Striptease* (1996). Born in Roswell, New Mexico, in 1962, her biological father was an airman stationed at Walker AFB, formerly Roswell Army Air Field.

Don Most—Actor, singer, and producer who is best known for playing Ralph Malph on the popular TV sitcom *Happy Days* in the mid-1970s; he is now an executive producer for Stellar Productions, which once held the movie option rights to our best-selling book, *Witness to Roswell* (2007, 2009). In 2009, Most was given a tour of the old Roswell airbase by the authors.

Leonard Nimoy—Actor, director best known for his continuing

role as the Vulcan Dr. Spock in the *Star Trek* TV series and in spin-off films with the same name (1964–2013). Nimoy also hosted a half hour TV show called *In Search of* ..., which in 1980 aired the first segment ever about the alleged Roswell UFO crash of 1947. The show featured an aging Jesse Marcel Sr., the Roswell base's intelligence officer at the time of the crash, walking the New Mexico desert landscape where the crash supposedly occurred.

Dana Perino—Former press secretary (September 2007–January 2009) for President George W. Bush (2001–2009). In 2011, she joined the Fox News Channel as a political commentator and became a permanent member of the popular 5 p.m. round-table show, *The Five*. On the September 7, 2015, edition of *The Five*, each panelist was asked what would be the very first thing they would do if elected president of the United States, to which Perino responded, "[After spending some quiet time praying,] I would call up the CIA and ask them to bring me the Roswell files ... because I've always wanted to know."[33] On another broadcast of *The Five*, fellow panel member Bob Beckel, a Democrat very close to former president Jimmy Carter, professed his *absolute* belief that our planet has had visitors from outer space, to which Perino immediately replied, "Roswell?" to which Beckel responded, "I don't want to talk about it."[34] Perino, who was very close to President George W. Bush, said she once asked him whether, when he took over the presidency, he asked to see the Roswell files, and [instead of answering] "He just winked."[35] A former member of *The Five*'s production team made this observation about Dana Perino: "I heard her speak about Roswell several times when I was there.... It was as if she knew something about it—*really* knows something major ... I know she is real, real close to the Bushes and to [former vice president] Cheney ... so, you know what I mean?"[36]

Harry Reid—US senator (Democrat) from the state of Nevada (1987–2017), Senate majority leader (2007–15), and minority leader (2015–17), after which he retired. In recent years, Reid has become an outspoken advocate for UFO research, but from recent public statements his enthusiasm doesn't appear to extend to cases

like Roswell. To a reporter for *New York Magazine*, he said, “I'm happy to talk to you, [but] if we're here to talk about little green men or stuff that you want to look at that was found in New Mexico or something, I'm not interested.”[37] On the other hand, maybe he's reconsidering. To a reporter for *Rollcall*, he said, “I personally don't know if there exists little green men in other places, I kind of doubt that, but I do believe that *the information that we have* indicates we should do a lot more study” (authors' emphasis).[38]

Bill Richardson—Was a seven-term US congressman from New Mexico (1983–1997), the US ambassador to the United Nations (1997–1998), the US secretary of energy (1998–2001), and a two-term governor of New Mexico (2003–2011). Highly respected on both sides of the political aisle, Richardson has, when asked, given his candid opinion of the alleged 1947 Roswell UFO crash by stating that he is dissatisfied with the government's explanations for it, that the explanations continue to confuse the public about the case. In 2004, Richardson stated his true feelings about Roswell when writing the foreword to our book, *The Roswell Dig Diaries*, “Openness is our best policy. The American people can handle the truth—no matter how bizarre or mundane. And after fifty-five years, every document on the Roswell incident should be released to the public. With full disclosure and our best scientific investigation, we should be able to find out what happened on that fateful day in July 1947.”[39]

Ann Robinson—Actress; was the female lead of the original H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds* movie in 1953. She was the guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell during that city's UFO festival in 2007.

Jan Rooney—Actress, singer, and eighth (last) wife of movie legend Mickey Rooney prior to his death in 2014 at the age of ninety-three. She appeared on the *Larry King Live* TV show with the authors on July 4, 2008, to discuss her father's participation in the 1947 Roswell crash-retrieval. Her father (John Chamberlin) was an Air Force colonel at Wright Field in 1947 when he was suddenly

ordered to travel to New Mexico at the time of the incident "because there had been a crash out in the desert there." He never spoke directly about it, but according to Jan Rooney, "We were at the dining room table one evening and someone asked [him], 'Tell me Red,' as they called him, 'are there such things as UFOs?' and he said he had to think for a minute, and he said, 'The best way to put it [without revealing anything],' he said, '[is that] actually, there are documented facts about UFOs, but they will never in our lifetime,' as you've said, *ever*—'be revealed because of the fear of the panic risk, mass panic.'"[40]

Carl Sagan—Astronomer, Cornell University; often professed his belief that there are at least one million advanced intelligences in the Milky Way Galaxy *alone*, but that none of these has ever visited our planet due to the great distances that would have to be traveled to get here. Such claims of alien visitation were dismissed by Sagan with a succinct, "Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence." Nevertheless, Sagan warned that we earthlings should refrain from announcing our existence by transmitting radio signals into space "because we do not know the intentions of a superior galactic society."[41] The Roswell case was another matter to Sagan, however, as a close professional friend of his told us over lunch one day in New York that the one case that gave Carl Sagan pause to reconsider his position regarding UFOs was *Roswell!*[42]

Steven H. Schiff—Served as a US congressman from New Mexico (1989–1998). In 1993, at the request of his constituents, Schiff tasked the General Accounting Office (GAO—now known as the Government Accountability Office) with conducting a search for documents relating to the 1947 Roswell crash UFO event to see if they had been properly handled and classified; he released to the public the resulting GAO report in 1995 that showed that all such documents had been destroyed years before by unknown authority. Schiff died shortly thereafter of cancer in 1998 at the age of fifty-one.

Dr. C. Bertrand Schultz, PhD—Pleistocene ("Ice Age")

paleontologist at the University of Nebraska. He ran into the military cordon lining the west side of Highway 284 after the UFO crash while on his way to Roswell from Lincoln, Nebraska, to meet with Dr. Curry Holden. He learned of the crash (and the reason for the military cordon) from Dr. Holden, who had been at the crash site.[43]

Martin Sheen—Actor who played a fictional, quasi-sinister mystery man named Townsend in the 1994 Showtime movie *Roswell;* in today's lexicon, Townsend would qualify as a government "mole" or informant.

Elaine Shepard—Actress, journalist, and author; had roles in movies such as *Darkest Africa* (1936), *The Falcon in Danger* (1943), *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* (1944), and *Ziegfeld Follies* (1945). She transitioned to TV in the 1950s with minor parts on a few shows such as cowboy Gene Autry's weekly show (1950–55). She bowed out from TV with guest appearances on the *Tonight Show* with Jack Paar (1960) and Johnny Carson (1963) and lastly appeared in a forgettable TV movie, *Bat Men of Africa* (1966). During the 1960s, Shepard transitioned into the field of journalism and is probably best known for her Vietnam War coverage, which formed the basis of her book *The Doom Pussy* in 1967. Shepard was married to an Air Force colonel by the name of George F. Hartman (1943–58), and they became friends with General Roger and Mrs. Ramey. Sometime after the general's passing in 1963, according to Shepard, Mrs. (LaTane) Ramey confided to her that, on his deathbed, the general confessed to LaTane that "it was a spaceship" that had crashed at Roswell in 1947—and not a "weather balloon." We interviewed Elaine Shepard in 1996 and she confirmed this as true but would tell us no more, claiming her desire to save it for a book she was planning on writing. Shepard died in 1998 at the age of eighty-five with no book in sight.

Charles Martin Smith—Character actor, director, author, best known for his acting roles as the Toad in *American Graffiti* (1973), Buddy Holly's bassist (J. B. Mauldin) in *The Buddy Holly Story* (1978), the scientist Farley Mowat-Tyler in *Never Cry Wolf* (1983),

and the astronomer Dr. Marcus Wolf in the 1998 disaster movie *Deep Impact*, an important but uncredited role. In 1994, he played the role of Chaves County sheriff George Wilcox in the Showtime movie *Roswell*.

Robert Stack—Screen actor in more than forty feature films and TV host, known for his starring role as John Paul Jones in a movie of the same name (1959), his comedic supporting role in the satirical disaster movie *Airplane!* (1980), and his Oscar-nominated supporting role in *Written on the Wind* (1956). Stack is probably best known for his TV work as the crime-buster Elliot Ness in the TV series *The Untouchables* (1959–63), for which he won an Emmy Award in 1960 for Best Actor in a Dramatic Series, and later as the host of the series *Unsolved Mysteries* (1987–2002). On September 20, 1989, Stack introduced a major segment on *Unsolved Mysteries* about the 1947 Roswell crash that was so well received that it compelled many viewers who had hitherto been silent to call the show's hotline with information about the crash. The new information received as a result of the show had an electric-jolt shock effect that reignited a moribund investigation into the case. Stack passed away in 2003 at the age of eighty-four.

Dr. John P. Stapp—Became world famous in the mid-1950s as the "Rocket Man" while, dressed like an astronaut and strapped into a rocket-powered sled, he shot across the barren desert floor at Holloman AFB near Alamogordo, New Mexico, with his face all twisted and contorted like rubber, to attain a land speed record of 632 mph. The purpose of these "rides" was to observe and monitor the effects of rapid acceleration and deceleration on the human body (similar tests had originally been conducted at Wright Field in 1947 to test human tolerances in simulated aerial crashes). Colonel Stapp held medical and PhD degrees and was an Air Force flight surgeon who, when he was not rocketing around the desert floor on his sled, worked alongside Colonel Sydney Johnston and Dr. Knox Millsaps at Holloman. He was a firsthand witness to the Roswell crash memory metal brought to work one day by Dr. Millsaps and knew that there were "three crash-related sites" associated with the 1947 Roswell crash (as we believe).[44] He told all this to Ralph

Steinhoff, the son of Operation Paperclip scientist Dr. Ernst Steinhoff, based on information he most likely obtained at work or from visiting the crash sites himself, which certainly was not out of the question, given his background. Dr. Stapp died in 1999 at the age of eighty-nine.

Roger Staubach—All-American (1963) and Heisman Trophy winning (1963) quarterback at the US Naval Academy. MVP quarter-back for the Dallas Cowboys (1969–80), inducted into the NFL Hall of Fame (1985), and awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom (2018). "Roger the Dodger," as he was known, attended the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell for one year (1960–61) prior to entering the US Naval Academy.

Dr. Ernst Steinhoff—German rocket scientist brought to America after the close of World War II in 1945 under the auspices of Operation Paperclip. A colleague of Dr. Wernher von Braun's, Steinhoff was called to the Roswell crash site to view the wreckage; before he died, he confided what he saw there to Dr. Cornelius Blesius, whom he told not to tell anybody else until after he had passed away.[45] Steinhoff died in 1987 at the age of seventy-nine.

Susan Strasberg—Stage and screen actress and author; daughter of the famous "method" acting guru, Lee Strasberg. We had heard some years ago from a source whom we cannot now remember that Susan had a relative who was or had been in the Air Force and was involved in—or had information regarding—the 1947 Roswell crash. Hard as we tried, we were never able to verify—or debunk—this story, as none of Strasberg's relatives whom we located responded to our queries. We present it here simply as a possible "lead" involving a famous person that remains unresolved. Susan Strasberg died of cancer in 1999 at the age of sixty.

Whitley Strieber—Writer/novelist and paranormal advocate best known for his horror novels *The Wolfen* (1978) and *The Hunger* (1981), which were both made into feature films, and his nonfiction, alien-centric best sellers, *Communion* (1987), which

reached number one on the *New York Times* best-seller list; *Transformation* (1988); and *Majestic* (1989), a fictionalized account of Roswell. Strieber, through a relative, was the first person to interview retired General Arthur E. Exon, the former commander of Wright-Patterson AFB who confirmed the fact that the wreckage and bodies recovered from the 1947 Roswell UFO crash had indeed been brought to Wright-Patterson in 1947 for storage, analysis, and reverse engineering.[46]

Roy Thinnes—Stage, screen, and TV actor best known for his portrayal of David Vincent in the sci-fi UFO TV series *The Invaders* (1967–68) and its 1995 miniseries, where he played an older David Vincent. In 1969 Thinnes starred in the British sci-fi film *Journey to the Far Side of the Sun;* his many other film and TV credits include director Robert Wise's *The Hindenburg* (1975), after which Wise later introduced Thinnes to Don Schmitt. Thinnes has been a vocal supporter of Roswell ever since and a guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell on several occasions.

ROSWELL

Actor Roy Thinnes, star of the 1967–68 TV show The Invaders, gives the "alien salute" (little finger extended) at the debris field crash site. Photo by Tom Carey.

Tracy Tormé—Screenwriter and producer who is the son of the famous jazz crooner known as the "Velvet Fog," Mel Tormé ("Blue Moon" and "The Christmas Song"). Tracy is best known for his contributions to *Saturday Night Live* (1980s), the sci-fi series *Sliders* (1995–2000), *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (1987–88), and the motion picture about Travis Walton's alleged abduction, *Fire in The Sky* (1993). Tracy also wrote the foreword to our 2013 book, *Inside the Real Area 51: The Secret History of Wright-Patterson*.

Nathan Twining "Jr."—Son of the famous Air Force general Nathan F. Twining, who advanced to the exalted position of chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (1957–60) during the Eisenhower administration. Twining Jr. was an accomplished international pianist, a real estate developer with his own oil exploration company, and an international art connoisseur. He became interested in our Roswell investigation in the early 1990s and provided us with a number of contacts derived from his father, who had possible information about the 1947 Roswell crash. He also supported our investigation economically by providing us with a place to stay and serving delicious repasts when we were in New Mexico. Technically speaking, he was not a "Jr." because he and his father had different middle names, but we always referred to him that way out of convenience to differentiate him from his father. He told us that his father never discussed the Roswell crash with him directly. So, other than the leads he gave us to investigate, which indicates that his father must have told him *something*, that was pretty much it regarding Roswell. Nathan Twining Jr. died in 2016 at the age of eighty-three.

Dr. Wernher von Braun—German rocket scientist during World War II who was captured and brought to the US in 1945 at the close of the war under a secret program called Operation Paperclip to ultimately become the "Father of the US Space Program." He

was called to view the Roswell crash site to try to identify the wreckage and later visited Wright-Patterson often where the wreckage and biological remains were taken.[47] Publicly, he gave hints that UFOs were real and that the US government knew a lot more about UFOs than it was stating publicly.[48] Von Braun died in 1977 at the age of sixty-five.

Dee Wallace (Stone)—Actress, author best known for her roles in *The Howling* (1981), *E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial* (1982), and *Cujo* (1983); she also has had many, many TV appearances beginning in 1974 to the present. She was a guest of honor at the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell during that city's UFO festival twice, in 2000 and 2008.

Henry Winkler—Actor, director, producer who is best remembered for his portrayal of the iconic greaser, Arthur J. "the Fonz" or "Fonzie" Fonzarelli, in the popular TV sitcom *Happy Days* (1974–84). Winkler produced the UFO-related *Sightings* TV series (1991–93), the first show of which was about the Roswell Incident; Winkler's interest in the Roswell case continues to this day.

Robert Wise—Iconic film director, producer, and editor whose film credits are too long to list but is best known for receiving Oscars for Best Director and Best Picture for *West Side Story* (1961) and *The Sound of Music* (1965). Other credits include the sci-fi classic *The Day the Earth Stood Still* (1951); *Run Silent, Run Deep* (1958); *The Andromeda Strain* (1971); and *The Hindenburg* (1975). Wise was instrumental in getting the film *Roswell* produced. Having become very interested in the subject after the publication of *UFO Crash at Roswell* in 1991, he introduced one of his *Hindenburg* stars, actor Roy Thinnes, to the book's authors, Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt, who then were introduced to Hollywood producer Paul Davids, who ultimately produced the Showtime movie *Roswell* in 1994. Wise died in 2005 at the age of ninety-one.

Dwight Yoakam—Country & Western singer-songwriter,

musician, actor, and director noted for his pioneering style of country music. Yoakam has sold more than twenty-five million records and has had more than thirty singles on *Billboard*'s country charts. He has recorded five albums that made it to #1 on *Billboard*, twelve gold albums, and nine platinum albums, including a "triple platinum" album, *This Time*. Yoakam also has his own food brand called Bakersfield Biscuits and his own channel on SiriusXM called Dwight Yoakam and the Bakersfield Beat. Of the many film and TV roles to his credit, the one we liked best was his portrayal of rancher Mack Brazel in the 1994 Showtime movie *Roswell*.

Bryce Zabel—Television producer, director, author, and occasional actor. A former CNN correspondent turned screenwriter, Zabel has created five prime-time series, most notably NBC's Emmy Award–winning Roswell-conspiracy series, *Dark Skies* (1996–97). In 2001, Zabel became the first writer/producer to be elected as chairman/CEO of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. In 2012, Zabel coauthored with Richard Dolan the critically acclaimed book, *A.D. After Disclosure: When the Government Finally Reveals the Truth About Alien Contact*. Zabel is the president and CEO of Stellar Productions, which held the filming option rights to our book *Witness to Roswell* (2007, 2009).

Honorable Mention—Actors and performers who have visited the International UFO Museum & Research Center in Roswell, New Mexico, include actors Dean Jones, Dick Van Patton, and Sam Shepard; singer and actor Ozzy Osbourne and his actor son, Jack; country singers Lynn Anderson and Lacy J. Dalton; illusionist David Copperfield; and TV's *Expedition Unknown* star, Josh Gates.

CHAPTER 12

Deathbed Confessions

If I ever told you the truth of what happened back at Roswell, you would never see life in the same way again.

—MAJOR GENERAL ROBERT B. LANDRY, 393rd Air Force liaison to the president of the United States, to his grandson David Landry just before passing away

In courts of law, so-called deathbed confessions or dying declarations are accorded special weight and consideration because of the belief that when a person knows that death is pending, that person will want, in the end, to have his or her conscience cleared and leave truth as a lasting legacy. Such is the control, fear, and intimidation held over these individuals, in some cases for decades. What would seriously compel them to withhold a story of this magnitude from even their immediate families? And then, at the most poignant moment just prior to their death, finally break the silence and reveal what obviously weighed on them relentlessly for so many years? It is perplexing for those of us in these modern, cynical times when the government is often held in contempt. But not for those of America's "greatest generation"—no, their actions regarding Roswell over the past seven decades only solidifies that term. They knew how to keep their secrets. Call it a devotion to duty, post–World War II patriotism, or just being a good soldier who respected the military code of honor, but also call it fear, a fear of reprisal in the form of threats of incarceration, loss of a job,

or loss of a military or government pension if one spoke of what really happened so long ago near a small, dusty town in New Mexico. The people you are about to meet were part of America's “greatest generation.” They honored their pledge to remain silent until the end when truth ultimately prevailed.

The “Dying Archaeologist”—After an *Unsolved Mysteries* broadcast in September 1989, a former cancer ward nurse from St. Petersburg Hospital in Florida came forward to describe the final testimony she personally heard from one of her elderly patients. The nurse was Mary Ann Gardner, who worked at the hospital from 1976 to 1977. The patient, a woman (Gardner couldn't remember her name), had been alone in the hospital. Feeling concern for her because she had no visitors, Gardner spent as much time as she could listening to the woman's stories—especially the one about the crashed ship and the “little men” she had seen.

According to Gardner, “Basically ... they had stumbled upon a spaceship of some kind and ... there were bodies on the ground ... little people with large heads and large eyes. Then the army showed up ... and chased them away ... the army people were everywhere and ... told them that if they ever said anything about it, that the government could always find them.”[1]

The dying woman explained that she had been with a team of archaeologists and was not supposed to be there. The team had been “hunting rocks and looking for fossils ... she had gone along with a friend.” Gardner said the woman was still frightened about official retaliation and soon had nothing more to say about the incident. “The woman kept looking around as if she was frightened about something and said to me, ‘They said that they could always find us, so I'd better not say any more.’” Gardner then asked her, “Who? Who can find you?” The woman then answered in a low, wary voice, “The government.” Within days, she expired.[2]

In the years since Mrs. Gardner first came forward with her story, and because St. Petersburg Hospital refused Don Schmitt's request for access to its records, Tom Carey decided to research the

anthropological and archaeological literature in an attempt to try to identify Gardner's “dying archaeologist.” He was able to identify a female archaeologist who would have been about the right age and who had passed away in 1976 in St. Petersburg, Florida. Carey then called Mrs. Gardner several times to tell her the news and, when she didn't answer the phone, left messages as to the reason he was calling. Failing to hear back from her, he then wrote a letter to Gardner containing a list of a half dozen names of female archaeologists, including the one he had identified, to see if the name itself would jog her memory. Like the phone calls, the letter was never answered (and never returned), and further phone calls since have been met with a gentleman's voice stating that we have the wrong number.

Bessie Brazel Schreiber—Bessie was the daughter of Mack Brazel and was fourteen years old at the time of the 1947 incident. For years her statements about the incident were that she was at the crash site with her father; her little brother Vernon; and her mother, Maggie. She claimed to have seen the wreckage, her descriptions of which seemed to match pieces of rubber-backed Mylar. When we interviewed her in person in the late 1990s, she had changed her story from a Mylar “weather balloon” to a Mylar “high-altitude balloon” to conform more closely to the Air Force's Project Mogul explanation of what had crashed in her father's sheep pasture.[3] When we got up to leave, however, Bessie pounded her fist on the table while loudly proclaiming, “No matter what I said here today, whatever my father said was true, and you can take that to the bank!”[4] Bessie's brother Bill and their neighbor Loretta Proctor had always maintained that Bessie wasn't on the ranch at the time of the incident. After one final goodbye-type meeting with her brother Bill, Bessie recanted her Mylar balloon story, agreeing that *that* must have been a different occasion and that she was indeed *not* on the Foster ranch at the time of the 1947 crash: “I had helped my dad gather up weather balloons on a number of occasions and have come to the conclusion that what my dad found back at that time was *something else* altogether.”[5] Bessie Brazel Schreiber passed away in 2007 at the age of seventy-five.

Staff Sergeant Melvin Brown—One of the earliest examples of a deathbed confession came from the late Sergeant Melvin E. Brown, who was with K Squadron back at the time of the incident. Brown would use the historic first manned landing on the moon in July 1969 as an impetus to tell his family the truth about Roswell. Unfortunately for Brown, they were reluctant to believe him. Still, his wife and two daughters remembered his stern warning not to tell anyone else because "Daddy will get into trouble."[6]

In 1986, as Brown was on his deathbed just outside London, England, his daughter Beverly Bean said that her father talked about Roswell exclusively. He reiterated over and over that "it was not a damn weather balloon." Brown's wife and oldest daughter still refuse to discuss the matter. Beverly Bean, however, wanted everyone to know what her father had told her in his own dying words:

> It was approaching dusk when one other soldier and I were stationed in one of the ambulance trucks at the recovery site. Everything was being loaded onto trucks, and I couldn't understand why some of the trucks had ice or something in them. I did not understand what they wanted to keep cold. Our orders were not to look under the canvas tarp in the back. The moment we had a chance, I pulled back the covering. There were two bodies ... small bodies ... the color and texture of the skin looked strange ... and they had big heads and slanted eyes.[7]

His family, especially his daughter Beverly, is bitter about his treatment by the military and him having to carry the burden of such a secret for so many years, and they still fear government reprisal should they say too much.[8]

Frank Cassidy—Private Francis "Frank" Cassidy was an MP in the 1395th Military Police Company at Roswell in 1947; during his final days of life in 1976, he confessed to his wife, Sara, of guarding Hangar P-3 and seeing the little bodies inside.[9]

CIC Captain Sheridan Cavitt—CIC officer Sheridan Cavitt played a major role in the entire Roswell affair. As the head of counter-intelligence at Roswell, he would have been privy to most every aspect of the historic event—not that he ever admitted much to investigators. Still, his lasting legacy will be that he became the lone, star witness for the Air Force Project Mogul report.[10] Ironically, his testimony to us and to the Air Force is a huge contradiction of conflated confabulations.[11] On one occasion, his wife apologized to us when he wasn't in the room. "You have to understand," she said, "my husband is sworn to secrecy and can't tell you anything."[12] But that didn't stop us from trying. In fact, when Cavitt was terminally ill and given a very short time to live, we discussed a plan with his son Joe, an attorney, to get his father to write out a sealed statement that could be released posthumously. Frustrated, Joe informed us each time he broached the topic with his father, and the answer was always that "he was not ready."

Unfortunately, the intelligence officer was *never* ready and quietly passed away with no awards or special proclamations from the president, the CIA, the NSA, or the DOD for preserving one of America's greatest secrets. Sheridan Cavitt remains a testament to the fact that when you know too much, you forfeit your very freedom. As his son Joe said, "It was like having a father who lived in a bubble. You literally had only half a father."[13] Apparently, the government had the nonnegotiable half. This couldn't have been more evident than what was described to us by his attending physician just days before he died: "He sat next to his bed [in the hospital] with a room full of immediate family who were reminiscing and exchanging personal stories. But not Mr. Cavitt. He just sat there not saying a word. It was as though he was afraid that he would say something."[14]

Former CIC captain Sheridan Cavitt in a 1990 photo. Playing the role of the "good soldier," Cavitt took everything he knew about the 1947 incident with him to his grave. Photo by Don Schmitt.

George Compton—Sixty-five-year-old Kenneth Compton was a teenager in 1970 when he saw an *unidentified flying object*. When he asked his father, George Compton, who was in Air Force counter-intelligence, about it, he was angrily told in no uncertain terms to keep his mouth shut. A few years later at Kelly AFB in

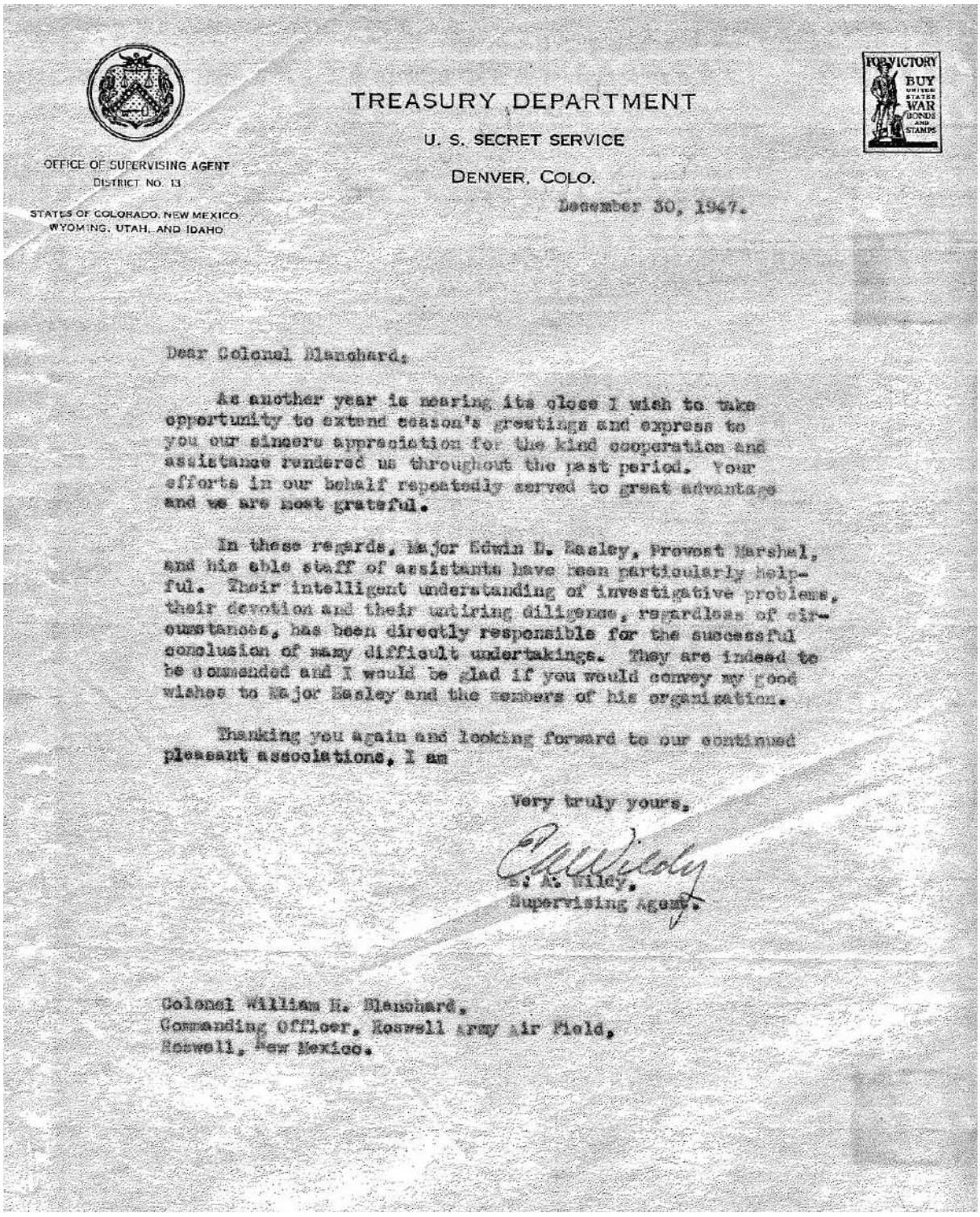
San Antonio, Texas, his father suffered a heart attack, and immediate bypass surgery was ordered. After his father was out of surgery, Ken asked him, “Well, Dad, did you see the white light?” George Compton's answer to the question was startling in its matter-of-factness: “No, Son. I didn't see the white light. I saw the aliens at Wilford Hall.” (Note: Wilford Hall is the name of the base hospital at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, Texas.) After his father recovered, Ken Compton kept prodding and asking his father about the statement, wanting to know more. Late in life, his father finally relented and told him that in 1964 he had seen two alien bodies on examination tables at Wilford Hall. They were small, three to four feet tall, and grayish in color. He did not tell his son how he came to view the bodies other than to say it was on official Air Force business as an intelligence officer and that he had been ordered to attend the viewing by his superior. He also did not elaborate on anything beyond his brief description of their appearance. Ken said that his father was in the Air Force from 1952–1973 and retired from the Air Force to San Angelo, Texas, his hometown. Ken is also sure that he saw Sheridan Cavitt at his house on occasion.[15] Cavitt was also from San Angelo.

Brigadier General Thomas J. DuBose—In 1947, then colonel DuBose was the chief of staff and deputy commander of General Roger Ramey's Eighth Air Force located at Fort Worth Army Air Field in Texas. In the last year of his life, General DuBose admitted that in 1947 he had received a phone call from SAC Deputy Commander Clements McMullen in Washington, DC, and was told to “get the press off [General] Ramey's back” regarding the then burgeoning Roswell crash story. DuBose admitted to us that the “weather balloon story” was an idea that he and Ramey concocted to accomplish just that.[16] DuBose passed away in 1992 at the age of ninety.

Lieutenant Edward W. Dunn—Edward Dunn was a pilot for the 715th Bomb Squadron of the 509th Bomb Group at the Roswell Army Air Field in 1947. When we called in 2012, Dunn was ninety-two years old and in a nursing home. According to his second wife, Margot, “He is very tight-lipped and is still very

military. He would always poo-poo the whole thing and laugh whenever I asked him what really happened. My husband is holding back. Why won't he talk about it? I just do not understand."[17] Then Mrs. Dunn said that a few months previously she had brought up the subject again with him when he was in the hospital. "He finally told me that there was a big cover-up, but he said that he was not 'high enough' [in rank] to know all the details. He wouldn't say any more."[18] Edward Dunn passed away early in 2013 at the age of ninety-three.

Major Edwin Easley—Perhaps the most significant deathbed testimony was that of the former provost marshal at the Roswell base in 1947, Major Edwin Easley. When first interviewed by Roswell investigator Kevin Randle, all Easley would say was that he couldn't discuss the Roswell Incident, that he was still sworn to secrecy. Over and over, Easley would repeat that same phrase to each question that Randle asked. In frustration, Randle asked Easley one final question, "Well, can you tell me if we are going in the right direction [that the 1947 Roswell crash was that of an ET craft]?" After a thoughtful pause, Easley responded, "Well, let's just say that you're not going in the wrong direction."[19] When he later lay dying at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, Texas, in June 1992, his granddaughter brought him a gift while her mother and aunt kept vigil at their father's bedside. She held it up to her grandfather's eyes in the hopes that he would appreciate her thoughtfulness. With a look of total astonishment, he turned from the outreached arms of the young girl and sighed with the words "Ohhh, the creatures!"[20] What was the gift, you ask, that brought such an intense reaction from an intrepid man who maintained his silence for forty-five years? It was simply a copy of the first Randle and Schmitt book, *UFO Crash at Roswell*, from 1991. Easley then apologized to his family for not telling them sooner about his role in the 1947 Roswell crash/recovery and cited his promise to the president of the United States never to talk about it.[21]



TREASURY DEPARTMENT

U. S. SECRET SERVICE

DENVER, COLO.

OFFICE OF SUPERVISING AGENT
DISTRICT NO. 13

STATES OF COLORADO, NEW MEXICO
WYOMING, UTAH, AND IDAHO

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

December 30, 1947.

Dear Colonel Blanchard:

As another year is nearing its close I wish to take opportunity to extend season's greetings and express to you our sincere appreciation for the kind cooperation and assistance rendered us throughout the past period. Your efforts in our behalf repeatedly served to great advantage and we are most grateful.

In these regards, Major Edwin D. Easley, Provost Marshal, and his able staff of assistants have been particularly helpful. Their intelligent understanding of investigative problems, their devotion and their untiring diligence, regardless of circumstances, has been directly responsible for the successful conclusion of many difficult undertakings. They are indeed to be commended and I would be glad if you would convey my good wishes to Major Easley and the members of his organization.

Thanking you again and looking forward to our continued pleasant associations, I am

Very truly yours,

E. A. Riley,
Supervising Agent.

Colonel William H. Blanchard,
Commanding Officer, Roswell Army Air Field,
Roswell, New Mexico.

A commendation letter received by Major Edwin Easley in December of 1947 extolling him for "a job well-done under trying circumstances." Photo by Tom Carey.

Reverend Elijah H. Hankerson—An African American National Baptist, Elijah Hankerson began his military career as an Army chaplain in 1944. As he neared the end of his life in 1990, according to his daughter Esther, he started making certain statements over and over again: "He increasingly spoke about 'the Universe and Man's place in it,' and 'In my Father's house there are many mansions,' while repeating over and over, 'I'm just a man.'" He also ominously told his daughter that, "knowing too much is not always a good thing." Esther did not know what to make of these statements at the time, but with some of the blanks filled in after her father's passing (e.g., she never knew that her father had ever been stationed at Roswell Army Air Field—let alone at the very time of the 1947 UFO incident), she is open to another possibility: "Perhaps he may well have been trying to say something without saying ..."[22]

Major General Robert B. Landry—With awards and medals from his illustrious career too numerous to list here, let's get right down to the nitty-gritty. In 1947, General Landry was assigned to Army Air Forces headquarters in Washington, DC, as the executive officer to the chief of staff, General Carl Spaatz. From 1948 to 1953, he served as the first US Air Force aide to the president. In this capacity, he represented the Air Force in the White House and served as an informal consultant to the president on Air Force matters, which also included quarterly briefings on *flying saucers*. He retired in 1962 with thirty years of service that also included being a rated command pilot with 7,500 hours of flying time and flying combat missions in P-47 fighters and B-17 bombers in the European Theater during World War II.[23] Landry's connection to Roswell was that he was Air Force aide to President Harry Truman at the time of the incident; he briefed the president *verbally* on the "*flying saucer* situation" and not leaving any paper trail.[24] Before he died, he promised his family that he would "tell them the whole story ... the truth of what really happened at Roswell." But death is the great silencer, and the general lost his battle with time before he could fully make good on his promise to his family. Still, one final remark should haunt us, as recounted to us by his grandson Dave.

When asked by his sister, Dr. Meg Blackburn Losey, “What did granddad tell you?” he replied, “Granddad told me, ‘Dave, if I ever told you the truth of what happened back at Roswell, you would never see life in the same way again.’”[25] Do you think the general was referring to balsa-wood, balloons, and tinfoil? Mogul fades into richly deserved insignificance.

Corporal Robert J. Lida—Corporal Lida had been an MP with the 1395th MP Company at Roswell in 1947 and confirmed to his wife, Wanda, that he was simply “grabbed” one day and told to report to Hangar 3. He was given a gun and told to stand guard at the hangar with other similarly marshaled base personnel. While on guard duty there, he waited for an opportunity to look inside the building. Lida swore to his wife that he observed wreckage scattered about inside and a number of “small bodies” being prepared for shipment elsewhere. After seeing a program on TV that featured the Roswell Incident, she at last asked him, “Well, Dear, is it true?” He answered, “Well, I suppose it's time I should tell you. I've been meaning to for a long time. It's true.” Asked if she believed her husband when he told her this, Wanda replied without hesitation or reservation, “Absolutely! He was telling me the truth when he knew he didn't have much longer [to live].”[26]

Richard Loveridge—Douglas Loveridge is an aeronautical engineer who has worked on classified government programs over the past twenty years for Northrup-Grumman Aircraft Company in Oklahoma. He has also worked on experimental air vehicles and new avionics systems for ten years at Edwards AFB in California. He is also Richard Loveridge's son. Knowing what his father did for a living and that he had lived in Roswell, New Mexico, for a period of time in the 1940s and 1950s, when *The Roswell Incident* book was published in 1980, Douglas put two and two together and asked his father the “Daddy, what did you do in the war?” question.[27] “I don't know anything. Don't ask me about it. They can hurt you!” was his father's curt response. In the ensuing years, whenever Douglas would periodically ask his father about Roswell, he would notice a big change in his father's demeanor, that his

father would become extremely agitated. And the answer was always the same: “Don't ask me. They can hurt you!” At some point, however, his father started to soften his position in response to his son's persistence. “Yes. I heard the crash stories at the time, but thinking that one of our bombers had crashed, I drove out there [to the UFO crash site] but was turned away [by the military]. I didn't get to see anything. So, I still don't know anything.” Then, in the last year of his life, 1993, Richard Loveridge finally relented and gave it up by admitting that he saw everything. When asked about it yet again, he didn't get agitated this time. He said matter of factly that he had been to the crash site north of Roswell in his official capacity as a regional crash investigator for the Boeing Aircraft Company and that he saw the wreckage as well as three small, deceased “entities” and one that was still alive. He said that the “entities” were “child-size” and “grayish” in color. Nothing more. Finally, becoming emotional now, he revealed that he had had a nervous breakdown at the time of the incident. He then finished by repeating his too-familiar warning, “Don't ask me any more about this. They can hurt you!”[28]

Lieutenant Colonel Marion M. “Black Mac” Magruder—In 2001, Dr. Roger Leir, the noted “alien implant” physician, informed us of a Roswell witness that he and “Alien Hunter” Derrel Sims had been researching. They had been talking to the witness's surviving sons, but the case was requiring much more time to research—time they did not have. Dr. Leir provided us with their investigative file to continue the investigation. We quickly proceeded to interview four of Marion “Black Mac” Magruder's five sons: Mark, Merritt, Mike, and Marion Jr., who told us about their father's unexpected brush with the Roswell Incident. Honoring his security oath, he had kept it from them until he felt it was safe to tell—when he felt that it was no longer a secret—“after he saw all of the books and TV shows about Roswell in the 1980s and 1990s.”[29]

The summer of 1947 found Lieutenant Colonel Marion M. Magruder in class at the Air War College at Maxwell Field in Montgomery, Alabama. The officers chosen for the class were

deemed to represent the “best and brightest” in their respective branches of the military as well as future leaders heading into the postwar era. Magruder's class at the Air War College was scheduled to last approximately one year, from late July 1947 to early June 1948. The officers were to receive advanced training in military history, decision making, and geo-political strategy.

In early 1948, all the class members were flown up to Wright Air Force Base (the new USAF designation) in Dayton, Ohio. Their “opinion” was desired on a matter of utmost urgency and importance. Not knowing what to expect, the curious officers were led into a room where they were told about the recovery to Wright Field the previous summer of an extraterrestrial spaceship that had crashed near the town of Roswell, New Mexico. Most of the officers had not been aware of the crash and were startled when some strange wreckage they could not identify was brought out for them to examine. The real shocker, however, was yet to come. After everyone had a chance to examine and handle the wreckage, they were taken into another room. There, they were shown something that would haunt Marion Magruder for the rest of his life.

While lying on his deathbed almost fifty years later, Black Mac recalled again his brief encounter with the “live alien” he had witnessed that one time at Wright Air Force Base with his Air War College class. The class had been told that it was a survivor from the Roswell crash. Magruder's son Mike had heard the story before, but this telling was meant for his granddaughter Natalie, who was there with her father. He told her that the “creature,” which he described as being “squiggly,” was under five feet tall, “human-like” but with longer arms, larger eyes, and an oversized, hairless head for its small frame. Its other features, as described by Magruder, were similar to the descriptions of others over the years who have claimed to have seen the Roswell aliens: a slit for a mouth, no nose or ears—just small orifices. In his mind, Magruder emphasized the human-like qualities of the small, childlike creature, but he told his granddaughter that there was no question that it “came from another planet.”[30] According to Mike Magruder,

his father later learned that the military had been conducting experiments on the alien he saw, but it had died in the process. “It was alive, but we killed it.”[31]

Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey—General Ramey was the commanding officer of the Eighth Air Force at Fort Worth Army Air Field in 1947, the “higher authority” to which the 509th Bomb Group in Roswell was attached. He was the architect of—and orchestrated—the infamous “weather balloon” cover-up story at a press conference held in his office on July 8, 1947, that “killed” the Roswell UFO crash story in the press. Ramey also went on the radio and suggested that the only people seeing “flying saucers” were drunks.[32] On his deathbed, however, he told a different story to his wife, LaTane. Referring to the 1947 Roswell crash, he simply said to her, “It was a spaceship.”[33] General Ramey passed away on March 3, 1963, at the age of fifty-nine.

Lieutenant Colonel Doyle Rees—Colonel Rees was Captain Sheridan Cavitt's CIC boss stationed at Kirtland Field in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in July 1947. Rees refused to tell anyone anything about the '47 incident, including his own family members. Unknown to his family was the fact that he was involved in the CIC investigation of the Roswell Incident and was also assigned to Wright-Patterson AFB on numerous occasions from 1958 through 1961.[34] After retiring from the Air Force, Rees went to work for the CIA. Just before he died (December 29, 2007, at the age of ninety-nine), his daughter Julie, who was six years old in 1947, found him sitting in a chair at the window “just staring out at the sky.” Curious, she asked him, “What are you looking for, Daddy?” His answer was short and to the point. “I'm looking for UFOs. They're real, you know.” Julie, somewhat taken aback by her father's retort, was not prepared for his next remark: “I saw the bodies.” With that, he rose up from his chair and left the room, never to speak about it again.[35]

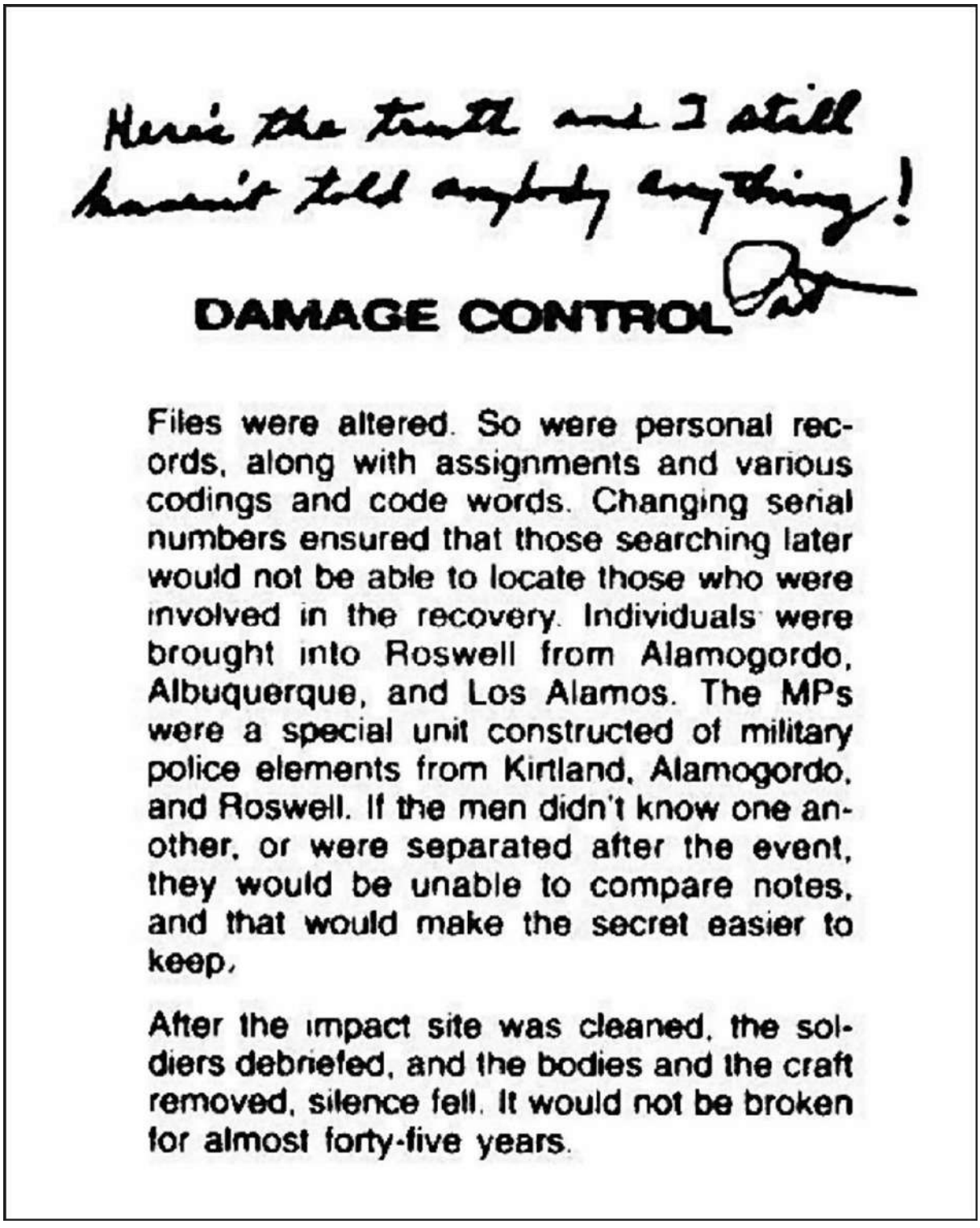
Staff Sergeant Homer G. Rowlette—Sergeant Homer G. Rowlette Jr. was a member of the 603rd Air Engineering Squadron at the RAAF in 1947. He was career military and retired as an NCO

(non-commissioned officer) after twenty-six years of dedicated service to his country. Before passing away in March 1988, he finally conveyed to his son Larry the following startling information about his involvement with the “crash of the flying saucer.” Homer was part of a cleanup detail sent to the Impact Site north of Roswell. Larry was told that his father had seen everything. He had handled the “memory material,” which, according to Homer, was “thin foil that kept its shape.” If that wasn't enough, he described the actual ship, which was “somewhat circular.” But what followed caught his son completely by surprise: “I saw three little people. They had large heads and at least one was alive!” His father ended by adding that there were *three* sites—the one just north of Roswell and two others near Corona.[36] According to Larry's sister Carlene Green, “My father was a very honest, honorable, and trustworthy man. He never lied to me.” Her father had never mentioned his tenure at Roswell to her until just two weeks before he died. Homer was given only days to live. Carlene, who at the time knew nothing about the story her dad had secretly passed on to her brother, was nervously waiting with her father as he lay on a gurney in the hospital about to be wheeled into the operating room. Still totally lucid, he painfully motioned for her to come close so he could speak, in case he didn't have another chance, which was clearly the impression his daughter had at the time. She had no idea he would confess the following: “I was at Roswell when they recovered the spaceship in 1947. I was involved. I saw it. It's all true. Talk to your brother.” Homer told Carlene that he was sorry for never saying anything before, but he was told to “keep quiet, or else!”[37]

Private First Class Edward D. Sain—Edward Sain was a former member of the 390th Air Service Squadron whom we interviewed shortly before he passed away. According to his family, he wouldn't talk about the 1947 incident for many, many years. Through Sain's son Steven, we were able to learn that his father and another MP were sent to the Impact (crash) Site north of town to “guard the bodies” overnight with orders to “Shoot anyone that tries to get in!” by guarding the entrance to the site.[38] According to

Steven, his father referred to the bodies as “little green men,” and what was left of the ET spacecraft he said was “. . . the strangest thing he had ever seen in his life.”[39]

Major Patrick H. Saunders—Just before he passed away in November 1995, the former Roswell base adjutant in 1947, Major Patrick Saunders, sent copies of the paperback edition of the 1994 Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt book, *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell*, to family and close friends. On the book's flyleaf inside, he inscribed this cathartic statement: ***Here's the truth and I still haven't told anybody anything!—Pat.***[40] Several months before he died, he confided to other close friends that they were faced with a technology greater than ours and that “We had no idea what *their* intentions might be.”[41] According to one of Saunders's children, “At one point, he bragged to me about how well he had covered the ‘paper trail’ associated with the clean-up.”[42]



Here's the truth and I still haven't told anybody anything!

DAMAGE CONTROL

Files were altered. So were personal records, along with assignments and various codings and code words. Changing serial numbers ensured that those searching later would not be able to locate those who were involved in the recovery. Individuals were brought into Roswell from Alamogordo, Albuquerque, and Los Alamos. The MPs were a special unit constructed of military police elements from Kirtland, Alamogordo, and Roswell. If the men didn't know one another, or were separated after the event, they would be unable to compare notes, and that would make the secret easier to keep.

After the impact site was cleaned, the soldiers debriefed, and the bodies and the craft removed, silence fell. It would not be broken for almost forty-five years.

On the flyleaf of the book The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell by Kevin Randle and coauthor Don Schmitt (1994), Patrick Saunders wrote, "Here's the truth and I still haven't told anybody anything!" Photo by Tom Carey.

US Representative Steven Schiff—Saunders had covered the paper trail very well indeed! In 1993, at the request of New Mexico congressman Steven Schiff, after he had gotten the runaround from Secretary Dennis DeConcini and the Department of Defense to his questions about Roswell, the Government Accounting Office (GAO) was tasked by Schiff with locating documents pertaining to the 1947 Roswell events—not to *prove* or *disprove* the Roswell case, but to determine if the documents had been properly handled and classified. At the conclusion of the GAO's investigation in 1995, Schiff reported that the GAO was unable to locate any Roswell-related documents (beyond the very few that were already known to researchers), that such pertinent documents—if they ever existed—had been destroyed without apparent authority. (Nothing is undertaken in the military or the government without a sponsoring "authority" or "regulation.").[43] Schiff accused the US Air Force of a "massive ongoing cover-up."[44] Thanks to Patrick Saunders, we now know the identity of at least one of those "authorities" responsible for the disappearance of the Roswell "paper trail." We also now know that there was a "clean up" going on—not only out at the crash sites, but also back at base headquarters.

Sergeant Harry A. Telesco—Master Sergeant Harry Telesco was already gone when we located and contacted his family in 2007. According to his daughter, her late father had spoken many years ago of being at the Impact (crash) Site and seeing the wreckage and little bodies there. He also told of seeing one alien being that was still alive. Telesco's daughter said that, upon hearing this, the family proceeded to give him a "rough time" about it, and he never spoke about it again.[45]

Captain Meyers Wahnee—Meyers Wahnee was a full-blooded Comanche Indian who had piloted B-24 *Liberator* bombers during World War II. Fondly known as "Chief" by his crewmates, Wahnee was a top-tier security officer by 1947. In July of that year, Captain Wahnee was ordered from Fort Simmons in Colorado to Roswell Army Air Field in New Mexico to oversee the transport of a "Top

Secret item" from Roswell to Fort Worth via a special B-29 flight. The item in question was a single large, wooden crate that Wahnee was to accompany in the bomb bay for the duration of the flight to Forth Worth. Apparently motivated by a featured segment about the Roswell Incident in 1980 on the popular TV show *In Search of* ..., Wahnee finally broke his silence on the matter to his family during the final year of his life. According to his daughter Blanche in a 2005 telephone interview with our investigation, her father had told them the following:

1. The Roswell Incident was true.
2. He had flown with the alien bodies from Roswell, New Mexico, to Fort Worth, Texas.
3. There were three ("crash") sites involved in the recovery.

On his deathbed in 1982, according to Blanche Wahnee, her father gave his family one final caveat: "Whatever you do, don't believe the government. It really happened."[46]

Inez Wilcox—From all eyewitness accounts, the Roswell Incident left a devastating impact on the Chaves County sheriff, George Wilcox. Just before his widow, Inez, passed away, she related a story to her granddaughter, Barbara Tulk Duggar, who told us, "She said that the event shocked him [Sheriff George Wilcox]. He never wanted to be sheriff again after that. My grandmother said, 'Don't tell anybody. When the incident happened, the military police came to the jailhouse and told George and I that if we ever told anything about the incident, not only would we be killed, but our entire family would be killed!'"[47] Barbara added this statement for the video *Recollections of Roswell, Part II:*

> They called my grandfather, and someone came and told him about this incident. He went out there to the site; there was a big burned area and he saw debris. It was in the evening. There were four "space beings." Their heads were large. They wore suits like silk. One of the "little men" was alive. If she said it happened, it happened! My grandmother was a very loyal citizen of the United States, and she thought it was in the

best interest of the country not to talk about it.[48]

Inez Wilcox passed away in 1988 at the age of ninety-three.

Are we then to believe that any of the aforementioned examples were the result of mere weather balloons and wooden crash dummies? It is with a great sense of bewilderment that we ask, why do all these witnesses—to supposed mundane weather balloons—clearly have an obsession with “small bodies with large heads”? Should we be shocked that nary a one has ever suggested they were made of wood, as the military would want us to believe? Are we to conclude that they are all lying—deceiving their loved ones at the end of their lives? To the surviving families, it remains a feeble, futile exercise at best. And for those few whose true love of family would inevitably outweigh love of country—though it may have taken a lifetime of denial—we strongly maintain that their dying words meet all the criteria for a “preponderance of evidence” verdict, if not “beyond a reasonable doubt.”

CHAPTER 13

When Death Is Not the Final Arbiter

It remains debatable whether a deathbed confession carries more weight than a signed final testament. Legally, the latter is much more binding in that it is a lawfully signed and witnessed document intended as a final statement. The individual is ensuring the transfer of personal possessions or, in the case of controversial or secret information, the creation of a sacred trust with particular beneficiaries to place private material in their custody to ensure that the individual's final wishes are carried out. In most situations, until after the testament author's death, immediate families serve as custodians of the property held in confidence to facilitate his or her last desires. In this chapter, we will discuss First Lieutenant Walter G. Haut's signed testament about his personal experience during and at the time of the Roswell Incident of 1947.

During World War II, Haut was a B-29 bombardier on twenty bombing raids over the islands of Japan. He received numerous citations and metals, including the Purple Heart, and in the summer of 1946, was assigned with deploying the measurement instruments during Operation Crossroad's atomic detonation tests at Bikini Atoll in the South Pacific. All of which makes it all the more fascinating that Haut is most famous for being the public relations officer for the 509th Bomb Group at the RAAF who released to the media one of the most famous press bulletins of all time. And throughout the course of his life, that's about *all* he would admit to doing

back in 1947. Finally, in November 2002, Walter Haut declared his intentions regarding specific information he possessed about the Roswell Incident.

To say that the revelations were illuminating to his surviving family would be an understatement. Truly, they were shocked. In an atmosphere of ridicule and rejection of Roswell testimony from other witnesses, Haut had chosen instead to eternally preserve his story as a solemn vow. But it was a vow that involved someone special outside his immediate family.

We had the pleasure of meeting Walter the very last day of our initial visit to Roswell in February 1989. This was our long-planned trip to New Mexico where we fully anticipated solving the entire mystery in a single weekend jaunt to the Land of Enchantment. We confidently set out to confirm the weather balloon explanation—or something just as earthly. But after having met with Mack Brazel's son Bill and his wife, Shirley, then with Walter Haut and his charming wife, “Pete,” we seriously started to consider that we may have been wrong. Little did we realize at the time just how wrong.

Haut's account at that time, as it remained for the next fifteen years, was that he had received direct orders from his boss, Colonel Blanchard, to put out a press release. He typed it up and then distributed it to all the local media outlets. End of his involvement. However, what shone through all his answers to our remaining questions about the RAAF's supposed blunder over making such an outlandish claim about the recovery of a flying disc was the abiding deep and loyal friendship Haut had with his commander up until his death. In fact, Haut fondly spoke of him as though he were a close uncle. A look of admiration and respect would come over his face whenever he made reference to Colonel Blanchard or—as he affectionately called him—“the old man.”

First Lieutenant Walter Haut was destined to follow his mentor Colonel William "Butch" Blanchard all the way to Washington; for reasons still speculated upon, he left the service a year after his involvement in the 1947 incident. Photo by Tom Carey.

It was not uncommon for a high-ranking military professional such as Blanchard to take a young buck officer under his wing and assist him up the ladder. But who was "Butch" Blanchard to Walter Haut? What place does he have in American history? And was he as incompetent as Roswell skeptics

claimed? As Project Mogul proponent Karl Pflock, who attempted to denigrate Blanchard's character and reputation, charged, “Blanchard was a loose cannon”[1]—a charge that has never been substantiated.

The facts remain that William Blanchard graduated from West Point in 1938 with the highest of recommendations. From that moment on he was on the fast track for promotion and, by the end of World War II, was perceived as a role model for the future in the Army Air Forces. As the deputy commander of the 58th Bomb Group, he flew the very first B-29 into China to establish strategic bombing operations in the Japanese islands in 1944. As preparations for a full-scale invasion of Japan commenced, Blanchard was next assigned as commander of the 40th Bomb Group, B-29 squadron, and subsequently as the operations officer of the 21st Bomber Command. This is where he and General Curtis LeMay prepared and supervised plans for the first atomic bomb to be dropped over Hiroshima. With orders for a second bombing mission, Blanchard was originally assigned to pilot the flight over Japan. With high-level consideration of the extreme danger of the assignment, the Pentagon had other plans for Blanchard and kept him grounded. Colonel Charles Sweeny would command the B-29 Bock's Car in his place. Then, with the surrender of Japan, Blanchard was General Roger Ramey's right-hand man in 1946 as the commanding officer of the 509th Bomb Group in Operation Crossroads. One of the officers he oversaw and took note of was a young Walter G. Haut, with whom he quickly became close friends. But more on Blanchard ...

After his tenure at Roswell, Blanchard was assigned to the Strategic Air Command, Eighth Air Force headquarters, as director of operations in 1948. From there he was placed in charge of the atomic training of B-36 crews who flew our very first intercontinental bombers. After commanding B-50 and B-36 bomber units of SAC, he was made deputy director of operations for that unit in 1953. Next, he would become inspector general for the Air Force, then deputy chief of staff for programs and requirements at AF headquarters in Washington, which led him to AF planning and operations. He would also become a senior AF member of the Military Staff Committee of the United Nations. And lastly, he was vice chief of staff of the USAF and a shoo-in for head of the Joint Chiefs. By that time he had already reached four stars but, sadly, died at his desk at the Pentagon in 1966 from a massive heart attack. General William H. Blanchard, who couldn't identify a

common off-the-shelf balloon device, who was labeled a “loose cannon” by the skeptics, who supposedly was “severely reprimanded” by the Pentagon because of Roswell,[2] achieved all this and more by the young age of fifty!

By the age of 50, William Blanchard had reached the four-star rank of an Air Force general—despite the claims that he had been “severely reprimanded” by his superior officers after the balloon explanation was

provided to the press. AAF (Army Air Forces) photo.

Is it any wonder that Haut had the utmost esteem for and devotion to a man whom he considered his ultimate role model? In fact, there is little doubt that Haut could have followed Blanchard all the way to becoming a general officer. Such was the personal bond between these two men. When "the old man" needed someone to drive his wife, Ethel, and their children back to their native home of Chicago, Haut was his trusted man. When the base commander was touring some Washington dignitary around the RAAF, Haut, as demonstrated in many photographs, was always at his side (while Ramey typically followed from behind). And when Blanchard suddenly died in Washington, Haut didn't read about it in the newspaper, and he didn't get a phone call from some military secretary. A special emissary arrived in Roswell from Washington and went directly to Haut's home with the somber news, normally a courtesy afforded only immediate family. And to Blanchard, that is exactly who Walter was. End of debate.

We have explained the close association between these two officers to address the continuing argument: Walter Haut basically kept silent for more than fifty years; why profess any hidden truths for strictly posthumous disclosure? Why withhold the full account of such an important story until the end of your life? Why didn't you reveal all in a book? Why not let at least your family profit? The most legitimate answer as to why Walter Haut never revealed his participation in Roswell to its fullest extent is because *he promised Colonel Blanchard, "the old man," that as long as he lived, he would not.* To Haut, it was a matter of his word to the most trusted friend and superior officer he ever encountered during his life. His silence was his lifelong testimonial to just how highly he regarded his former commanding officer. True, national security, protection of loved ones, and secrecy oaths may have all played into his decision. More importantly, Blanchard had asked for his silence beyond as a superior officer but also as a close friend.

The reader should be reminded that Blanchard himself took the entire 1947 ordeal very seriously. His first wife, Ethel, recalled that he had come home in a very agitated state and told her that a flying saucer had crashed in the desert near Roswell. He told her about the little bodies, "They're human, but they're not," and the strange writing, "Looks like Russian, but it isn't." She also added that her husband had been "very upset and beside himself." According to Blanchard's daughter, Dale, her father's demeanor was

normally just the opposite. “My father wasn't a person who got upset. He was always calm, and seeing my Dad agitated was rare. He had a plodder's personality. He did not speak quickly and weighed his words.”[3] As described here, the similarity between Blanchard's personality and Walter Haut's is remarkable. Therein lay the beginning of the paradox.

San Francisco Chronicle
THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER
FINAL
ENDED 1865—VOL. CLXIV, NO. 175 CCCCAAA SAN FRANCISCO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1947 GA 1112 DAILY 5 CENTS, SUND

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NW From Taft-Hartley Penalties

Anti-Gang Campaign
State Plan Is Mapped in S. F. Secret Session

California Cable Fare Is Raised To Dime a Ride
A straight 10-cent fare was authorized yesterday for the California Street Cable Railroad Hous...

Tax Bill Approved
House Passes
Slash
to 112

Marshall Plan
Czech Report Hint
May Send Represe
To Second Paris M
Bulgarian Cabinet Said to
Voted Rejection; More De
Due Today on Saturday M

Disc Solution Collapses
'Flying Saucer' Find Turns Out to Be A Weather Balloon

Owl Drug Strike Ends
Pay, Other Issues Go to Arbitration, After Seven Months

Soviet Reply On Greece
Gromyko Condemns U. N. Report, Asks Removal of Troops

Democrats Seek

Carol-Lupescu Marriage Invalid

This is the only known copy of the actual text of the original press release announcing the "capture of a flying saucer" as it appeared in the

July 9, 1947, edition of the San Francisco Chronicle.

Nuances in Haut's life indicated that there was still much left unsaid. For example, he would continue to receive Christmas cards from the former head of CIC at Fort Worth, Milton Knight. After World War II they returned home from Saipan on the same plane. Knight would follow in Ramey's footsteps by becoming part of the Air Force investigation of UFOs, Project Blue Book. A rather curious relationship developed, with Knight visiting Haut's home in Roswell at least six times from 1952 through 1956—four years after Haut had left the Air Force. According to the Hauts, Knight would always "arrogantly" display pictures of alleged UFOs as if he were trying to "make a point." And the UFOs were "always explainable." It became more and more obvious that the counterintelligence officer's intent was to create doubt in the mind of the former RAAF PIO. Add to that one of the Christmas cards we were shown in 1989 with the handwritten note from Knight: "I still say that there were no bodies at Fort Worth."[4] The inference was quite direct and Walter told us so. Unfortunately for us, that would begin the cloak of silence between Haut and our line of questioning regarding his true and full knowledge of what he and Knight shared. After all, he had years of experience as a public affairs officer and was a master at fielding media inquiries. Nevertheless, the game was just beginning ...

What continued to make our efforts doubly hard was that Haut often chose to stay on the sidelines—we can't throw you a curve ball if you don't step in the batter's box. He was always happy to pass on limited information to us about others who were potentially involved, maybe to temporarily avoid personal scrutiny of himself. Our focus was always very direct: Colonel Blanchard, who was the base commander and would have been privy to each and every aspect of the event, plus Walter Haut, his most trusted ally and friend, equals Walter Haut must possess a great deal more information than he's admitting to us. But he had made a promise. Our frustration was always tempered by total admiration for the man's loyalty.

Ironically, it was inevitable that Haut would become the greatest champion of all the advocates of Roswell. His testimony was always consistent as to the limited capacity of his participation. But at the end of each public appearance or media interview, he would always hit it out of the park with his closing remarks. "It wasn't any type of weather balloon," he would emphatically say. "I believe it was a UFO! Just don't ask me why."[5]

But, being the intrepid investigators we are, we persisted in asking why. We surmised that Haut had already given us the final answer to the longstanding mystery—he informed us that he believed it was a genuine UFO. How did he come to accept that? What did he really know?

Keeping all this in mind, we would be remiss if we did not mention a much more ominous reason for Haut's reluctance to speak out for all those years. It fits the pattern we have heard countless times for both civilian and military alike as to the cause of witness silence. Haut and his family had been receiving regular threatening phone calls for many years after the incident. “There were so many calls, I lost track of them—*about 30 years of it!*” a disgusted Haut would complain. Long before caller ID, he started to receive menacing calls from “the Norseman,” supposedly from Canada, who would typically shout “HOWT!” into the phone and then demand that he forget the whole matter. “I was told to forget it—or else!” Another more direct caller who identified himself as “the Shadow” would harass the Hauts at all hours of the night. “Each and every time he called, he told me that my life was in jeopardy if I talked about the incident,” confessed Haut.[6]

In the 1990s, Haut also started receiving letters from the son of the late general William C. Kingsbury, who in 1947 as a lieutenant colonel, was the commander of the 715th Bomb Squadron at the RAAF. He would later become the deputy commanding officer of the 509th Bomb Group at Roswell and then go on to a host of other assignments in his career. He and Blanchard would both serve under General LeMay when he was chief of staff of the Air Force. His house was near Blanchard's at the RAAF in 1947, and he retired a two-star general in 1966. Although Haut was in his seventies by the 1990s, Kingsbury's son, a retired colonel in the Air Force, constantly reminded him in his many letters to him that he was a subordinate—a lieutenant—while delivering the threat that “lieutenants should know to keep their mouths shut” about the Roswell Incident. Is it any wonder that these circumstances in Haut's life weighed heavily in his decision on whether to talk?

During our close to one hundred research trips to New Mexico before Haut died, we almost always included him in our rushed schedule. But beyond our fading hope that he would someday take us into his confidence, friendship was the prevailing connection. That and the long-standing fact that he was Roswell's greatest ambassador. Not that he ever claimed

personal knowledge that the Roswell Incident actually took place—but the subtle hints started to evolve into direct information. Overall, he was representing all his military comrades long passed and silent. Nevertheless, he remained one of our true contacts to that very time in history when "something big" happened at Roswell—which we came to accept as one of the greatest events in the history of humankind. We merely had to provide Haut with a vehicle to forever preserve *his* truth—with high regard for his searing promise to his departed friend.

When Walter Haut helped found the now world-famous International UFO Museum & Research Center in his chosen home of Roswell, we pondered that somehow, deep down, he was doing what the old man would have wanted him to do. Still keeping his word, even in promoting Roswell, he maintained a low profile and was content to speak on behalf of the museum and not himself. His efforts provided a public repository for information related to the 1947 case and, we believe, more importantly, for the preservation of the Roswell Incident as a historic event. This may have been the final reasoning of others, such as Lieutenant Colonel Patrick Saunders just before his passing: risk nothing to disclose the truth until the end then, albeit briefly, pointedly provide a written confession, "Here's the truth and I still haven't told anybody anything."[7] (See Chapter 12.) They are then free to leave us with a clear conscience.

We are now content with the position that this was the final opportunity we provided to Haut. By preparing a sealed statement to be released after his death, his true legacy pertaining to Roswell is now as complete as it ever will be. The verisimilitude of the event known as the Roswell Incident has become all the clearer thanks to Walter G. Haut. And through his emotional evolution from storyteller to principal informer, we have stood with him, as he could look into his old friend's eyes and say, "I have been a loyal and trusted friend for life. As long as I lived, I kept my word to you."[8]

Without reservation, we should all concede that the truth remains the truth and the facts supporting that truth cannot be changed to fulfill another's agenda. No government, no organization, and no individual, whether advocate or debunker, has the sole authority to define what is to be accepted as reality—a concept that would allow for those rare occasions when secrets do survive beyond the grave.

Thank you for the Christmas cards, Walter—you are truly missed.

Statement from Julie Shuster, daughter of Walter G. Haut, September 12, 2008:

> My father had discussed the information contained in the affidavit with Don Schmitt both in person and on the phone over a number of years. He was comfortable and agreeable with allowing Don to prepare the information they discussed. Once the statement was received at the Museum [the International UFO Museum & Research Center], my father and I verbally discussed each and every sentence. I asked him with each sentence if the information was correct or if there was anything false in it. A couple of times, he read and reread the statement. I then left the statement with him and [he] went over it again to make sure whether he would want to change, delete, or add anything. He said he did not want to make any changes and I then asked if he was ready and willing to sign the affidavit. He agreed. I called the Museum notary to the office and we asked a visitor to come in as a witness. With those two people watching along with me, my father signed two copies. Those were placed in envelopes, sealed, and taped across the flap. He then wrote his initials on the tape. Both affidavits have been in my possession since that time. If my father was not willing to sign the statement because any of the information was false, he would not have done so. I was a facilitator in getting this information put into writing. Walter Haut was my father. Other than immediate family, there is no one who knew him better. As his daughter he could still and often did, look at me and say no when he was not going to do something or that I could not or should not do something. I was and always will be his daughter. I respected and always will respect both of my parents. They were honest, hard working, loving people. A neighbor of mine asked his mother about my father and his involvement in 1947. He quoted her as saying that, "If Walter Haut said it happened—it happened."

SEALED STATEMENT

of Walter G. Haut

Date: December 26, 2002

Witness: Chris Xxxxx

Notary: Beverlee Morgan

1. My name is Walter G. Haut.
2. I was born on June 2, 1922.
3. My address is 1405 W. 7th Street, Roswell, New Mexico 88203.
4. I am retired.
5. In July, 1947, I was stationed at the Roswell Army Air Base in Roswell, New Mexico, serving as the base Public Information Officer. I had spent the 4th of July weekend (Saturday, the 5th, and Sunday, the 6th) at my private residence about 10 miles north of the base, which was located south of town.
6. I was aware that someone had reported the remains of a downed vehicle by midmorning after my return to duty at the base on Monday, July 7. I was aware that Major Jesse A. Marcel, head of intelligence, was sent by the base commander, Col. William Blanchard, to investigate.
7. By late in the afternoon that same day, I would learn that additional civilian reports came in regarding a second site just north of Roswell. I would spend the better part of the day attending to my regular duties hearing little if anything more.
8. On Tuesday morning, July 8, I would attend the regularly scheduled staff meeting at 7:30 a.m. Besides Blanchard, Marcel; CIC Capt. Sheridan Cavitt; Col. James I. Hopkins, the operations officer; Major Patrick Saunders, the base adjutant; Major Isadore Brown, the personnel officer; Lt. Col. Ulysses S. Nero, the supply officer; and from Carswell AAF in Fort Worth, Texas, Blanchard's boss, Brig. Gen. Roger Ramey and his chief of staff, Col. Thomas J. DuBose, were also in attendance. The main topic of discussion was reported by Marcel and Cavitt regarding an extensive debris field in Lincoln County approx. 75 miles NW of Roswell. A preliminary briefing was provided by Blanchard about the second site approx. 40 miles north of town. Samples of wreckage were passed around the table. It was unlike any material I had or have ever seen in my life. Pieces that resembled metal foil, paper thin yet extremely strong, and pieces with unusual markings along their length were handled from man to man, each voicing their opinion. No one was able to identify the crash debris.
9. One of the main concerns discussed at the meeting was whether we should go public or not with the discovery. Gen. Ramey proposed a plan, which I believe originated with his bosses at the Pentagon. Attention needed to be diverted from the more important site north of town by acknowledging the other location. Too many civilians were already involved and the press already was informed. I was not completely informed how this would be accomplished.
10. At approximately 9:30 a.m., Col. Blanchard phoned my office and dictated

the press releases of having in our possession a flying disc, coming from a ranch northwest of Roswell, and Marcel flying the material to higher headquarters. I was to deliver the news release to radio stations KGFL and KSWS, and newspapers the *Daily Record* and the *Morning Dispatch*.

11. By the time the news had hit the wire services, my office was inundated with phone calls from around the world. Messages stacked up on my desk, and rather than deal with the media concern, Col. Blanchard suggested that I go home and "hide out."
12. Before leaving the base, Col. Blanchard took me personally to Building 84, a B-29 hangar located on the east side of the tarmac. Upon first approaching the building, I observed that it was under heavy guard both outside and inside. Once inside, I was permitted from a safe distance to first observe the object just recovered north of town. It was approx. 12 to 15 feet in length, not quite as wide, about 6 feet high, and more of an egg shape. Lighting was poor, but its surface did appear metallic. No windows, portholes, wings, tail section, or landing gear were visible.
13. Also from a distance, I was able to see a couple of bodies under a canvas tarpaulin. Only the heads extended beyond the covering, and I was not able to make out any features. The heads did appear larger than normal and the contour of the canvas over the bodies suggested the size of a 10-year-old child. At a later date in Blanchard's office, he would extend his arm about 4 feet above the floor to indicate the height.
14. I was informed of a temporary morgue set up to accommodate the recovered bodies.
15. I was informed that the wreckage was not "hot" (radioactive).
16. Upon his return from Fort Worth, Major Marcel described to me taking pieces of the wreckage to Gen. Ramey's office and after returning from a map room, finding the remains of a weather balloon and radar kite substituted while he was out of the room. Marcel was very upset over this situation. We would not discuss it again.
17. I would be allowed to make at least one visit to one of the recovery sites during the military cleanup. I would return to the base with some of the wreckage which I would display in my office.
18. I was aware two separate teams would return to each site months later for periodic searches for any remaining evidence.
19. I am convinced that what I personally observed was some type of craft and its crew from outer space.
20. I have not been paid nor given anything of value to make this statement, and it is the truth to the best of my recollection.

THIS STATEMENT IS TO REMAIN SEALED AND SECURED UNTIL THE TIME OF MY DEATH, AT WHICH TIME MY SURVIVING FAMILY WILL DETERMINE ITS DISPOSITION.

Signed: Walter G. Haut

Signature Witnessed by: Chris Xxxxx

Dated: December 26, 2002

CHAPTER 14

In Their Own Words, the Witnesses Speak Out

Those people [government] will kill you if I tell you [about Roswell] what I know.

—W. W. “MACK” BRAZEL

Well, what they brought back, they had this big old 18-wheeler that they brought back from the crash site. Now today, I just laugh at 'em 'cause they say it was a weather balloon—you know a weather balloon! And I say, “How come they have an 18-wheeler out there haulin' a balloon around?”

—EDWARD HARRISON, corporal of security, 1027th AMS, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

It was definitely not a balloon. I knew fellows who were out there at the site to clean it up. All the talk was of a crashed saucer—right up to the time I left the base in 1949.

—EUGENE C. HELMES, PFC, 603rd AES, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

Stay away from the big hangar [Hanger P3 where wreckage and remains from the crash were stored] area no matter what, or you will run the risk of

being shot on sight.

—STEVEN WHALEN, lieutenant, navigator B-29 bomber, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

There were doctors, both military and civilian, flying in from all over the world it seemed, at least from all over the country, whom I picked up and drove over to the base hospital. I never saw so many planes coming in and going out in such a short span of time.

—ARTHUR FLUERY, corporal, Medical Squadron, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

Don't ask me any more about this [Roswell]. They [the government] can hurt you.

—DOUGLAS LOVERIDGE, aeronautical engineer, Northrop Grumman Aircraft

I was at Roswell when they recovered the spaceship in 1947. I was involved. I saw it. It's all true.

—HOMER G. ROWLETTE JR., sergeant, 603rd AES, RAAF

It was not a damn weather balloon.

—MELVIN E. BROWN, sergeant, K Squadron, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

Whatever you do, don't believe the government. It [Roswell] really happened.

—MEYERS WAHNEE, captain, security officer, Fort Simmons, Denver, Colorado

My husband is sworn to secrecy and can't tell you anything.

—MARY CAVITT, wife, Sheridan Cavitt, captain, Counter

Intelligence Corps, RAAF

If I ever told you the truth of what happened back at Roswell, you would never see life in the same way again.

—ROBERT BROUSSARD LANDRY, general, personal Air Force aide to President Truman, 1947

Each and every time he called, he told me that my life was in jeopardy if I talked about the incident.

—WALTER G. HAUT, First Lieutenant, PIO, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

I am convinced that what I personally observed was some type of craft and its crew from outer space.

—WALTER G. HAUT

It's a damned lie! Have you been watching CNN? It's the damned balloon lie. They used it before.

—JUNE CRAIN, T2, Foreign Technology Division, Wright Field, 1947

If you want to keep a secret, then pretend to share it.

—ALLEN DULLES, Director, CIA, 1953–1961

I never in my life saw my father so scared [about Roswell], before or since.

—SUSAN FARNSWORTH, daughter, Arthur Farnsworth, business owner, Roswell, 1947

We didn't know where they were from, or what their intentions were.

—PATRICK H. SAUNDERS, major, base adjutant, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF

It destroyed him.

—PHYLLIS MCGUIRE, daughter, Sheriff George Wilcox, Roswell, 1947

Don't ever ask me about the incident again.

—C. M. WOODBURY, colonel, city manager, Roswell, 1947

Mrs. Rowe, I don't know if you are aware that someone has placed a wiretap on your phone line.

—SOUTHWEST QUEST PHONE TECHNICIAN TO FRANKIE ROWE IN 1997

Every time something about Roswell comes on TV, I ask him again and again to tell me the truth and he says he can't.

—WIFE OF MAJOR EDGAR R. SKELLEY, operations officer, 393rd Bomb Group, RAAF

Roswell is true. The problem—It's buried deep within the black budget, and government funds have been spent since 1947 to keep the truth from coming out.

—DICK D'AMATO, senior senatorial counsel to Senator Robert C. Byrd

Then I guess we'll never know what you actually saw back in 1947.

—JAMES MCANDREW, major, author of the Air Force Roswell: Case Closed report, concession to Colonel Jesse Marcel Jr.

They [Air Force] were still searching the desert for a couple of years after the crash.

—WALTER G. HAUT

They broke up with pieces flying in all directions. After each drop, we literally had to put them [the dummies] back together again.

—SAMUEL W. ALDERSON, PhD, inventor of the anthropomorphic dummies used in Project High Dive, which the Air Force used in 1997 to explain the "bodies" in 1947

Make no mistake, Roswell happened! I've seen secret files which show the government knew about it—but decided not to tell the public.

—EDGAR MITCHELL, PhD, Apollo 14 astronaut

If they had any answers [about Roswell] I'm sure they would have told him [President Bill Clinton] while he was in the White House.

—WESLEY CLARK, general

I don't want to get my head blown off.

—LESLIE O. THOMPSON, former Roswell chief of police and Chaves County deputy sheriff in 1947 in reference to being interviewed by the authors

If you say anything [about Roswell], not only will you be killed, but we will come back for your family.

—ARTHUR PHILBIN, first lieutenant, 390th Air Service Squadron, RAAF, to the parents of Frankie Rowe

The MPs got pretty rough with some of the ranchers out there [witnesses north of Roswell], and they were bragging about it.

—BERTHRUM SCHULZ, sergeant, 393rd Bomb Squadron, RAAF

You know our lives will never be the same.

—W. W. BRAZEL TO KGFL ANNOUNCER FRANK JOYCE ABOUT ROSWELL

At least this effort [GAO report on Roswell] caused the Air Force to acknowledge that the crashed vehicle was no weather balloon.

—STEVEN SCHIFF, former congressman of New Mexico

There wasn't a balloon in use back in '47, or even today for that matter, that could have produced debris over such a large area or torn up the ground in any way.

—CHARLES B. MOORE, PhD, director, Project Mogul, 1947

It was a cover story, the balloon part of it. That part of it was in fact the story we were told to give to the public and the news and that was it. The [actual] remnants ... whatever happened to them. I have no knowledge.

—THOMAS J. DUBOSE, colonel, chief of staff, Carswell AAF, 1947

I am almost completely convinced that the object that crashed near Roswell was composed of materials not common on earth.

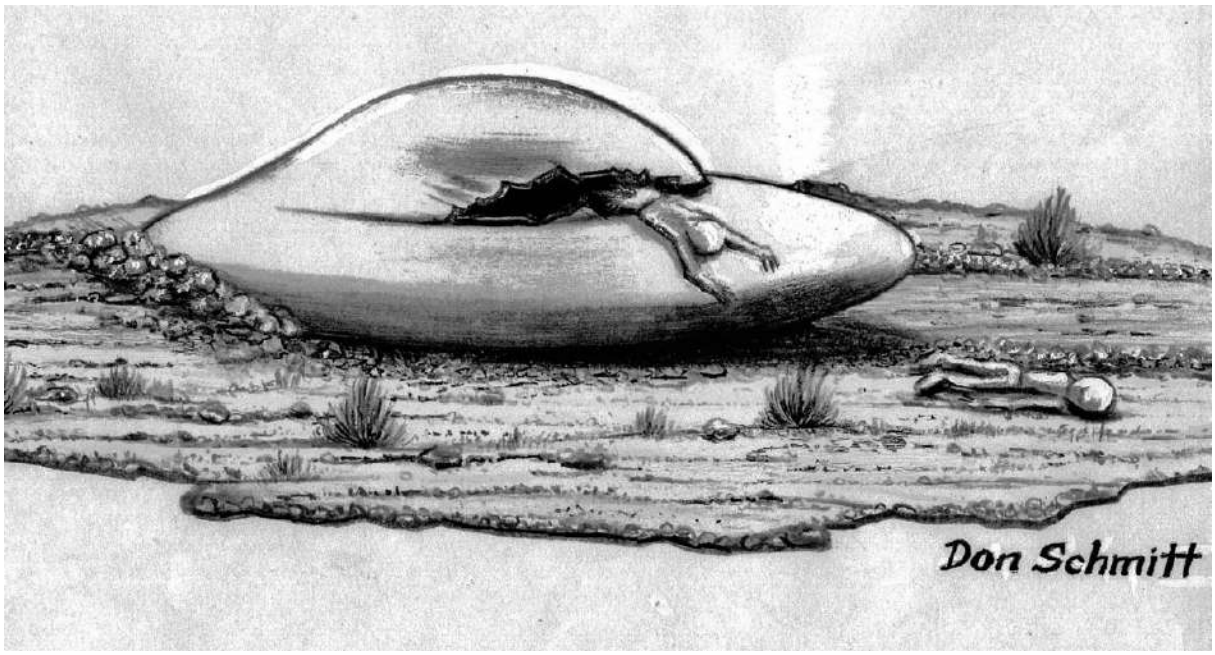
—KENNER F. HERTFORD, major general, USA, former chief of research and development

When you call the press conference to tell the world [about Roswell], let me know, because I want to be there.

—DOYLE REES, colonel, USA/OSI, Kirtland AAF, Albuquerque, New Mexico, in a personal letter to Sheridan Cavitt

Oh that [Roswell]. It was the biggest lie I ever had to tell.

—ROGER RAMEY, brigadier general, head of the Eighth Air Force, Carswell AAF, 1947



For the first time, based on firsthand descriptions and drawings, the remains of the spacecraft (capsule/pod) were rendered at the Impact Site. Drawing by Don Schmitt.

* * * * *

There was so much of it [wreckage].

—JESSE MARCEL, major, head of intelligence, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF, 1947

For God's sake! What in the hell is this stuff made of?

—LEWIS B. RICKETT, master sergeant, CIC, RAAF, 1947

Honest to God, they still haven't found out yet just what that [Roswell debris] was.

—JOSEPH T. WIRTH, officer, CIC headquarters, Washington, DC

They knew that they had something new in their hands. The metal and material was unknown to anyone I talked to. A couple of guys thought it might be Russian, but the overall consensus was that the pieces were from

space.

—ARTHUR E. EXON, brigadier general, USAF, former base commander, Wright-Patterson AFB

Shot after shot just ricocheted off of it. I would crumble the piece into a ball and watch in amazement as it would unfold as it floated softly through the air.

—L. D. SPARKS, Roswell rancher, 1947

The piece of metal—well, I don't know if you can call it metal, the object was absolutely impenetrable.

—RALPH A. MULTER, Timken Company, Canton, Ohio

Oh my. Wouldn't it be wonderful if clothes were made of such material? I'd never have to iron again.

—SALLY TADOLINI, daughter of Lyman and Marion Strickland, neighbor to W. W. Brazel

The more you squeezed it the more tension you could feel. It was flexible, but the four corners were straight, which suggested that it was stretched to its limit and broke. We couldn't break it or even scratch it in any way ... yet it was flexible.

—SYDNEY JOHNSTON, lieutenant colonel, USAFR

Certain materials ... were extremely light and tough ... sufficient to withstand the tremendous deceleration and acceleration associated with their machinery.

—ROBERT I. SARBACHER, PhD, research and development, Washington, DC, 1947

It was a spaceship, and after all these years, I still don't know how that ship flew. There was no engine!

—WILLIAM C. ENNIS, sergeant, flight engineer, 393rd Bomb Squadron, RAAF, 1947

I tried everything I could to tear it up, and I couldn't tear it. I couldn't make a dent on it. I couldn't make a mark on it. It had a funny slick feel to it. Didn't feel like any metal I've ever felt. I have yet to see anything that would have those properties. And, so light.

—JUNE CRAIN

It was foil-like, but it was a little stiffer than foil that we have now. In fact, being a sheet metal man, it kind of intrigued me, being that you could crumble it and it would flatten back out again without any wrinkles showing up in it.

—ROBERT E. SMITH, sergeant, First Air Transport Unit, RAAF, 1947

They had funny writing on them and seemed real strong. I thought it had to be some big secret test by the army, so when I heard an engine approaching I just took off. It was definitely no weather balloon.

—CHARLIE SCHMID, local rancher north of Roswell, 1947

Some of the pieces just snapped back in your hands when you bent them.

—PAUL PRICE, resident, Roswell, 1947

My husband drove the truck hauling the "flying saucer" material for two full days.

—MARY MARTINEZ, wife, Frank Martinez, PFC, T Squadron, RAAF, 1947

We watched as the State Police Officer dropped a crumbled piece of what looked like thin foil on a table. Then, it spread out like "quicksilver" into a perfectly smooth piece of material within seconds. They tried to cut it with a

knife, even scratch it ... nobody had any idea what it was.

—FRANKIE ROWE

It was not an aircraft of any kind; that I am sure of. We didn't know what it was. It was nothing made on this earth.

—JESSE MARCEL SR.

* * * * *

I saw the bodies.

—DOYLE REES TO DAUGHTER, Julie Rees, before his death in 2011

They're saying something about little men being onboard.

—JOHNNY MCBOYLE, general manager, radio station KSWS, Roswell, 1947

[They were] poor unfortunate creatures. Not something you'd ever want to see.

—W. W. BRAZEL

There had been bodies found, little men with big heads wearing gray, silklike uniforms.

—INEZ WILCOX, wife of Sheriff George Wilcox, Chaves County, Roswell, 1947

For the first time, based on firsthand descriptions and drawings, the lone survivor from the crash is depicted; this model was constructed by Hollywood special effects technician and artist Mike Hill under the direction of coauthor Don Schmitt; this final version took over five years to complete. Model by Mike Hill and Don Schmitt.

But they weren't human.

—DAN DWYER, City of Roswell fireman, 1947

Ohhh, the creatures!

—EDWIN EASLEY, major, provost marshal, 509th Bomb Group, RAAF, 1947

Small and pale, with slanted eyes and large heads. They were humanoid-looking, but different from us. Three bodies and they were clothed in a strange kind of material.

—OLIVER W. "PAPPY" HENDERSON, captain, First Air Transport Unit, RAAF, 1947

There were bodies, small bodies with big heads and eyes.

—SYDNEY WRIGHT

It clearly was not from this planet.

—MARION MAGRUDER, colonel, triple ace World War II, War College 1947–48, Wright-Patterson, 1948

God dammit! They're not monkeys, and they're not human!

—W. W. BRAZEL

They're not human! They're not human! I tell you, they're not from this world!

—JOSEPH MONTOYA, lieutenant governor, New Mexico,

1947

They were all just about identical, with dark complexions, thin and with large heads.

—FREDERICK BENTHAL, sergeant, photo specialist, Anacostia Naval Air Station, Washington, DC, 1947

They weren't green.

—W. W. BRAZEL

If I tell you [about Roswell], I will have to kill you!

—LIEUTENANT HARRY N. CORDES, 393rd Bomb Squadron, RAAF, 1947, to his wife Rogene

CHAPTER 15

The Most Important Trial of the Millennium

Since the very conception of the Roswell investigation, a tremendous wealth of circumstantial evidence had been painstakingly amassed. We have often stated that we could take our case for the reality of the Roswell Incident into any court of law in the United States and win hands down. Accused criminals have been sentenced to capital punishment with far less eyewitness testimony. Hundreds of testimonies to something extraordinary crashing outside Roswell in 1947 have demonstrated reasonable doubt as to any of the proposed conventional explanations. But as the late astrophysicist Carl Sagan would often lecture, "Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence."[1] Accepted. Proof that planet Earth is being visited by intelligence beyond our "third rock from the sun" would certainly go down as one of the greatest discoveries of the millennium. At the very least it would appear that it could go down as the greatest cover-up in all human history. Still, Roswell stands as that shining star of physical hard proof of such a momentous discovery.

The vast majority of scientists and academics believe that, statistically, other life must surely exist elsewhere in the universe. The great divide arises, however, when one queries whether any intelligent, extraterrestrial life forms have ever visited Earth. (That is, have "they" been able to "get here from out there"?) Serious researchers can demonstrate that there exists an overwhelming body of both physical and eyewitness evidence to support

the position of alien visitation. Polls of the general public at large continue to reinforce that belief.

To the contrary, some researchers in their respective fields state that not only has such a sojourn never taken place but due to the fantastic distances involved, it is absolutely impossible. This viewpoint is seldom the result of stringent examination of the subject matter or a conclusion derived from studying the thousands of accumulated UFO reports; rather, it remains a personal conviction solely based on the old axiom, “It can't be; therefore, it isn't.” The nearest they come to any scientific rationalization is to mutter something about the insurmountable distances and the impossibility to overcome interstellar space travel. The late astronomer Carl Sagan, who took the safe and pat academic stand—simply, that UFOs don't exist—nevertheless often stated there were at least one million evolved intelligences in our own Milky Way galaxy alone. According to Sagan, “Life in the universe, not just on Earth, is the norm and not the exception. As Jeff Goldblum's character observed in the movie *Jurassic Park*, ‘Life finds a way.’”[2]

Famed UFO researcher Dr. J. Allen Hynek was privately investigating

Roswell in the last years of his life. Photo by Don Schmitt/Center for UFO Studies.

The discerning reader will note that this continuing debate revolves around the issue of physical proof—a piece of a genuine spaceship, a knob from the ship's control panel, a single hair or DNA sample. What would constitute proof of alien visitation? We now can state without any further room for doubt that Roswell has fulfilled that need—beyond any shadow of a doubt, Roswell was the site of the crash and recovery of a craft and its crew not from this planet.

Agreed, almost all other UFO accounts involve solitary witnesses reporting nocturnal lights, daylight discs, and fleeting glimpses of something that may truly be unidentified. Such reports provide nothing to advance our knowledge and understanding of the phenomenon and are, quite frankly, uninteresting to veteran researchers. Can they be fascinating in the context of something puzzling and unknown? Yes. Evidence of anything? No.

Physical trace cases in which some aspect of the immediate environment allegedly has been disturbed by a UFO; for example, broken tree limbs, residue on the ground, depressions and other markings in the soil, rare radiation burns on surrounding vegetation and also on witnesses, are the closest remnants we have to required elements that can be taken to a laboratory for testing and analysis. There remain thousands of "physical trace" cases from all over the world and many of them are quite bizarre.[3] And even though, as is often the case, a UFO has been observed actually disturbing the immediate area, the results are mainly inconclusive or prosaic in nature. And alas, the perpetrator always manages to leave the scene—tire tracks yes, but no vehicle to impound. Without hard evidence, the dilemma persists. As the late Dr. J. Allen Hynek would often lament, "What we have is the Cheshire Cat effect from *Alice in Wonderland*. All you have left when it disappears is its smile."[4] In the vast majority of UFO cases, all we have left is the lasting impressions on the eyewitnesses. But this is where the researchers of the enigma remain transfixed after so many years of study: the persistent opinion that someday, some witness is going to film or observe something so indisputable that everyone will finally accept the fantastic. Regrettably, we predict this attitude will stifle further research until we produce a smoking gun.

For years civilian UFO groups such as the National Investigative Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) were reluctant to even consider that these unknown devices may indeed be piloted by beings from another planet. It wasn't until the mid-fifties that a wave of UFO occupant cases throughout America, Canada, and South America demonstrated that, given these craft existed as NICAP accepted, somebody has to be driving them. Since that time, there have been so many alleged encounters with “beings” associated with or without a UFO present that the different descriptions have been broken down into different categories. Unfortunately, we still don't have so much as a shoe or button from such cases.

The late 1950s and early 1960s brought about the frighteningly new aspect of the progressive UFO confrontation; the so-called missing time or abduction phenomenon has become the subject of a growing number of movies, TV miniseries, and books by researchers and the experiencers themselves. These ambiguous cases, if based in reality, by far should offer the greatest potential for physical proof, as they may provide the potential for actual human-nonhuman contact and interaction. It is true that so-called foreign implants have been retrieved, unusual fluid samples have been analyzed, and numerous accounts of medical examinations testifying to terminated pregnancies and other bizarre reproductive conditions have been reported. Compelling as some of these may be, to date, none have provided the definitive proof necessary to make the otherworldly connection.

Unlike all the other failed attempts at proving the presence of extraterrestrials on planet Earth, Roswell offers the greatest possibility for recovering one or more artifacts manufactured off the planet: a craft or parts thereof and biological remains of nonhuman entities, which in and of itself would erase all doubt within a matter of moments. The Roswell Incident currently represents our best argument for extraterrestrial visitation. In the face of such an unbelievable story, we have long sought out the recovery of an artifact of incontrovertible alien origin. Today, short of any government in the world calling a press conference and revealing to the masses such astounding physical proof, there remain two other courses of action: continuing archaeological search efforts at the debris/crash site and, still inherently important and fruitful to us, tracking down and securing the final testimonies of those involved—who from all indications, witnessed something beyond human comprehension.

Apollo 14 astronaut and MIT graduate Dr. Edgar Mitchell was an out spoken advocate of the Roswell Incident. Photo by Tom Carey.

There remains no other argument to speak to the fact that, aside from the

total consistency of these individuals, in human terms they all reacted in the same human fashion. No answers, total bewilderment over an unprecedented series of events—all related to the crash of a craft of unknown origin outside Roswell. Any subsequent effort to substitute a conventional, alternative solution to explain all the actions of participants from New Mexico all the way to Washington, DC, places the onus once again on those who still support the mundane. For when the response cannot be adequately balanced with the sublime, we need to continue looking for solutions that justify "extreme" reactions by any definition of the word.

Former presidents, senators, congressmen, governors, along with the highest-ranking officers in all branches of the armed services have all lamented their failure in getting the truth about Roswell. We would like to know what personal knowledge any of the self-proclaimed skeptics possess about the incident that supersedes all the aforementioned, right up to the Oval Office. They would also claim to have won the war against Roswell, yet still are compelled to wage a battle against any new revelation that challenges their perspective. The sixth man to walk on the moon, Apollo 14 astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell stated, "Make no mistake, Roswell happened! I've seen the secret files which show the government knew about it—but decided not to tell the public."[5] As of today, over six hundred witnesses, many of them observed in the files by Mitchell, have gone on the public record. And to be sure, something as huge as the crash of an alien spacecraft should not warrant four official explanations from Washington. Our thirty-year investigation has shown that what happened northwest of Roswell in the summer of 1947 was not caused by any type of balloon device. Nor was it the result of a mishap of any other secret balloon, a V-2 rocket (or any type of missile), an atomic accident, secret aircraft (both foreign and domestic), new technology gleaned from enemy hardware after World War II, biological or chemical warfare experiments, or anything else conventional. Quite surely, it wasn't any of these things, and we have run out of conventional possibilities. The final verdict comes down to which one of the four Air Force explanations has proven itself as the most factually substantive.

As a final summation and in reverse order,

1. 1997: the anthropomorphic crash dummies are a nonstarter—the projects (High Dive and Excelsior) didn't originate until five years after

Roswell in 1952.

2. 1994: Project Mogul—aside from skewing all the data to place such a device at the most relevant location, there remain absolutely no witnesses who have ever claimed to have witnessed a balloon there or any place in the aftermath of the affair. No witnesses, no case. The very launch attributed to the incident was scrubbed, so how does it get there when it never left the ground?
3. July 8, 1947: the original Rawin weather target balloon displayed in General Ramey's office to explain away the reported recovery of an actual disc was confessed to be a “cover story” and “hoax” by none other than the officer's chief of staff, Brigadier General Thomas J. DuBose. “We were the ones who substituted the balloon for the real material.” But then, Colonel Richard Weaver already confessed that that explanation was a “lie” at the Pentagon press conference on July 24, 1994. Scratch another one. We are left, as was Sherlock Holmes so often, with what many would consider an impossible explanation for an extraordinary event.
4. July 8, 1947: “RAAF Captures Flying Saucer on Ranch in Roswell Region.” One of the most credible and respected witnesses of the hundreds who until their very death swore that this was the only truth pertaining to Roswell was Walter Haut. In 1992, he stated in a taped phone interview with friend and colleague Terry Arbegust this intriguing account. Now, we would like you to visualize the following: “What they call an I-beam [pencilthin structures from the crash debris], put [it] on one of these bumpers for stopping cars from going beyond where they're supposed to in a parking lot. They put one end on it ... piece about two-foot long. They pounded it with a 16-pound sledge and it would just bounce off it!” Before Jess Marcel died, he made the daunting statement, “It was nothing made on this world!” Such pervasive testimonies are many in number as this book has just demonstrated to the reader. We believe that we—no, the courageous men and women who have weathered all the threats and intimidation to maintain a silence over a mere weather balloon device, who have challenged government authority to unequivocally speak out, “It did happen!” have alerted the world to the greatest discovery of the millennium. And for all of them, mostly all departed, we can now join in their chorus and proclaim “ROSWELL—CASE CLOSED.”

NOTES

FOREWORD

1. Amy Chozick, “Hillary Clinton Gives U.F.O. Buffs Hope She Will Open the X-Files,” *New York Times*, May 10, 2016, *www.nytimes.com*.

PREFACE

1. Paul Chenchar, telephone interview, 1991.
2. Frank Joyce, personal interviews, 1989–2002.
3. Loretta Proctor, personal interviews, 1989–1999.
4. Glenn Dennis, personal interviews, 1990–2001.
5. Rosemary McMannus, personal interview, 1995.
6. *Roswell Daily Record*, July 9, 1947.
7. Ibid.
8. Phyllis McGuire, personal interviews, 1989–1999.
9. Stated by Brigadier General Roger Ramey on an El Paso radio station on July 10, 1947.
10. *Progress Report No. 2*, Battelle Institute, 1948.
11. Letter from Nathan F. Twining Sr. to Brigadier General George Schulgen, September 23, 1947.
12. Air Intelligence Requirements Division (AIRD), “Draft of Collection Memorandum,” October 28, 1947. This document outlined the essential elements of information required to analyze flying disc reports effectively, which included the Roswell Incident.
13. Edward Ruppelt, *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects* (New York: Doubleday & Company, 1956).

14. *Roswell* TV movie produced by Showtime, 1994.

CHAPTER 1

1. Charles Heurich, “Cold Cases: Resources for Agencies, Resolution for Families,” National Institute of Justice, July 14, 2008, *https://nij.gov*.
2. Wikipedia, s.v. “cold case,” last modified January 16, 2020, 16:34, *https://en.wikipedia.org*.
3. *Merriam-Webster*, s.v. “cold case,” accessed January 30, 2020, *www.merriam-webster.com*.
4. Ibid.
5. Wikipedia, “cold case.”
6. Charles Heurich, “Cold Cases.”
7. David L. Haynes, “‘Legend Hunter’ Pat Spain Is on a Quest for Answers to the Unsolved and Unexplained,” Travel Channel, November 26, 2018, *www.travelchannel.com*.
8. The term “Roswell Incident,” used most often to describe the alleged crash, recovery, and cover-up of a UFO and its crew in 1947 near the town of Roswell, NM, is derived from the title of the first book ever published on the subject, *The Roswell Incident*, by Charles Berlitz and William L. Moore (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1980).
9. United States General Accounting Office, *Results of a Search for Records Concerning the 1947 Crash Near Roswell, New Mexico*, Pub. No. GAO/NSIAD-95-187 (Washington, DC: GAO, July 1995).
10. The Air Force's Project Mogul balloon hypothesis is articulated in detail in its massive publication, *The Roswell Report: Fact versus Fiction in the New Mexico Desert*, by Richard Weaver (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1995) (a twenty-three-page executive summary was published in 1994). Its time-compression/dummies-from-the-sky hypothesis can be found in *The Roswell Report: Case Closed* by james McAndrew (Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office/Barnes & Noble, 1997).
11. William J. Broad, “Wreckage of a ‘Spaceship’: Of This Earth (and U.S.),” *New York Times*, September 18, 1994.

CHAPTER 3

1. According to the new edition of the *Merriam-Webster* dictionary, a "millennium" equals "a period of 1000 years" and in common usage usually refers to the last one thousand years or so post–AD 1000.
2. Quoted from the 1951 RKO sci-fi motion picture *The Thing from Another World*. In the film, when the scientific expedition discovers a *flying saucer* frozen in the Arctic ice, an accompanying newspaperman, Ned Scott, is prevented from reporting the story by Air Force captain Patrick Hendry, to which the outraged Scott shouts back at Captain Hendry, "It's the biggest story since the parting of the Red Sea. You can't cover it up!"
3. Thomas J. DuBose, personal interview, 1991.
4. Whitley Strieber, "The Goldwater UFO Files and the Mystery of the Cover-Up," Whitley's Journal (blog), March 5, 2012, *www.unknowncountry.com*.
5. Patricia Rice, telephone interview, June 3, 2000; also quoted in the *Dallas Morning News*, July 6, 1997.
6. Thomas J. DuBose, personal interview, 1991.
7. Jonathan M. Weisgall, *Operation Crossroads: The Atomic Tests at Bikini Atoll*. Ramey retired from the Air Force as director of the Air Defense Command in 1957 as a three-star general. It remains curious that though Ramey was a lieutenant general with a most impressive military résumé, his biography was not included for many years, until recently, on the USAF website, which does provide backgrounds on more than two thousand other high-ranking officers.
8. As reported in the evening edition of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express* on July 8, 1947, from an INS (International News Service) news dispatch; information provided by David Rudiak via personal correspondence (see also his website, *www.roswellproof.com*).
9. "General Ramey Empties Roswell Saucer," *Roswell Daily Record*, July 9, 1947.
10. FBI telex of July 8, 1947, from FBI agent Percy Wyly, of the Dallas

office, to the FBI office in Cincinnati and FBI director J. Edgar Hoover; the telex also suggests that the wreckage received at Wright Field was something more than General Ramey's claimed weather balloon.

11. Joe Briley, telephone interviews, 1989, 1990, and 2001. Lieutenant Colonel Briley was on Colonel William Blanchard's immediate staff as the chief operations officer at the RAAF in 1947. In 2005, we contacted Briley again, this time for an in-person interview; he turned down our request. In 2007 as a last resort, we sent him a copy of the first edition of this book with a request to call us with comments after reading it; he never did. The information about Colonel Blanchard's temporarily moving his quarters to one of the enlisted men's barracks comes from two enlistees whose names are on file; there is also a story that, when word got around, Blanchard moved his quarters again—to the base jailhouse!

12. See Walter Haut affidavit in this book.

13. From a July 9, 1947, Associated Press wire story that appeared in the *Albuquerque Journal* and the *San Antonio Express;* source information provided by David Rudiak *(www.roswellproof.com)*.

14. Jason Kellahin, affidavit, signed September 20, 1993.

15. Newspaper story from the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, July 9, 1947; source information from David Rudiak *(www.roswellproof.com)*.

16. “Balloon Demonstrations.” See David Rudiak's website devoted to the Roswell Incident, *www.roswellproof.com*.

CHAPTER 4

1. The biblical term “walking on water” connotes divine power over the immediate environment; intended in this case strictly in a figurative manner.
2. While he lay on his deathbed, Melvin Brown provided to his family the bank account number he had preserved since 1947 in relation to the supposed payoff. All efforts to locate such an account in any existing bank presently in Roswell failed.
3. “Sheriff Wilcox Takes Leading Role in Excitement Over Report ‘Saucer Found,’” *Roswell Daily Record*, July 9, 1947.
4. Kevin D. Randle and Donald R. Schmitt, *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell* (New York: M. Evans, 1994).
5. Thomas J. Carey and Donald R. Schmitt, *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the 60-Year Cover-Up* (Franklin Lakes, N.J.: New Page Books, 2007).
6. Dr. Barbara Duggar, personal interviews, 1990, 2018; phone interviews, 2015.
7. Frankie Rowe, as told to her by her father, Dan Dwyer. Personal interviews with Frankie Rowe, 1989–2015.
8. C. C. Woodbury (son of C. M. Woodbury), personal interview, 2011.
9. Frankie Rowe.
10. Ibid.
11. All here from Sue Farnsworth Bennett, personal interviews, 2008.
12. Michelle Penn, telephone interview by Anthony Bragalia, 2008.
13. Bert Schulz, personal interview, 2008. Schulz decided against a career in the military due to these observations.
14. Fawn Fritz (daughter of William Brazel), personal interviews, 1995–2008.
15. Wayne Patterson (son of Albert Patterson), phone interview, 2018. Albert was the co-owner with his brother Emmit of the Patterson Brothers Feed Mill and Cotton Gin. Ranchers, such as W. W. Brazel,

purchased cattle range cubes and horse feed on a regular basis there.

16. Ibid.

CHAPTER 5

1. “Dark suits” is the standard term used to reference government agents. Many local townspeople in Roswell, though they did not have any firsthand involvement in the 1947 incident, mention unknown officials in dark suits roaming the area immediately after reports started to come in about the crash. Today, there still exists an FBI office in Roswell, and staff at the International Museum & Research Center still observe agents that visit and take notes as they view the displays—all in their “dark suits.”
2. Thomas J. DuBose, personal interviews, 1990–1991; phone interviews, 1990–1991; and sworn affidavit, 1991.
3. Jesse Marcel Sr., personal interviews by Stanton Friedman, William Moore, 1978–1985.
4. Joseph C. Briley, telephone interviews, 1991–1996.
5. Walter G. Haut, personal interviews, 1989–2002. Haut stated that at the time Blanchard sent him home, he had a stack of media calls on his desk piled six inches high.
6. Robin Adair, telephone interviews, 1993.
7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.
9. Mrs. Allan (Karin) Grant, interviews with Anthony Bragalia via email, 2007–2008; interviews with Tom Carey via emails, 2008.
10. Through numerous New Mexican news outlets, we were able to confirm Governor Thomas Mabry was away on vacation at the time of the incident. Yet, there is not a single account of where Lt. Governor Joseph Montoya was at the time. From all accounts he was in Roswell.
11. Frank Joyce, personal interviews, 1989–2002.
12. Ibid.
13. Ibid.
14. Ibid.
15. Lydia Sleppy, personal interview and phone interviews, 1991–1992.

16. Ibid.
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13. Eugene C. Helnes, telephone interviews, 2005.
14. Earl Fulford, telephone interviews, 2005–2006.
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16. George Houck, telephone interview, 2005.
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28. Frank Vega, telephone and personal interviews, 2012, 2013. We have numerous other accounts on file of RAAF personnel who were transferred from the RAAF after the incident, including outside personnel from Fort Worth; White Sands; Wright Field; and Fort Simmons, Colorado, to name just a few, who had been sent to Roswell at the time of the incident.

29. George Houck, telephone interview, 2008.

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4. Kevin D. Randle and Donald R. Schmitt, *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell* (New York: M. Evans, 1994).
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14. Robert Shirkey, personal interviews, 1989–2002.
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16. Mark Magruder, personal interviews, 2002–2008.
17. Sydney Johnston, telephone interviews, 2009–2010.
18. Rogene Corn Cordes, telephone interviews with Anthony Bragalia, 2007.

19. Sheridan Cavitt, personal interviews, 1990–1994.
20. Mary Cavitt, personal interviews, 1990–1999.
21. Sheridan Cavitt, personal interviews, 1990–1994.

CHAPTER 9

1. Bill Brazel, personal interview, 1998.
2. *Recollections of Roswell, Part II* (Mount Rainier, MD: Fund for UFO Research, 1992), VHS video.
3. Charles Berlitz and William L. Moore, *The Roswell Incident* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1980).
4. Louis S. “Bill” Rickett, personal interviews, 1989–1992; videotaped interview in *Recollections of Roswell, Part II*, 1992.
5. Berlitz and Moore, 1980.
6. Frankie Dwyer Rowe, personal interviews throughout many years until her death in 2017.
7. The term “Roswell Incident” has been used by many over the years to refer to the 1947 crash event. It is derived from the title of the first book ever published on the subject, *The Roswell Incident*, by Charles Berlitz and William Moore (1980).
8. Dr. David Rudiak conducted the research and notified us of his results via email in 2013.
9. Bill Brazel personal interviews, 1998 and beyond, up to his death in 2002. Bill's sister, Bessie (Brazel) Schreiber, passed away in 2004 but not before recanting her original story about being with her father on the morning of July 3, 1947, when he discovered “balloon-like material” on the J. B. Foster ranch; her brother Bill had always angrily stated to us, “She wasn't even there!” In the end, Bessie agreed with her brother that she was mistaken.
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11. Sydney “Jack” Wright, personal interview, 1998.
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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Thomas J. Carey, a native Philadelphian, holds degrees from Temple University (BS in Business Administration) and California State University, Sacramento (MA in Anthropology), and also attended the University of Toronto's PhD Programme in Anthropology.

An Air Force veteran who held a Top Secret/Crypto clearance, Tom is now a retired Philadelphia area businessman. He was a Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) state section director for southeastern Pennsylvania from 1986 to 2001, a special investigator for the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) from 1991 to 2001, and a member of the CUFOS board of directors from 1997 to 2001. Tom began investigating aspects of the Roswell Incident in 1991 for the Roswell investigative team of Kevin Randle and Don Schmitt and, since 1998, has teamed exclusively with Don Schmitt to continue a *proactive* investigation of the case.

Tom has authored or coauthored more than forty published articles about the Roswell events of 1947 and has contributed to a number of books on the subject as well. He has appeared as a guest on many radio and TV shows throughout the country, including *Coast to Coast AM* with Art Bell and George Noory, *Fox and Friends, Comcast Network Friends,* and *Larry King Live*, and has contributed to a number of Roswell-related documentaries, onscreen and behind the scenes. Tom was a consultant and interviewee on the highly acclaimed and rated two-hour SyFy Channel documentary from 2002, *The Roswell Crash: Startling New Evidence*, the SyFy Channel's *SyFy Investigates*, the History Channel's *Conspiracy Theory* and *The UFO Hunters*, and the Travel Channel's *Weird Travels–Roswell*. He was also a featured interviewee on the 20th Century Fox golden anniversary rerelease DVD of the 1951 sci-fi classic *The Day the Earth Stood Still*.

His 2007 book, coauthored with Don Schmitt, *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the 60-Year Cover-Up*, was the #1 best-selling UFO book in the world in 2007–2008. Its sequel, *Witness to Roswell: Unmasking the Government's Biggest Cover-Up,* published in 2009, *remains* a best seller.

Both books are considered to be the best books ever written about the Roswell Incident. A motion picture based upon these books is planned, as is a TV miniseries. A recent book about the secret history of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, titled *Inside the Real Area 51*, also coauthored with Don Schmitt and released in the fall of 2013, reached #1 in Amazon's "Astronomy & Space Science" category and was also in its "Top 100 Books of the Year" for 2013. Another book about Roswell, *The Children of Roswell*, was released in 2016 and also reached #1 in its category on Amazon. Two additional books about Roswell, *UFO Secrets Inside Wright-Patterson: Eyewitness Accounts from the Real Area 51* and *Roswell: The Chronological Pictorial*, were released in 2019 and 2020, respectively. Several of these books have also been published in six foreign languages (so far): French, Italian, Spanish, German, Chinese, and Japanese.

Tom and his wife, Doreen, have two grown children and reside in Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania.

Donald R. Schmitt is the former director of special investigations for the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies (CUFOS) in Chicago, where he also served on the board of directors for ten years. He is a cofounder of the International UFO Museum & Research Center (IUFOMRC) in Roswell, New Mexico, and serves as an advisor to the board of directors. A five-time best-selling author, his first book, coauthored with Dr. Kevin D. Randle, *UFO Crash at Roswell*, was made into a Golden Globe–nominated made-for-TV movie, *Roswell*. Don served as a technical advisor during the filming and had a small cameo role in the picture. His other best-selling works are *The Truth About the UFO Crash at Roswell*, *Witness to Roswell, Inside the Real Area 51*, and *The Children of Roswell*.

Don was an on-set consultant at Paramount Pictures for the TV series *Roswell*, UFO consultant for NBC's *Unsolved Mysteries*, and cohost of *Greetings From the Unknown* with actress Sally Kellerman. He also produced, co-scripted, and costarred with John de Lancie in the live theatrical radio dramatization *Roswell, the Unheard Broadcast*.

His highly acclaimed book, *Witness to Roswell*, coauthored with Thomas J. Carey, was the number one best-selling UFO book in the world for 2007 and 2008. The book has been optioned for a feature film production by Stellar Production under the title *Unidentified!*

He is an associate producer on the upcoming feature film, *701*, scripted

by Peabody Award–winning screenwriter Tracy Tormé. Don has also just written a new book, *Cover-Up at Roswell, Exposing the 70-Year Conspiracy to Suppress the Truth*. A renowned international speaker in such locations as Japan, Australia, Brazil, Mexico, Canada, Europe, the United Kingdom, China, and Russia, Don has appeared on *Oprah*, CBS's *48 Hours*, *Larry King Live*, *Peter Jennings Reporting*, *Montel Williams*, *Mancow Muller*, *The Kevin Matthews Show*, *The Shirley MacLaine Show*, *The Jim Bohannon Show*, *The Morton Downey Jr. Show*, *The Jerry Doyle Show*, *The John Boy & Billy Big Show*, *The Danny Bonaduce Show*, ABC News, NBC News, CNN, *Paul Harvey News*, and hundreds more programs. A graduate of Concordia University, cum laude, he resides on a forty-five-acre ranch in Holy Hill, Wisconsin, with his wife, Marie.